Smithsonian

September 1986

His art caught the spirit of the Twenties (p. 94):
here, Joe College leaves his hometown girl behind

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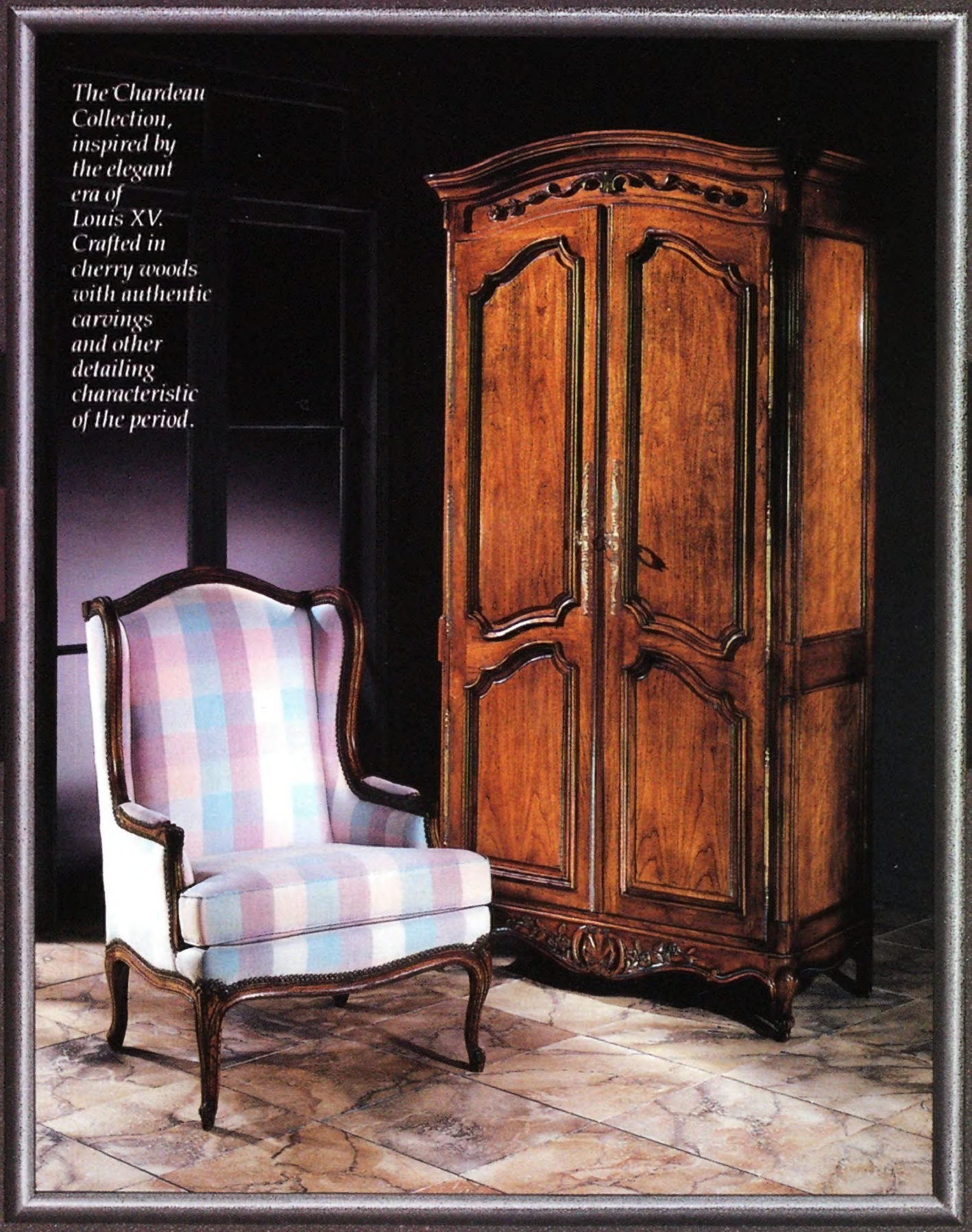

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Volume 17, Number 6

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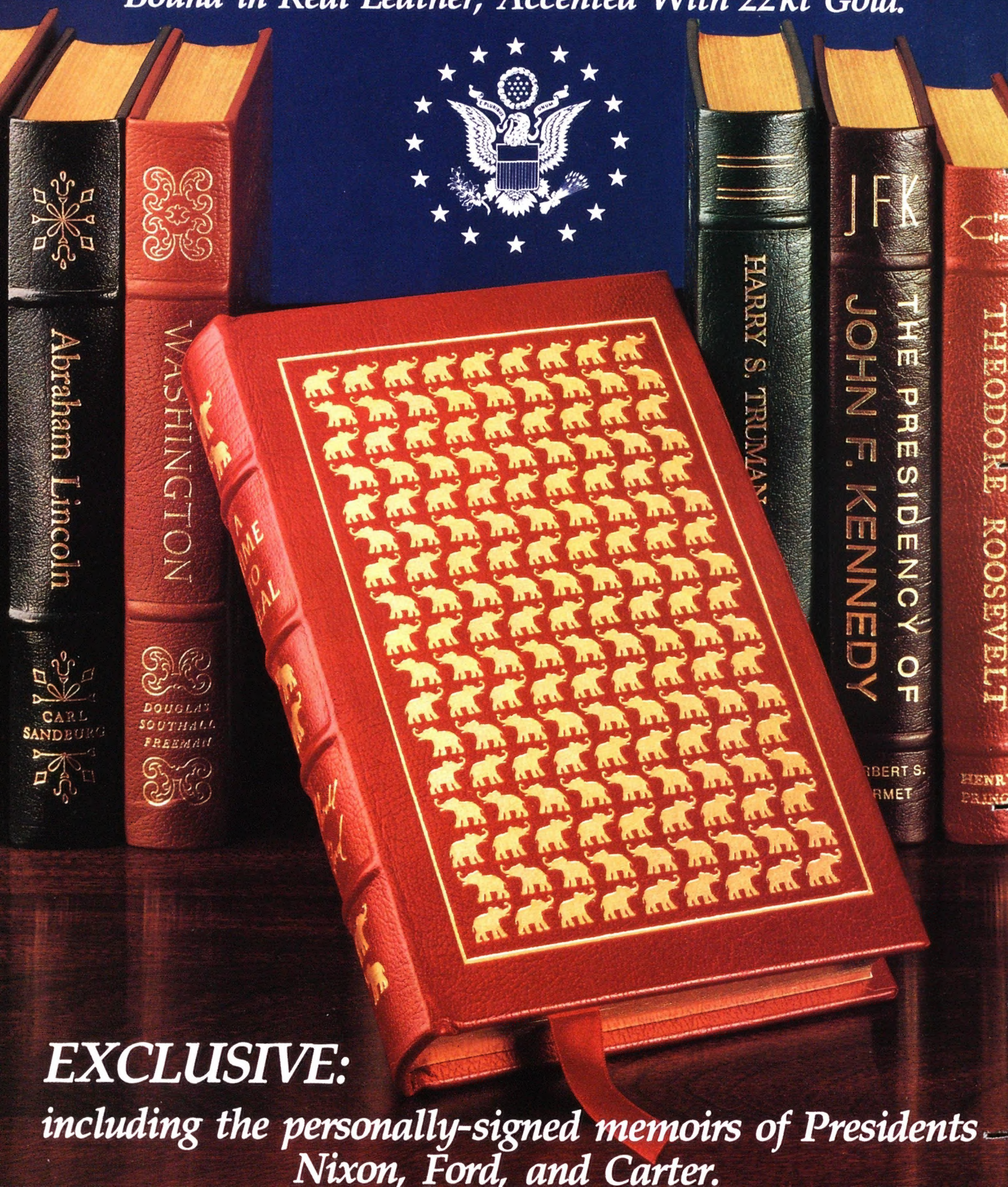

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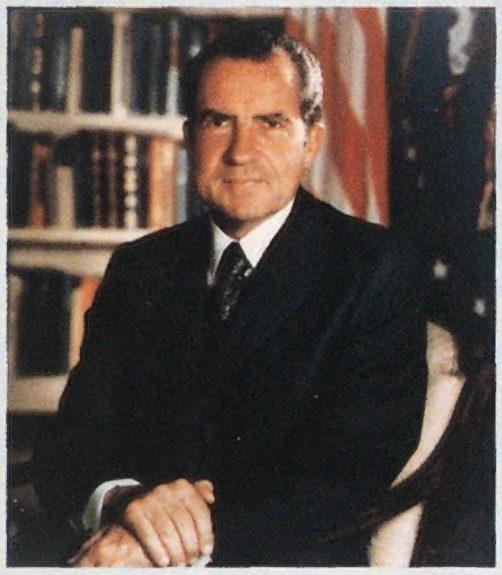

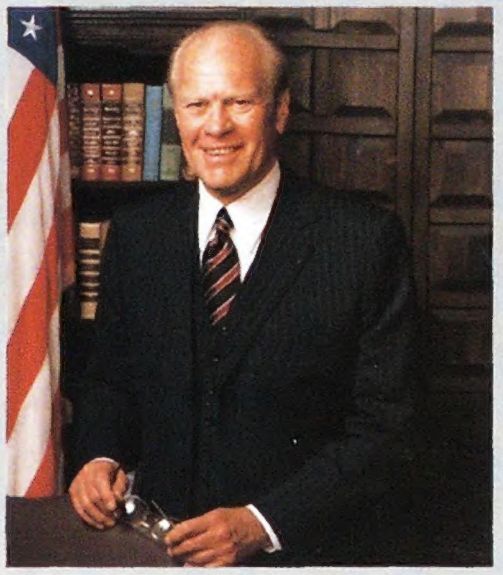

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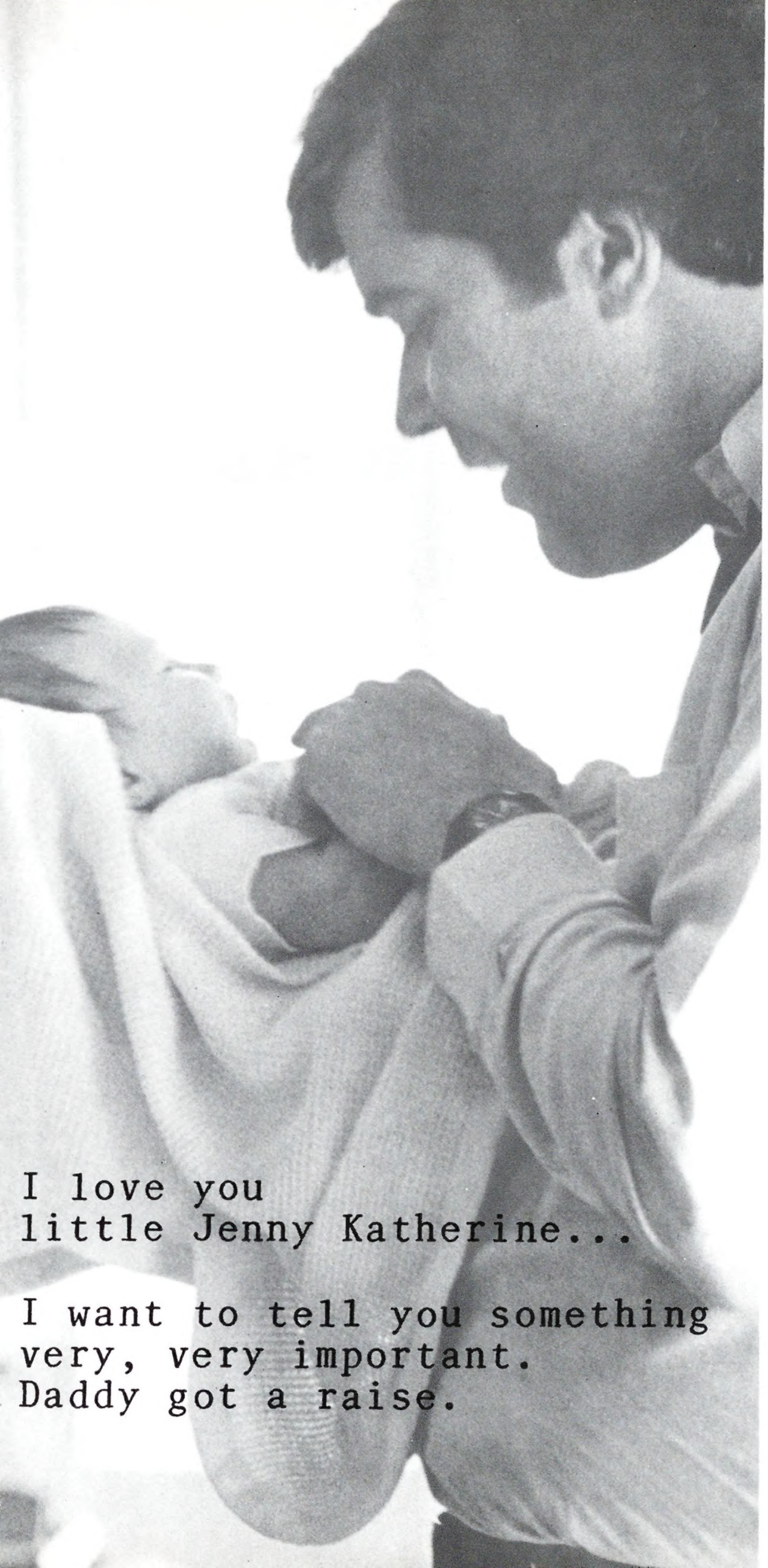

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What part does the theory of evolution play in biological research? There is a disturbing tendency in some quarters to soften the dispute with creationist critics by treating it as a largely detached doctrine, only loosely linked to the main, ongoing body of work in all the life sciences. To the contrary, it is a fundamental guide to strategy in much of that work—stimulating alternate approaches, highlighting critical issues, and provoking the kinds of fruitful controversy that lead to further advances in basic theory as well as in detailed understanding. Nowhere is that more true than at the Smithsonian's Tropical Research Institute (STRI) in Panama.

The broad outlines of the eventful geological history of the Isthmus of Panama have long been understood from studies of fossil land vertebrates. There was a land bridge of some sort until early Tertiary times, around 50 million years ago. Then this apparently subsided, cutting off the South American continent and encouraging the independent development there of a number of mammalian forms. Then a new land bridge was formed; the time has recently been narrowed by measurement of carbon and oxygen isotope ratios to between 3.1 and 3.5 million years ago.

Species that had evolved separately crossed the new bridge from both directions, occupying niches in the other continent that were empty of direct competitors, and sometimes displacing their ecological counterparts.

The history of marine life in the adjoining seas is the mirror image of this. The uplifted isthmus turned the western Caribbean and the eastern Pacific into separate and noncommunicating ecosystems taking divergent evolutionary courses. That remains true today: the present Panama Canal, fed by freshwater rivers, does not constitute a significant breach in the barrier. If and when a sea-level replacement is constructed, however, it will probably be only a matter of time until colonizers from the Caribbean or the Pacific find their way into the other marine environment long cut off from them.

STRI thus can take advantage of an absolutely unmatched natural laboratory for tracing the rate at which isolated marine populations diverge from one another. Three million years or so is not a lot of evolutionary time, but the separation has indeed led to the evolution or formation of new species.

Hastening the rate of evolutionary divergence have been quite fundamental differences in these two ecosystems. In the Caribbean, the difference between high and low tides is small. The water maintains a relatively warm and constant temperature. Coral species are very numerous. In the Pacific, by contrast, the tidal amplitude is more than ten times greater. Sudden, cold upwellings in the Bay of Panama bring a pronounced seasonality of water temperature, and help to sustain a rich and highly productive food chain. At the top, this chain culminates in great schools of fish that have managed to persist in spite of heavy human harvesting. Yet coral species are few, and apparently of heterogeneous, relatively recent origin.

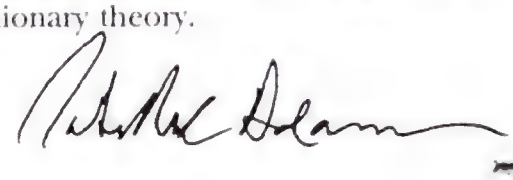
It was already noted early in this century that many genera of tropical fish contained different species on either side of Central America. This first suggested the recency of the isthmus, and the term geminate species was coined to reflect their common origin. Later researchers have found it equally applicable to sea urchins, sand dollars and other tropical echinoids. Quantitative studies were initiated by Ira Rubinoff, who now heads STRI. These disclosed substantial morphological differences between geminate species, although presumably they had all separated at the same time, a finding he attributes to differently subdivided breeding populations.

Students of evolution at the molecular level have argued that, although selective pressures have widely divergent effects on the rate of evolution of the gross morphology of organisms, protein molecules evolve at constant rates. Comparisons of proteins by various techniques therefore are thought to provide a kind of "molecular clock" by which the age of separation of different evolutionary lines can be appraised.

Albumin "clocks" have been used, for example, to date the separation of the human lineage from that of Old World monkeys to as recently as five million years ago. On the other hand, Haris Lessios, also a member of STRI's scientific staff, some years ago found a twentyfold difference between proteins in geminate pairs of Panamanian sea urchins. This is difficult to reconcile with the supposed constancy of the "molecular clock."

Here, then, biological research and evolutionary theory interact in an exciting mix of still-unresolved questions and new leads. Assume, for example, that the appearance of separate species may have begun with reproductively isolated populations of a single one. Further studies can help to clarify the tempo and character of the subsequent steps by which they diverged. Behavioral investigations identify pre-mating isolating or avoidance mechanisms, effective even before reproductive isolation is complete. Virtually undetectable differences in either morphology or protein gene products sometimes are accompanied by—tide-related?—differences in spawning cycles. These, too, can effectively assure reproductive isolation and hence the eventual emergence of different species. Then there is the rich fossil material. From it we learn of the far-reaching extinction of the Caribbean component of what earlier had been a common, highly diverse molluscan fauna, and the virtual disappearance of the reef corals that had been indigenous to the eastern Pacific. Transitory events of this kind surely altered long-term selective pressures on many other forms of marine life.

"Data can be gathered in this part of the world," Lessios writes, "on evolutionary puzzles that have been the subject of endless speculation." The work, he quickly adds, has just begun. It can only go forward as it both refines and is guided by evolutionary theory.



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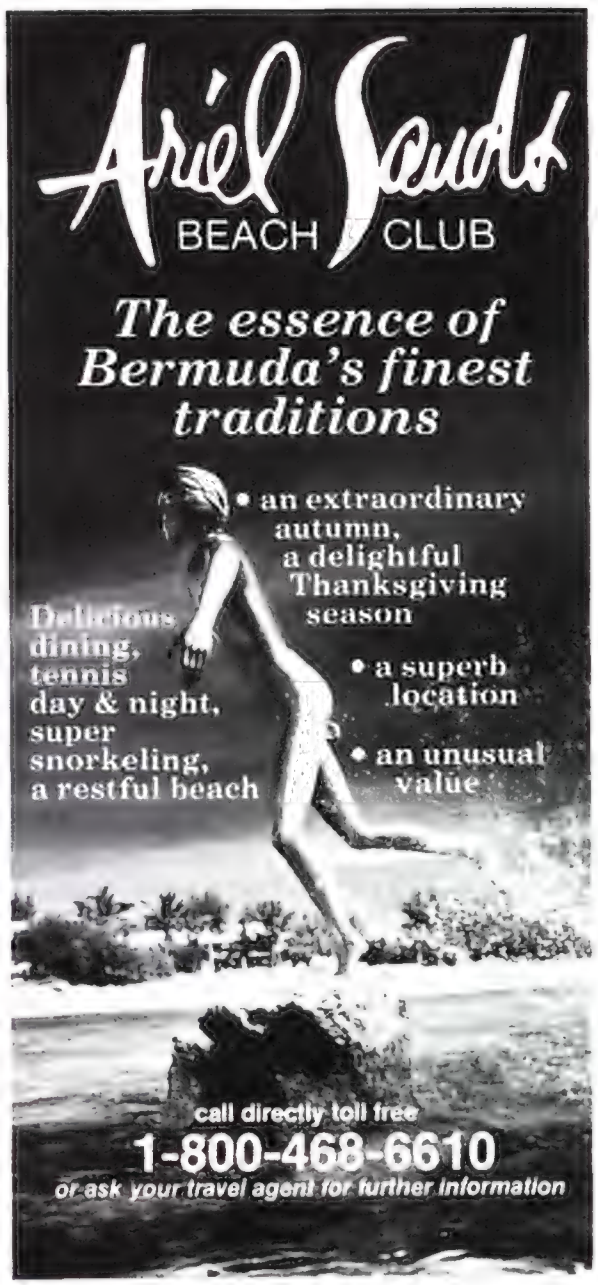
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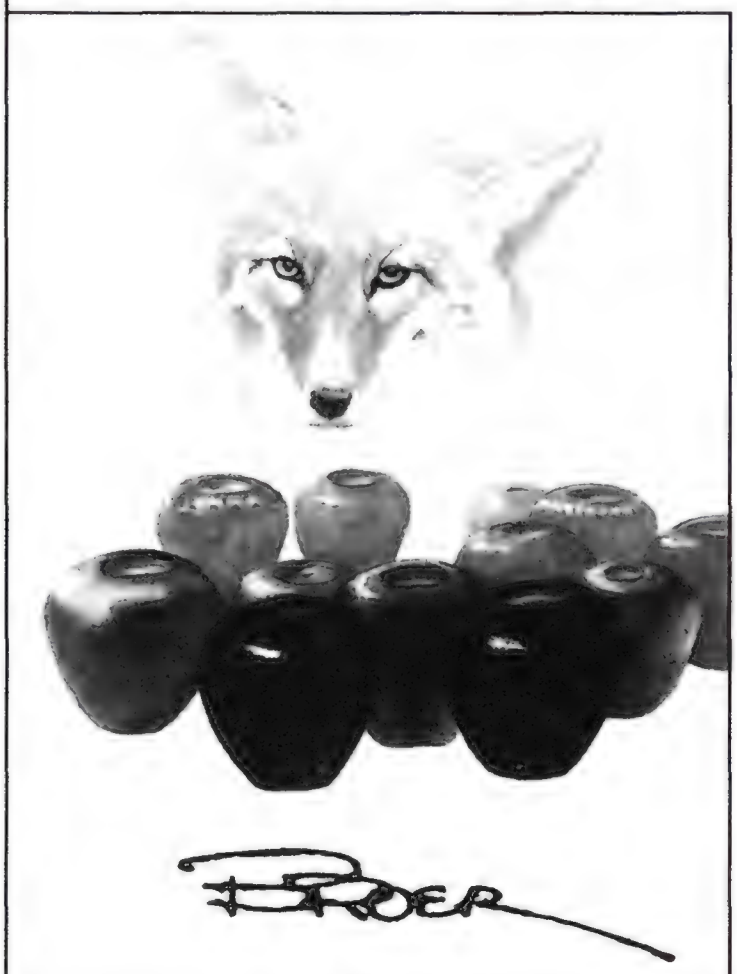

A series of graphite drawings by Roger Broer are now available as prints. The artist, who some have described as an "Indian Modernist," shares a few of his visual/spiritual experiences on the journey from birth to adulthood.

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Domesday Book

Dear Sir: In the good old days of the Domesday Book, a "doom" was a judgment in a legal matter. The judgment day from which the book's title derives was the day on which the property ownerships noted in the book were decided, as well as recorded. The Officers of the King who rode circuit to compile the information also judged any disputes, of which there were many. Their appearance at each place was its judgment day.

We derive all our legal notions about the importance of record from the Domesday Book, our first record and the first time the King of England went on the record for posterity. Readers with a philological bent will enjoy looking up "domesday" and "doom" in the Oxford English Dictionary.

Bartholomew Lee
San Francisco

Dear Sir: As an expatriate Englishman, I rather object to the labeling of my Sovereign as an arriviste when compared to Lord Sudeley. His pedigree dwindles into insignificance when set against the earliest claimed ancestor of Queen Elizabeth II. Through her paternal great-grandfather, Prince Albert of Saxony, Consort of Queen Victoria, she can trace her ancestry in the male line back to Hardicanute, a Saxon King in 1040 B.C.!

John H. Nicholls
Granbury, Texas

Dear Sir: I take strong issue with Ms. Arnold when she writes that "Tracing ancestors, which must be regarded as fairly frivolous, is also fairly easy"—an arbitrary statement if ever I read one. There are many ways a person can enjoy history, and a delightful one is through tracing ancestors. Genealogy is not merely the search for important forebears; to most of us it is a way to bring history into a more personal light and to help understand what one's ancestors have gone through. Even the most frivolous researcher cannot help learning a good bit of history and respect for the past.

Genealogists are also great motivators in the preservation of valuable historical data that otherwise would have been destroyed. Ms. Arnold flippantly refers to ancestor tracing as "fairly easy." If she finds it so, I would appreciate her assistance in finding a couple of "lost" souls!

Delores Jackson Lay
Davenport, Iowa

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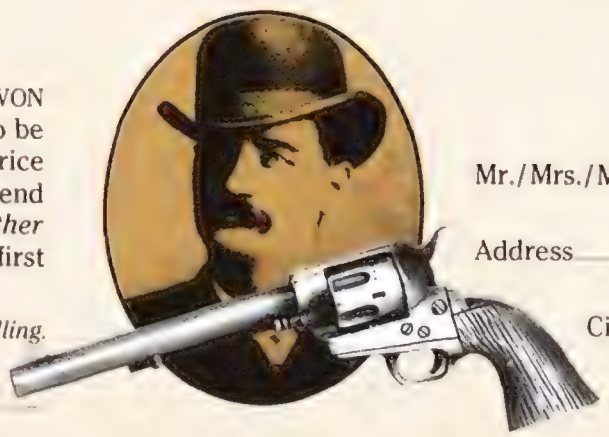

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Dear Sir: Merlin, Lord Sudeley, not too impressed with Heather Hodges' descent from William and Waltheof? William the Conqueror was a descendant of the same Charlemagne from whom Lord Sudeley is descended.
Mrs. Dorothy Young
Bakersfield, California

The soda fountain

Dear Sir: David M. Schwartz failed to report a milestone in soda-fountain history—those that were to be found in Charles Walgreen's drugstores. He opened his first downtown store in the Chicago Loop in 1921, and fountain manager Pop Coulson created the "double-rich chocolate malted milk" for it. A ten-ounce glass was filled two-thirds with the malted, then topped with whipped cream, and the balance left in the shaker as a dividend. It came with a cookie in a glassine bag—all for 20 cents. This, along with a 15-cent sandwich, changed the luncheon habits of Chicago and eventually the whole country.

I was one of Mr. Walgreen's employees from 1924 to 1937, and I have heard him credit that soda-fountain item as one of the most important contributors to the success of the great Walgreen drug chain.
Frank G. Berlin
Sarasota

Dear Sir: Your article stirred memories of the summers of 1939-40, when I was the drugstore soda jerk in that famous beach-resort town of Rockaway, Oregon. The pay was 35 cents an hour for a basic seven-day, 60-hour week; overtime was also 35 cents an hour. I wish I'd kept a record of the number of cherry Cokes, lime phosphates, chocolate malteds and similar items that I served to eager customers.

By September 1940 I was in the Army. After five years there, five in college and 35 in business, I can still reproduce our special banana-split recipe.
E.F. Wildfong
Portland, Oregon

Dear Sir: While a student at Moscow University in 1934, I visited the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest. In one area refreshments were on sale: carbonated soda water on one side of the aisle, ice cream on the other. I bought a portion of each and combined them in my glass, whereupon a nearby Russian whipped out a notebook and wrote down this wonderful new recipe.
George W. Magee jr.
Merion Station, Pennsylvania

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Dear Sir: How could David Schwartz have overlooked "Harold Teen," the comic strip from the 1920s into the early '60s that reflected life on both sides of the syrup spigots in a small-town pharmacy? Teen and his white-flanneled friends imbibed a concoction called a "gedunk," which, if memory serves me, was a triad of soda, sundae and cake.
A. Spencer Braham
Edwardsville, Virginia

Dear Sir: What struck me was your picture of a brown cow with only one straw.

Late in the Depression, around 1939-40, money was still tight and a soda, much less a brown cow, was a luxury. On Saturday night if I had money my girl—later my wife—and I walked a mile to the ice cream parlor. There, we shared an ice cream soda with two straws.

We made that soda last at least half an hour, then we would walk back to her home. Time consumed: about two hours; total cost: 15 cents.
Eugene L. Peale
Craig, Colorado

Moose on the loose

Dear Sir: John Madson's article brings back a boyhood memory of Plainville, Connecticut, the home of then Governor John Trumbull, an avid outdoorsman. His amateur movies, seen by our Sunday School class in 1931, showed the Governor in the bow seat of a canoe, his hands holding onto the antlers of a large bull moose. The moose, swimming quite rapidly, was towing the canoe through the water. When shallow water was reached and the animal had footing, the hitchhiker let go and paddled away.

Governor Trumbull claimed that he was the only politico to be propelled by one moosepower.
Clark Alberts
Barrington, Illinois

Dear Sir: My moose story took place in south-central Sweden a couple of years ago, when we visited friends in Källby. One evening they said that we were going moose watching. Sure enough, we drove into the nearby forest to try to catch sight of browsing moose near the road. Literally scores of other families had had the same idea, and many cars were cruising at five mph up and down the forest road. When we were about to give up, there he came, directly along the center line of the road. He strolled right on through the lines of cars before deciding he had granted

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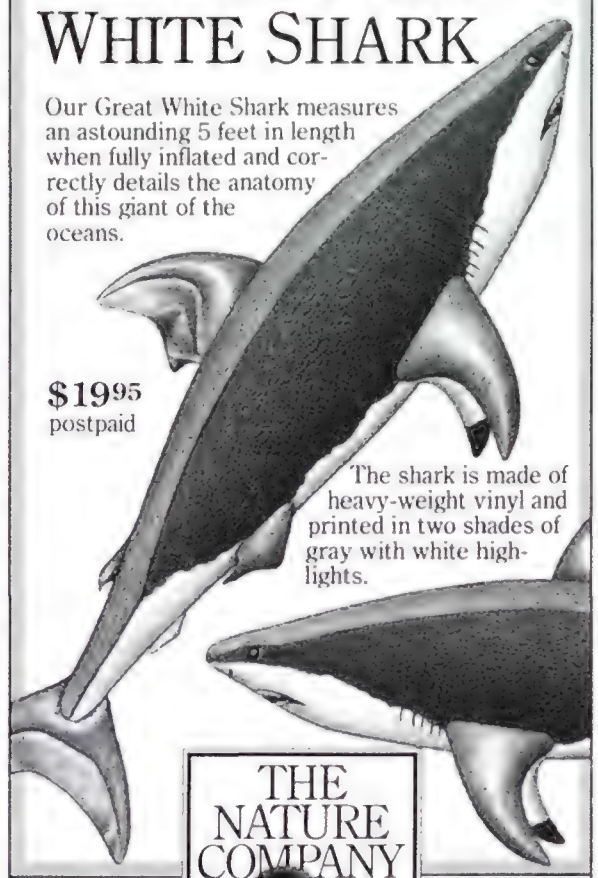
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us enough of his time and loped off into the forest.

Moose watching is a popular weekend sport in Sweden, second only to eating.
Richard J. Warren
Van Nuys, California

Mall

Dear Sir: Robert Arneson's unique, affable and hilarious ceramic sculpture of *George and Mona in the Baths of Coloma* had me in stitches. After regaining my composure, it was difficult for me to decide whether their expressions of satisfaction stemmed from a successful game of leapfrog or the use of smokeless tobacco.
Bob Alexander
Asheville, North Carolina

Dear Sir: The choice of Robert Arneson's sculpture ridiculing George Washington beside a crude bust of Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa undraped was terribly inappropriate. We expect more respect from you for our country's great founders.
Milton J. Pandres
Dallas

Confessions of an almanacophiliac

Dear Sir: It is true that, as the *World Almanac* states, Alaska presently does not have a nickname. But as one who lived there for many years, I can tell you that for decades it did have one: "Seward's Folly," a popular derision of the part played by Secretary of State William H. Seward in its purchase from Russia for $7.2 million in 1867.

The best nickname I have heard is one that comes naturally to the lips of many Lower 48-ers: "God's country."
Stephen B. Browne
New York City

Los Angeles art

Dear Sir: Your readers might be interested in knowing that the Smithsonian itself is a presence in this nexus. The Archives of American Art, a research bureau of the Institution and the world's largest repository of manuscript material pertaining to the history of art activity in this country, established its Southern California Research Center in 1984 at the Huntington Library in San Marino. Scholars and students may arrange with us to consult our holdings, numbering about eight million items.
Stella Paul, Area Collector
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Around the Mall and beyond

Those of us who are compulsive anniversary hunters face, in the late 1980s, a long and exciting open season on bicentennials. There's the adoption of the Constitution, and George Washington's inauguration as first President to celebrate in 1989. And next year we will mark the Constitutional Convention of 1787, the gathering in Philadelphia of what Thomas Jefferson labeled "an assembly of demigods" to fashion the Constitution of the truly united states.

The Smithsonian will play a role in 1987 by opening a study gallery in the "After the Revolution" exhibit in the Museum of American History. Barbara Clark Smith, the museum historian who first guided me through "After the Revolution" (*Mall*, February 1986), says that the new study gallery will deal with the 1787 Philadelphia Convention, and will be placed, appropriately, right next to the Philadelphia gallery. It will replace the existing display of 18th-century costumes, which begin to deteriorate and fade when left too long in the light.

All that is scheduled for next year. But there's another neat little bicentennial taking place this month. For on September 11, 1786, delegates from a handful of states met in Annapolis, Maryland, to work out trade problems. They ended up calling for a convention of the 13 states at Philadelphia "on the second Monday in May next . . . to devise such further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union . . . ." So the Annapolis Convention really kicked off the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention. And since I live in Annapolis, I can't help being very much aware of this month's anniversary.

Deep down beneath its swarming tourists, its crammed saloons and endless, motionless traffic jams, Annapolis retains a surprising 18th-century aura. On a midweek morning in the off-season, I can walk up Cornhill Street on a narrow, weathered sidewalk, nodding to my neighbors, cross the yellow bricks of State Circle, climb the hill where the old State House stands and look around at some of the narrow lanes and old buildings that Alexander Hamilton and James Madison would have seen 200 years ago. But I can hardly picture the uneasy vision of the nation's future which had brought them to Annapolis—a vision which colored everything they saw here.

The Confederation of 13 independent states seemed close to anarchy that year. Congress, operating under the Articles of Confederation, couldn't improve the commonweal without money, and lacked the power to levy taxes. It had to ask the states, very politely, for cash. If the states felt like it, they'd send a little along. Congress, for example, asked for $3 million to nibble away at a Revolutionary War debt of $40 million. The states, in those pre-IRS days,

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were able to cough up about $100,000.

The 13 states had widely divergent ambitions, and clashed with each other over border claims. Connecticut fought with Pennsylvania, New York with Massachusetts. Vermont threatened to become a Canadian province if Congress didn't admit it to the Union as a state.

Faced with such crises, Congress usually remained passive, lacking the power to make any decision with teeth. Some states didn't even bother to select congressional delegates. Had I lived in 1786, I might have been amused, but hardly surprised, that many who were chosen simply stayed home.

As an Annapolitan, however, I would have been delighted that for the past few months I could sail freely on Chesapeake Bay, and trade on the Virginia shores without paying the outrageous duties that had sometimes plagued me in the past. For the State of Maryland had met and made a compact with the Commonwealth of Virginia, unifying the regulations applying to commerce, which was practically all by water.

Maryland and Virginia had also agreed that the other two Chesapeake Bay states, Pennsylvania and Delaware, should be included in a further meeting. And on January 21, 1786, the Virginia legislature passed a resolution inviting all the states to a convention "for the purpose of forming such regulations of trade as may be judged necessary to promote the general interest." Annapolis was chosen because of its central geographic location and because it was removed from the main centers of commerce. Thinking people realized that the Annapolis Convention might be a first step in establishing an effective federal government.

But on September 4, 1786, when Madison checked into George Mann's Tavern, near where the Hillman Garage is now on Gorman Street, the prospects looked bad. Small, intense, scholarly, James Madison generally slid toward pessimistic views of the world, and now he couldn't help feeling discouraged about the meeting. Nine of the 13 states had appointed delegates, but only a few had shown up. Even the host state, Maryland, was unrepresented. Its House of Delegates had nominated commissioners, but its State Senate refused to appoint them, ruling, in essence, that such a convention would be an infringement on the powers of Congress and that only a concerted action by all the states should have the authority to call a convention which would allow concerted action by all the states.

Since Maryland wasn't officially involved, the convention did not use the State House. Instead, George Mann was able to provide a meeting room at his tavern. Perhaps it was just as well, for the State House was getting a new roof and dome (the same one it has now) that year, so it was a mess, and rang with hammering and sawing. Still, the venue of the meeting seemed ominous to Madison.

New York had appointed delegates, and one of them arrived three days after Madison and instantly brightened him up. Alexander Hamilton, handsome and cheerful, was determined to keep the Annapolis Convention alive, quorum or no, and strengthened Madison's resolve. An odd couple: the low-born, mightily ambitious prodigy from the West Indies, and the sobersided, intellectual Virginia aristocrat. They swapped their ideas at Mann's and unified their purposes.

Every delegate realized the pitiful condition of Congress. It could not, for example, ease the plight of those Massachusetts farmers who, unable to get bank credit, were on the verge of an actual rebellion.

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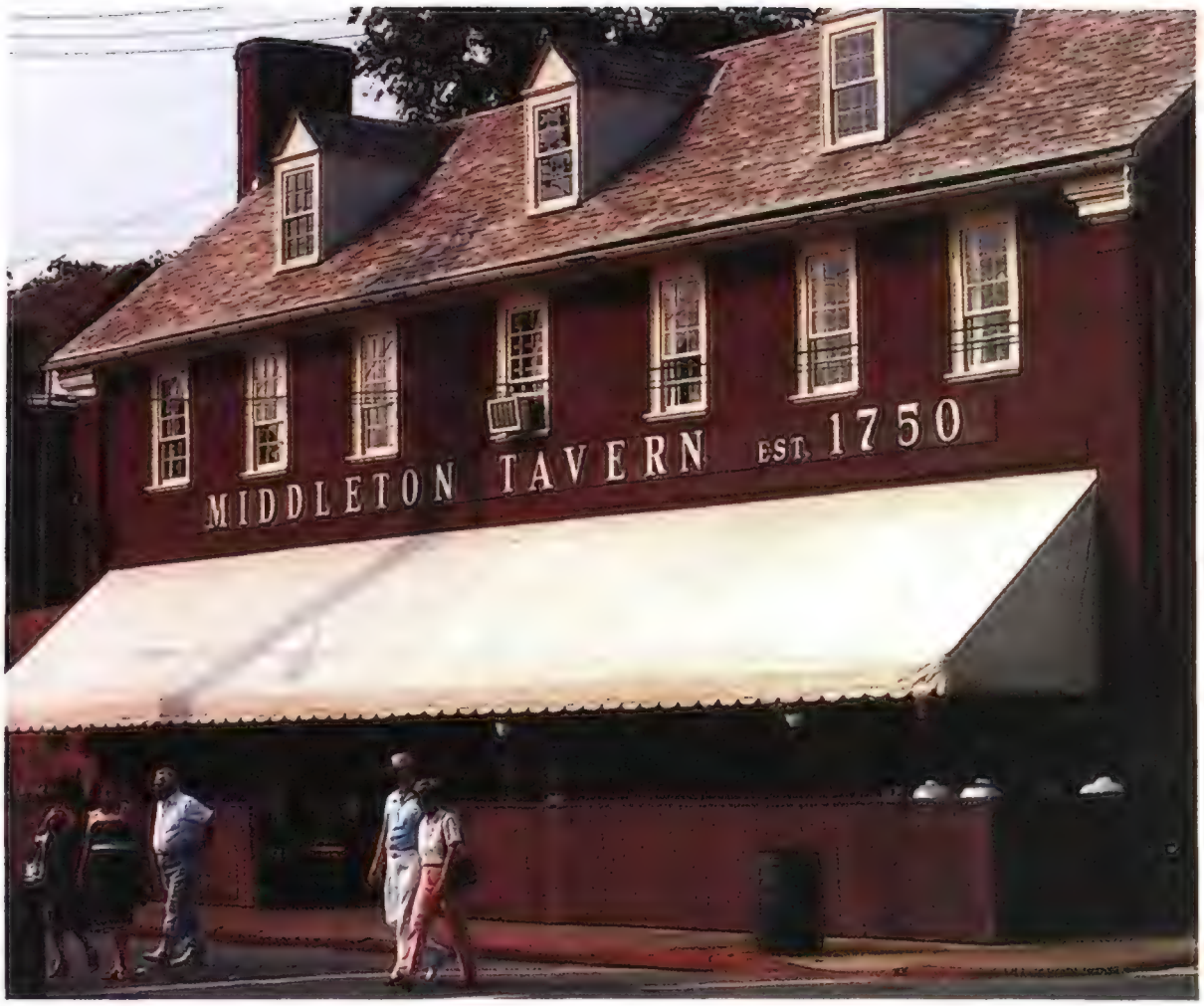
When later the rebellion erupted, bearing the name of one of its leaders, Daniel Shays, Congress was helpless to stop it. Perhaps, after all, this Annapolis Convention might take a step toward solving some of the very serious problems that faced the young Confederation.

The meetings progressed. Commissioners from four of the nine states that had appointed delegates either never made it to Annapolis or arrived too late. (Only New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia and Pennsylvania were represented.) But a New Jerseyite, Abraham Clark, revealed that his state was ready to discuss not only problems of commerce but "other important matters" that affected the "common interest and permanent harmony of the several states." Tench Coxe of Pennsylvania said that he and his fellow delegates were interested in standardizing commercial laws of the states and, in fact, a "blending of interests" to "cement the Union of the States." Edmund Randolph of Virginia drafted a resolution to be presented to the states and the Congress embodying this new, broad trend. Hamilton rewrote it, with Madison looking over his shoulder.

September is lovely in Annapolis, with



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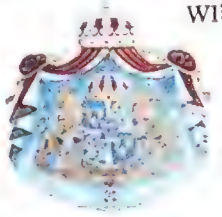

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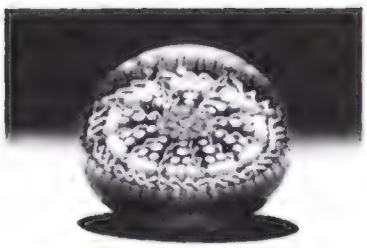

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bright sky and softened sunlight, so surely the two young statesmen strolled the streets and perhaps sat on the State House grounds between sessions. People still do, for there are benches there now, beneath the great trees. Doubtless they dined at Reynolds Tavern on Church Circle. So have my wife and I, for it's been fully restored. Walking past, they would have wondered when St. Anne's Church would get its new building, its second (it's the third that we pass today). And surely they would have taken note of the large pie-shaped building across the way—now the famous Maryland Inn.

Some Maryland statesmen, frustrated by not attending the Convention, must have watched progress carefully. Samuel Chase and William Paca had been nominated as delegates, and now could only twiddle their thumbs while important ideas were aired at Mann's. I walk past the Chase house frequently. Samuel hadn't lived there, though. Couldn't afford the huge family home. People said he never knew how to manage money, and on top of that he'd gone and married for love. A foolish thing to do—but sort of touching. The Paca house, of course, looms large in today's Annapolis. A couple of weeks ago we went to a wedding in its beautifully restored garden.

Some of the other would-be Maryland commissioners have great old local names: Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Tench Tilghman, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer. . . . But this time they had to wait in the wings. Daniel of St. Thomas (that was Mr. Jenifer's first name, honest) may well have been in Annapolis that September because he, as the project's first "intendant," had let the contract for the construction work at the State House. He may even have taken meals at Middleton Tavern, down by the city dock across from the market. My wife and I often go there, too.

John Dickinson of Delaware, the Convention chairman, signed the copy of the resolution that was sent to Congress, and Madison added his name to express his agreement with it. He must have felt an unusual surge of optimism. A real statement had come out of Annapolis. But the *Maryland Gazette* didn't play it up—just a squib: "Several gentlemen, members of the proposed commercial convention, are arrived in this city." The other day, walking to my dentist's, I passed the Jonas Green house, where the *Gazette* was printed. A good old paper, I thought to myself. But they missed a great story in 1786.

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So...what *is* a TED Spread anyway?

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- *When* and *how* it is implemented
- Exactly *how* an order is placed
- *How* the investment is monitored for profit
- *When* and *how* profits are taken
- Commission costs...tax treatment...

in other words – everything you need to know to understand The TED Spread, even if you've never invested before in your life!

Not for Gamblers

The special characteristics of The TED Spread make it a favorite of the people who, though they may have the money, don't believe in taking unnecessary gambles.

And yet, with only a few exceptions, the full workings of this technique have remained part of the private preserve of the big-money "SuperInvestors" – until now. Why? Simply because very few people have ever had the privilege to be *shown* exactly how the strategy works – even though implementing it is as easy as buying 100 shares of stock.

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An investment in a TED Spread can sometimes produce this kind of profit – in only a few months – with a level of risk that can be held to $1,000 or less. Of course these numbers can be doubled or tripled by opening more spreads.

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Now, if this short disclosure has intrigued you just a little, why not ask for a free look at the complete TED Spread File? After all, as one man told us, *The SuperInvestor Files* are "like getting ice cream in July"!

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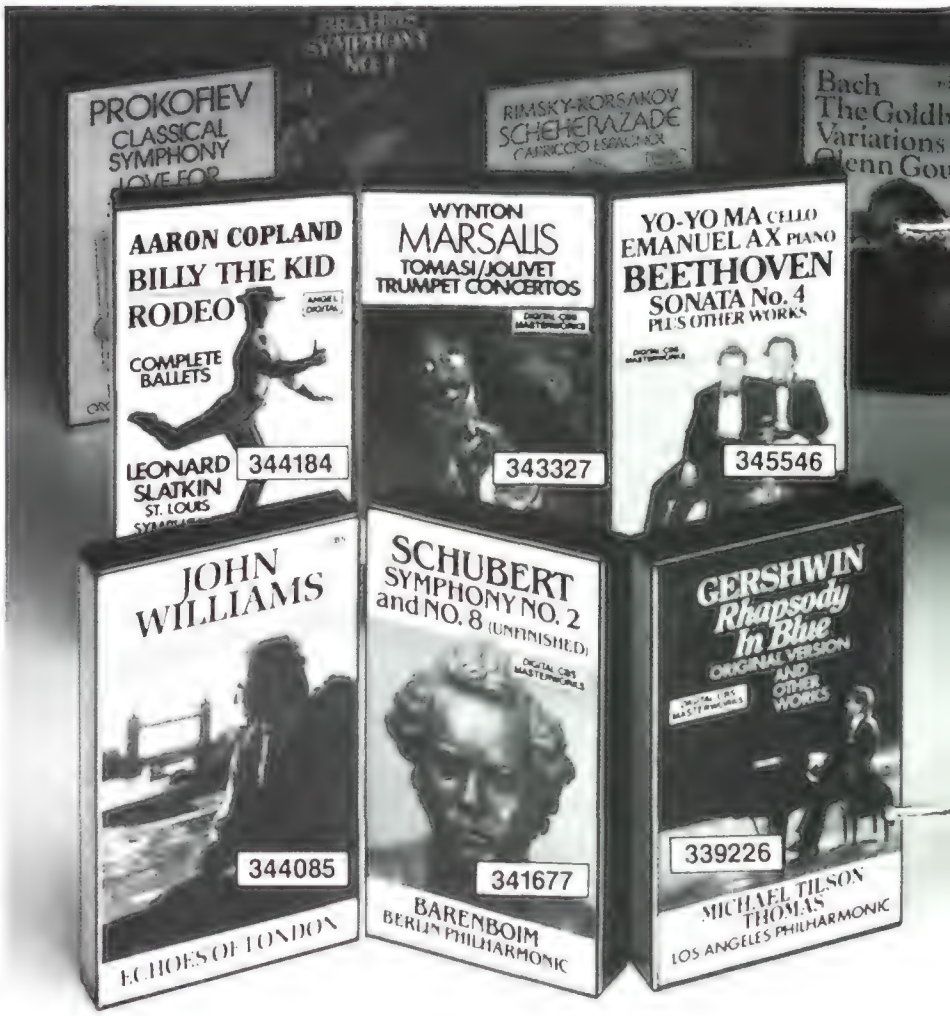
ROMANTICS

335547. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique—Barenboim cond. Berlin Philharmonic (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)



342154. Tchaikovsky: Romeo & Juliet; Francesca da Rimini—R. Chailly and the Cleveland Orchestra (*Digital*—London)

334680. Tchaikovsky: Suites From "Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty"—Muti and the Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

336461. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Serenade—Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

BAROQUE

346015. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; other works—Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329615. Handel: Water Music. Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

339663. Pachelbel: Kanon—also works by Albinoni, Bach, Boccherini, others Karl Munchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orch (*Digital*—London)

343715. Vivaldi: Four Seasons—Lorin Maazel conducts soloists from the French National Orchestra (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

MODERN

340216. Adams, John: Harmonielehre—Edo de Waart, San Francisco Sym. (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

342329. Bartok: Miraculous Mandarin (complete ballet); **Music For Strings, Percussion & Celesta**—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)

326488. Gershwin: Porgy & Bess Suite; Second Rhapsody; Cuban Overture—Previn, London Symph. (*Digital*—Angel)

330886. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite, Mississippi Suite—Batiz, Royal Philharmonic (*Digital*—Angel)

340182. Glass, Philip: Mishima—original music composed for the film (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil (CBS Great Performances)

341297. Prokofiev: Symphony No. 1 (Classical) **Love For Three Oranges Suite**—Lorin Maazel, cond (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

342022. Ravel: Gaspard de la Nuit; Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte; others—Vladimir Ashkenazy at the piano (*Digital*—London)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

331447. Ravel: Ma Mere L'Oye (Mother Goose); etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

340190. Reich: The Desert Music—M. Tilson Thomas, members of the Brooklyn Phil. (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Charles Dutoit, Orchestre de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

333450. Shostakovich: Symphony No. 8—Haitink, Amsterdam Concertgebouw (*Digital*—London)

331595. Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlesienne Suites 1, 2—Ozawa, Orch National (*Digital*—Angel)

333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7—Riccardo Chailly and the RSO Berlin Symph. (*Digital*—London)

339374. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; Schumann: Piano Concerto—Schiff; Dorati, Concertgebouw (*Digital*—London)

329144. Chopin: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Polonaises—Ivan Moravec, piano (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

343152-393157. Chopin: Nocturnes—Abbey Simon at the piano (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)

326454. Dvorak: Cello Concerto; Bruch: Kol Nidrei—Harrell, cello; Ashkenazy cond. (*Digital*—London)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances; etc Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph Orch. (*Digital*—London)

333575. Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp And Circumstances Marches—A. Davis, Philharmonia Or (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

336990. Grieg: Peer Gynt (Incidental Music)—Lucia Popp; Marriner, Academy St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)

345942. Grieg: Piano Concerto; Mendelssohn: Concerto No. 1—Ousset; Marriner, London Symphony (*Digital*—Angel)

340257. Liszt: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Bolet; Zinman, Rochester Phil. (Vox Cum Laude)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4; more Boskovsky, Philharmonia Hungarica (Angel)

332114. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; etc. Ashkenazy conducts his orchestration of "Pictures" *(Digital—London)*

338228. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Gounod: "Faust" Ballet Music—Dutoit, Orch. symphonique Montreal *(Digital—London)*

334771. Sibelius: Symphonies No. 4 and **7**—Berglund, Helsinki Philharmonic *(Digital—Angel)*

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes—*Blue Danube,* others. Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Counts as 2—Columbia)

341610. Strauss, Richard: Der Rosenkavalier Suite; Die Frau Ohne Schatten—Dorati, Detroit Symphony Orch. *(Digital—London)*

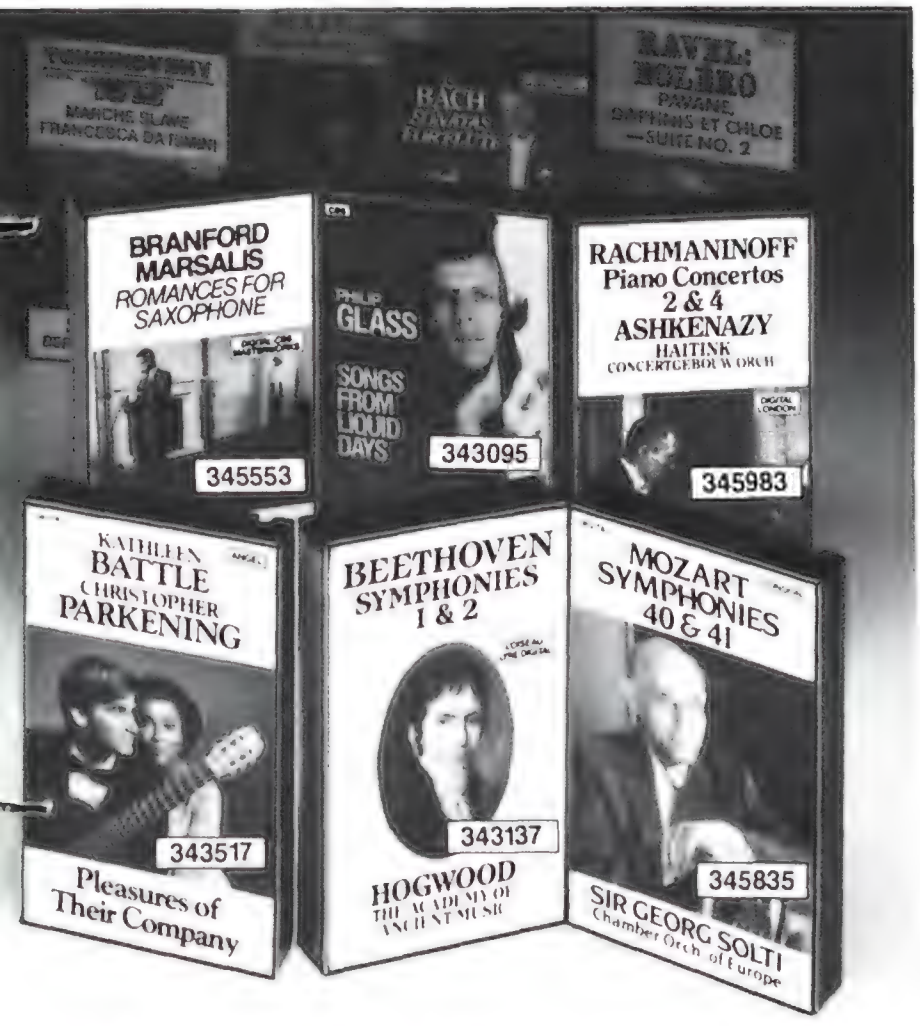
323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. *(Digital—London)*

334524. Salvatore Accardo Plays Paganini, Vol. 1—*Moto perpetuo, Larghetto,* others. Tamponi, Chamber Orch. *(Digital—Angel)*

334276. Canadian Brass & Berlin Phil. Brass—Brass In Berlin.—music by Bach, Gabrieli, Pachelbel, etc. *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

345520. Empire Brass—A Bach Festival. D. Major, organ *(Digital—Angel)*

330159. Bob James—Rameau. The jazz artist performs Rameau's music on synthesizers. Superb! *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*



341735. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Dutoit, cond. *(Digital—London)*

331322. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals; Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf—I. Pearlman; K.&M Labeque; Z. Mehta, Israel Phil. *(Digital—Angel)*

331082. Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 (Organ)—Hurford; Dutoit, Montreal Symph. *(Digital—London)*

310086. Wagner: Overtures—*Flying Dutchman, Rienzi,* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

VIRTUOSO!

328013. Nancy Allen—harp music by Debussy, Ravel *(Digital—Angel)*

341081. Maurice Andre—concertos by Bach, Haydn, Torelli, etc. Muti, Philharmonia *(Digital—Angel)*

246843. Vladimir Horowitz—New Recordings Of Chopin. (Columbia)

326595. Igor Kipnis—Music For The Kings Of France. Harpsichord suites by Marchand, Couperin (Nonesuch Silver Series)

331314. Katia & Marielle Labeque Play Gershwin. Also included: Grainger's *Fantasy On Porgy & Bess (Digital—Angel)*

339408. Hubert Laws/Chick Corea/Quincy Jones. Blanchard New Earth Sonata; etc. (CBS Masterworks)

343624. Wynton Marsalis Plays Trumpet Concertos. Haydn, Hummel, L. Mozart *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

329607. Wynton Marsalis—Purcell, Handel, Torelli, etc *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

326611. Christopher Parkening—Sacred Music For The Guitar. Mozart, Bach, etc. *(Digital—Angel)*

338178. Christopher Parkening—A Bach Celebration. Arrangements for solo guitar and chamber orchestra *(Digital—Angel)*

343186. Anthony & Joseph Paratore—Opera Festival For Four Hands. Music by Rossini, Suppe, Mozart, etc (CBS Masterworks)

280610. Jean-Pierre Rampal—Greatest Hits. Handel's *Largo;* others (CBS Masterworks)

335695. Fascinatin' Rampal—Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Gershwin. (CBS)

344135. Jean-Pierre Rampal—A Night At The Opera. Music by Massenet, Gluck, Mozart, etc. Placido Domingo sings & conducts *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

326470. Joshua Rifkin Plays Digital Ragtime. Scott Joplin's *The Entertainer, Maple Leaf Rag,* etc. (Angel)

333112. Andreas Vollenweider—White Winds. The inventive harpist's latest *(Digital—CBS)*

343673. Andre Watts—Live In Tokyo. Music by Brahms, Haydn, Ravel, etc. *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

334763. John Williams—Bach, Handel, Marcello Concertos *arr. for guitar (Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

VOCAL AND ORCHESTRAL COLLECTIONS

331942. The Academy—By Request. Marriner and Academy of St. Martin. Bach, etc. *(Digital—Angel)*

308890-398891. Bernstein Conducts World's Greatest Marches. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

328146. Willi Boskovsky cond. Symphonic Waltzes by R. Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Weber, etc. *(Digital—Angel)*

334839. Maria Callas—Rossini & Donizetti Arias. From *William Tell: L'Elisir D'Amore;* etc. (Angel)

341602. Jose Carreras—French Opera Arias. Arias from *Le Cid, Faust, Carmen,* etc. *(Digital—Angel)*

345934. Jose Carreras—Opera Arias. *Don Carlos, Pagliacci, Turandot, Aida, La Perichole,* etc. (Angel)

292003-392001. Curtain Raisers—The World's Favorite Overtures. Szell, Bernstein, Ormandy, etc. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

338756. Ghena Dimitrova—Opera Arias. *Aida, Macbeth Attila,* etc. *(Digital—Angel)*

337279. Placido Domingo—Save Your Nights For Me. *Love Came For Me, Maria;* etc. (CBS)

326553. Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes. Scotto, Te Kanawa, etc (CBS Masterworks)

342402-392407. Gilbert & Sullivan—The Mikado. Sargent, Glyndebourne Festival (Counts as 2—*Digitally remastered*—Angel)

344556. Greatest Hits Of The 1900's. Barber *Adagio,* Faure *Pavane;* others. Kapp, Philarmonia Virtuosi *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

331959-391953. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Great Choruses of Bach and Handel. (Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)

345496. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—American Tribute. U.S. Air Force Band, Singing Sergeants *(Digital—CBS Masterworks)*

337444. Eugene Ormandy—In Memoriam. Barber's *Adagio for Strings;* works by Sibelius, R. Strauss *(Digital—Angel)*

327551. Luciano Pavarotti—Mamma. Popular Italian songs *(Digital—London)*

303453-393454. Pavarotti's Greatest Hits. 26 favorites by Verdi, Puccini, Bizet, etc (Counts as 2—London)

332106. Lucia Popp Sings Mozart Opera Arias. Slatkin, Munich Radio Orch. *(Digital—Angel)*

339242. Puccini Heroines. Eva Marton, Renata Scotto, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

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339853. Kiri Te Kanawa/Nelson Riddle & His Orch.—Blue Skies. Best-selling album! *(Digital—London)*

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328716-398719. Verdi: Requiem. Caballe, Berini, Domingo, Plishka; Mehta, cond. *(Digital—Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)*

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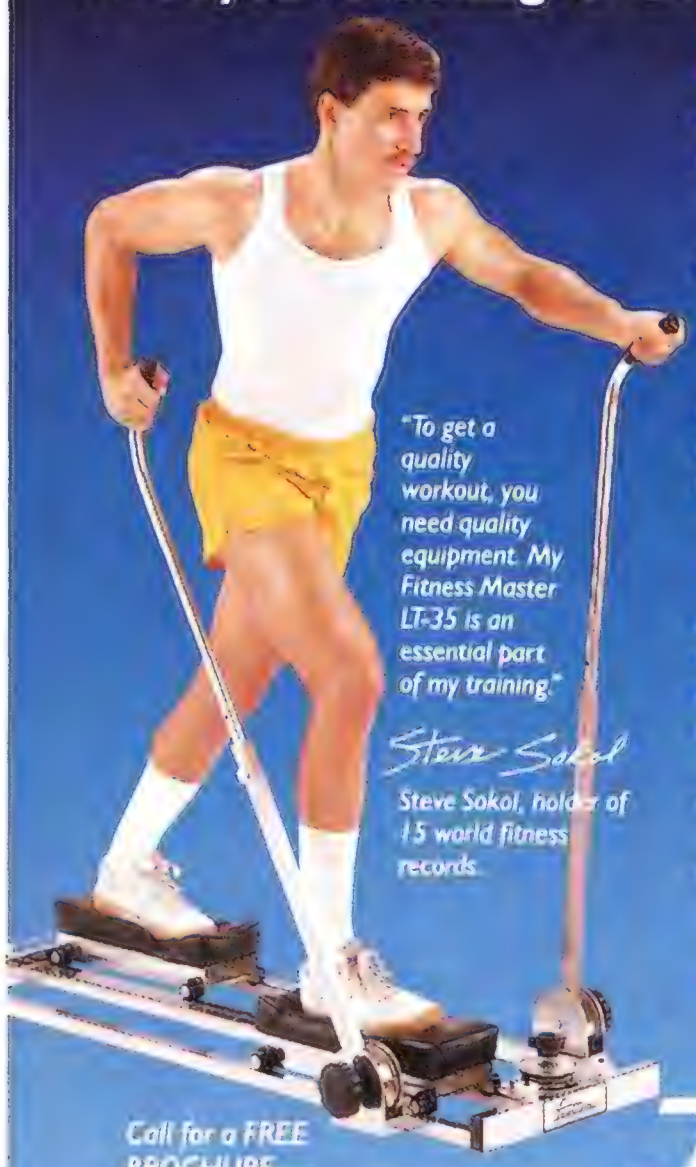

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Phenomena, comment and notes

A spacecraft named Voyager has shown us the moons and rings of Uranus—and just how well a machine can perform

Last January a spacecraft flew within 50,000 miles of the aquamarine giant planet Uranus, nearly nine years and 1.8 billion miles after launch. On the Fourth of July, a date surely more than coincidence, the scientists who built her instruments and flew her published their findings in the journal *Science*. Now that spindly assemblage of a radio dish and antenna arms is flying still farther from the sun on its way to Neptune, at which it will arrive in late August 1989. In a year of space-vehicle disasters, this extraordinary success should not be forgotten.

Launched in 1977, Voyager 2 flew by Jupiter on July 9, 1979, and then by Saturn on August 26, 1981. Each time it used the gravitational energy of the planet it was approaching to fling it on to the next one. Voyager has no main propulsion engines; it is flying solely on the wits of controllers at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. They are the first to do it and will be the last in the memories of anyone now living: the planets will not be lined up for such a "Grand Tour" again for about another 175 years.

Imagine a billiard table on which all the balls are moving. Your task is to hit the cue ball so that it will strike the red ball (Jupiter) where that ball will be at some time in the future. And that's the least of it. You have to strike the red ball in such a way that the cue ball will ricochet off to where the yellow ball (Saturn) will be still further in the future. That has to happen just right so the cue ball will then go to where the green ball (Uranus) will be. That is what we have

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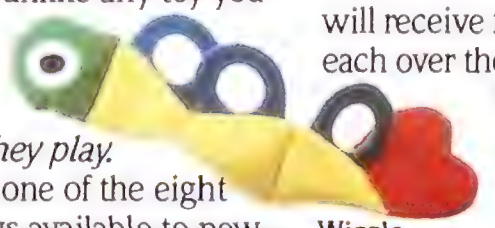

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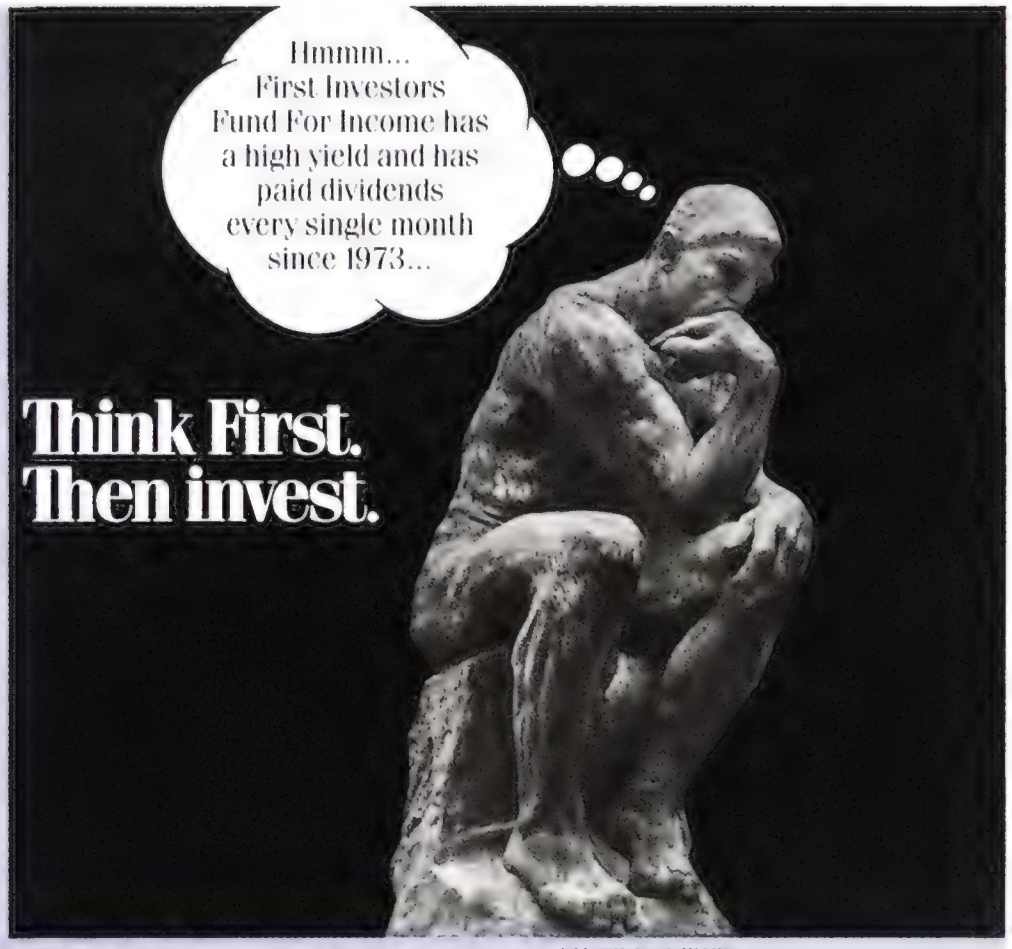

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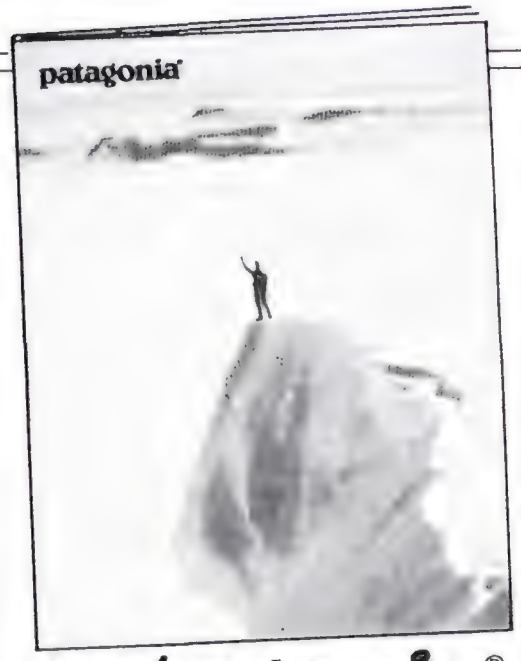

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done with Voyager so far. And we did it so well that it is now moving to where Neptune, the blue ball, will be three years from now.

The marvel is not just that Voyager got there, but that it performed so well when it did. Thanks to some judicious instructions from the controllers in California, the spacecraft worked better flying by Uranus than it had at Saturn five years earlier. Most of us are accustomed to something less. The people who maintain the coffee machine in my building have given up trying to fix the tea and hot-chocolate dispensers. It still makes coffee, but works only on quarters and nickels. Dimes disappear into the works. Then there is the Washington subway system. You buy a fare card from a machine, then insert it in the turnstile. On Monday mornings at my old station, six of the seven fare-card machines would be "out of service." The line for the seventh stretched out of the station into the street.

I confess my Luddite tendencies. I am typing these words on my grandmother's 1938 Underwood. When people tell me I must leapfrog into the 1980s on a word processor, I answer that finding the words is the difficult part for me; once found, processing is relatively easy. It is not the retyping of heavily penciled drafts that is painful, it is working up a draft in the first place. Red Smith put it much better: "Writing a column is easy. You just sit at your typewriter until little drops of blood appear on your forehead."

But I admire those people who know and understand machines. Give me the man who flings himself down from the cab of a tundra buggy and crawls underneath because he knows it is ice in the fuel-line filter that has brought us to a halt in the drifts. Better yet, give me the gang at Jocko's Speed Shop. A piece of the throttle linkage had broken on my import, and a succession of dealers' parts managers had told me it would take six weeks to get another. At Jocko's the counterman took it back to the machine shop and emerged shortly with a new one: they simply made one.

The 155 men and women who wrote the papers in *Science* are giants in that tradition. Careless accounts leave readers believing that computers figured out the four-ball billiard shot that sent Voyager on the Grand Tour. In this kind of thinking, machines become entities in their own right, just as our legal system makes persons out of corporations. We

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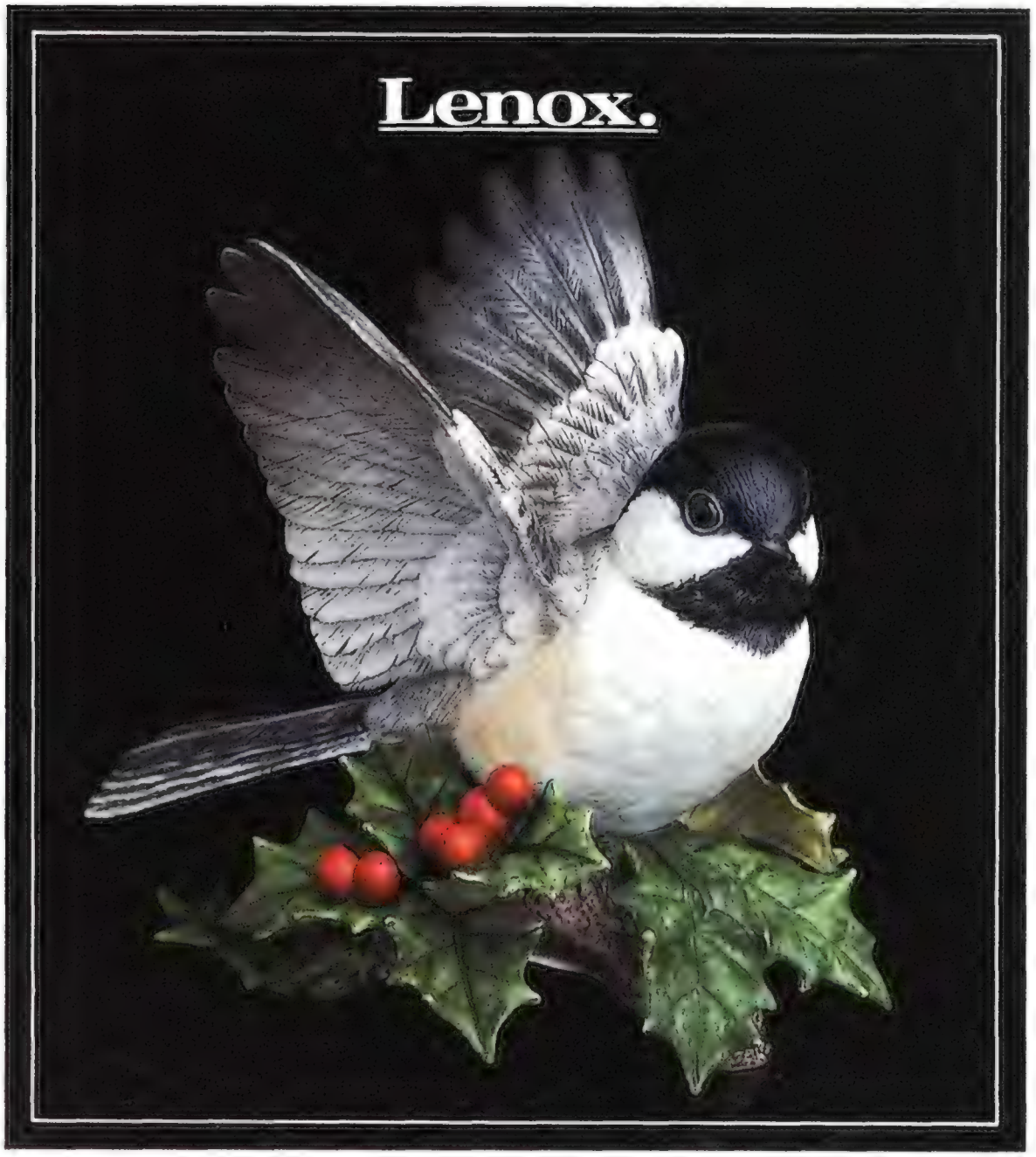

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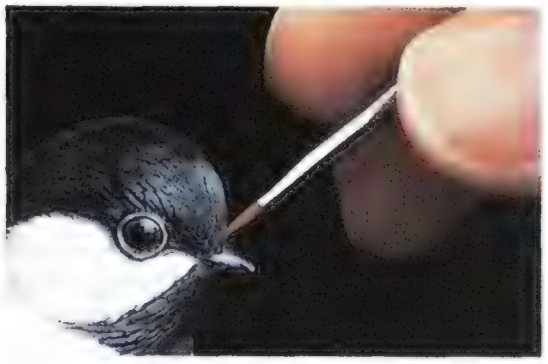
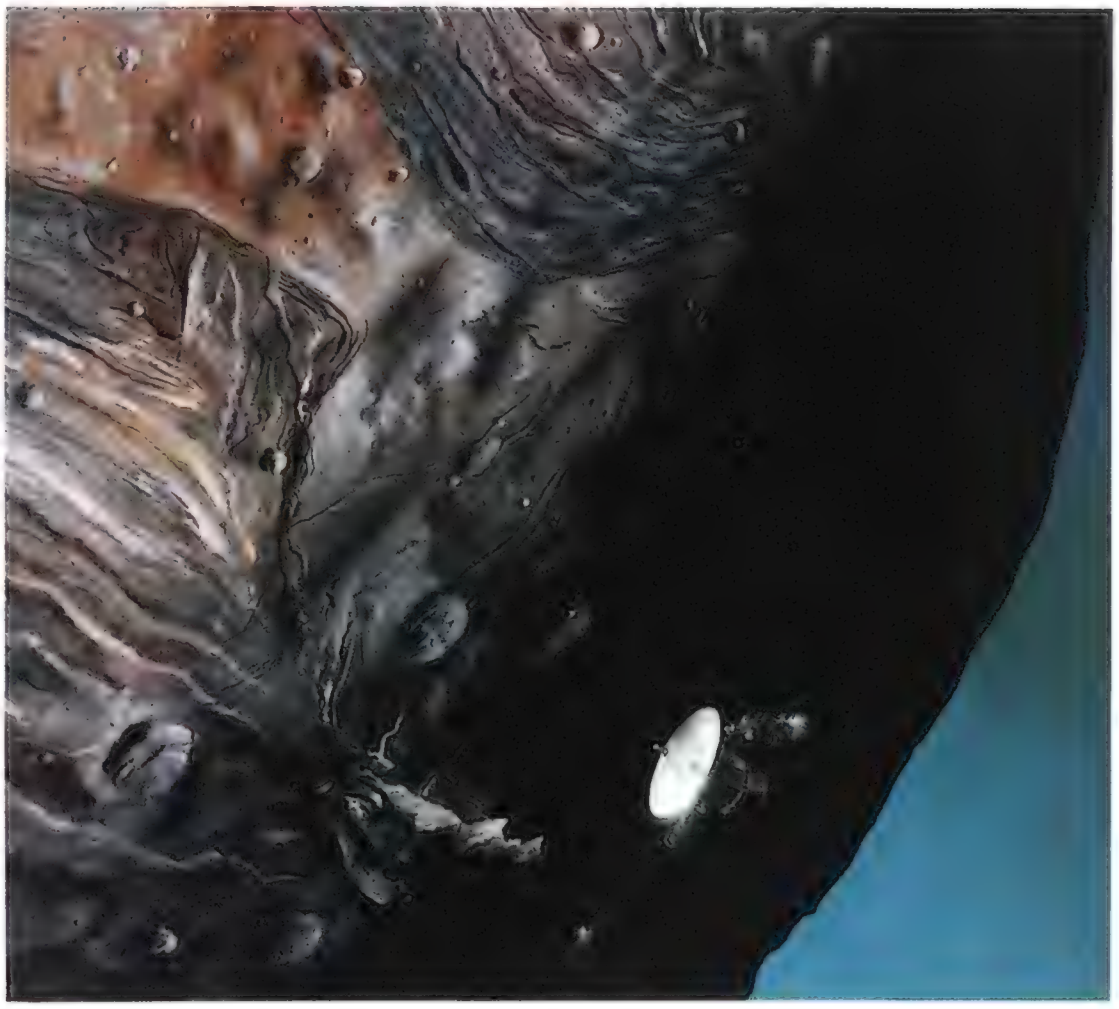


Painted by hand to reveal every detail of the chickadee's intricate markings.

blame the machine in much the same way a child blames a drinking glass for its demise: "It fell off the table." No, it was human minds that told the Voyager computers what to calculate and how to calculate it. The triumph is theirs, not the machines'.

Just as the computers are an extension of the human mind, the instruments on Voyager are extensions of the human senses. Voyager is a machine that allows us to see the unseeable. Miranda, the smallest of Uranus' five major moons, is only about 290 miles across. Looking at it from Earth is like looking at a dime 67 miles away. Hopeless, until the human mind figures out a better way. Uranus itself is featureless to the unaided eye. Meaningless, until a mind conceives a way to penetrate its bland exterior.

Uranus is unique among planets in that its axis of rotation is nearly parallel, rather than perpendicular, to the plane formed by its orbit. Its poles, that is to say, receive more sunlight than its equator. Voyager came out of the sun toward the south poles of the planet and its moons, flew through the plane of rings and moons, then curved around as it



In this artist's conception, Voyager streaks within 17,700 miles of the tortured surface of Miranda, a Uranian moon.

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passed the far side of Uranus so that the sun and the antennas of the Deep Space Network on Earth were partially eclipsed for a time. Voyager popped out into the sunlight again, streaking away toward its rendezvous with Neptune.

The flyby was timed to within minutes, itself an incredible feat after a nine-year voyage. Uranus is in the southern sky this year, drifting through the lower part of the constellation Ophiuchus, the serpent bearer, on its 84-year trip around the sun. So the Canberra tracking station in Australia was best able to receive the weak signals coming back from Voyager. (Australia's Parkes Radio Telescope added its receiving powers during critical periods.) Measurements of how Voyager's signals were affected as they came through the atmosphere of Uranus as the craft flew behind the planet were made during the center of the pass over Canberra, the best possible time.

Even close up, Uranus was not much to see. But the instruments on Voyager confirmed the primordial hydrogen and helium of its atmosphere. They found methane clouds lower in the atmosphere, and a little acetylene produced from the methane. Infrared and radio instruments found the same parallel bands in the atmosphere we can see in visible light on Jupiter and Saturn. Some of the images show a plume of bright material being carried away by the wind, a place where cloud material is welling up from below.

The moons come closer to our mental picture of worlds. Cratered, as good moons should be, they are also laced with tectonic features that testify to tumultuous pasts. Fault lines complete with clifflike scarps and depressed sections between faults called grabens criss-cross the surfaces. A mountain at least 12 miles high appears on the edge of the disk of Oberon, the major moon farthest from Uranus. What appear to be faint traces of enormous faults suggest some late-stage global tectonic event. Titania, the next moon in, appears to have extruded some material onto the surface after its early bombardment, obliterating many of the older impact craters. Umbriel, next in, is uniformly coated with some dark substance, so that there are no bright rays leading from recent impact craters. The surface of Ariel, still closer to Uranus, shows signs that something flowed across the surface after an early bombardment. A mixture of ammonia-and-water ice is one suggestion.

Miranda, the major moon closest to Uranus, was the visual high point of the flyby (opposite). Part of the surface is the same old cratered terrain, but three sections are composed of somewhat parallel sets of bright and dark bands, scarps and ridges, two of them ovoid ("racetrack") in shape and one trapezoidal with sharp corners. They are thought to be the result of faulting, with subsequent flowing of fluid or plastic material.

The rings were only discovered in 1977 (SMITHSONIAN, December 1978) when astronomers watching Uranus pass in front of a star saw the light from that star wink out and reappear several times before it disappeared behind the planet, and then do the same when it reappeared on the other side. Voyager discovered two new rings and as many as 100 ringlike features interspersed within the main rings. Among the ten small new moons found on the nearly 7,000 images Voyager returned are two "shepherd moons," which travel along just

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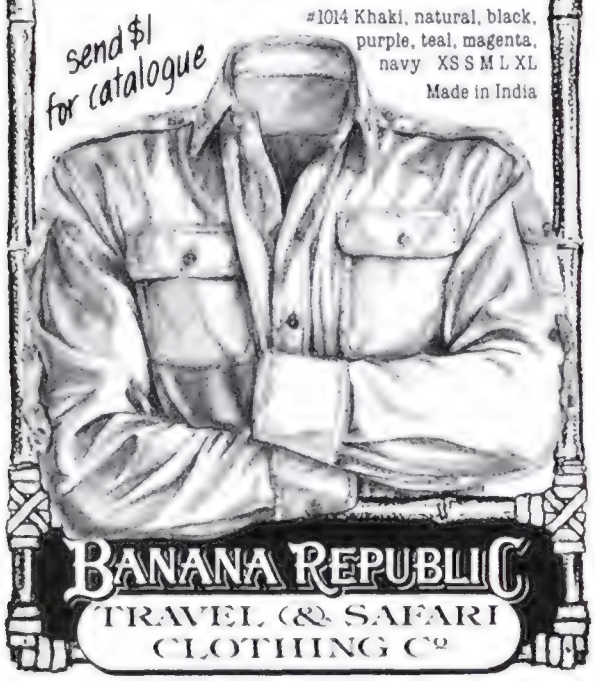

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inside and outside of the outermost ring, and may keep it sharply defined.

Much of what Voyager measures is foreign to our everyday senses. Atomic particles and magnetic fields are everywhere in that interplanetary space we think of as empty, and with their black boxes the space physicists can show us magnetosphere bow waves breasting the solar wind, or reveal the protons and electrons zipping back and forth along the magnetic-field lines of Uranus. It is a real world we cannot see, no more than we can see the subtle gradations of temperature, salinity and depth that guide the great whales on their migrations or the electrical fields that guide certain fish through the murky waters of South American rivers.

The reports in *Science* are the beginning, not the end, of the news from Uranus. Those 155 scientists and engineers have a whole new library of information to go through, and they will have more to say as they go. They will offer ideas about what is going on in Uranus' interior of rock and water to create that magnetic field and why the magnetic poles are tipped 60 degrees away from the rotational poles. They will propose mechanisms for the tectonic forces that have cracked and folded the surfaces of the larger moons. They will fill in some of the blanks on the origin of the Uranian system and the entire solar system to boot. And they will lay plans to make the Neptune flyby even better than the last. Some time in the next century, their intellectual sons and daughters will receive the last bits of data from interstellar space as Voyager quietly shuts down after the Grandest Tour of all.

Voyager has shown us how well people can use machines. Let us hope that kind of competence proves contagious.
John P. Wiley jr.

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Brightly garbed resident of Ngchesar idly pokes in a lagoon littered with evidence of a changing lifestyle.

By P. F. Kluge

Palau isn't sure whether 'paradise' is there—or here

The Palauans love their island society but a new pact with the United States means more American-style changes are on the way

Reminders of a more idyllic time can still be found in Palau, but ramshackle coastal villages are the rule.

Bikini-clad swimmer relaxes at new hotel in Koror. Palau hopes tourism will help raise standard of living.

Except for a few groups of schoolchildren marching briskly in and out, the gallery of the United Nations Trusteeship Council is almost deserted, a realm of earphones without listeners. On this fine spring day, the mind of New York is on other things—the New York Mets, the Chernobyl meltdown. Tomorrow's New York newspapers will carry no account of proceedings down on the main floor, where the last of 11 postwar Trusteeships is ending and four Pacific island states, all closely tied to the United States, are being quietly born.

One by one, Micronesian representatives request termination of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. The man from the Northern Marianas reports his people's decision to become a U.S. Commonwealth. Leaders of the other island groups—the Federated States of Micronesia, the Republic of the Marshall Islands, the Republic of Palau—explain their selection of a looser, open-ended tie to the United States, something they call "free association." My attention goes to the President of the Republic of Palau, a 200-island archipelago south of Guam, east of the Philippines. It's nice for an ex-Peace Corps volunteer to call a head of state his friend, and I have known Lazarus Salii for nearly 20 years, from the beginning of the campaign that is ending now. I listen carefully as he reviews the history: long years of negotiation, inter-island disputes, local

Photographs by Michael Coyne/Black Star

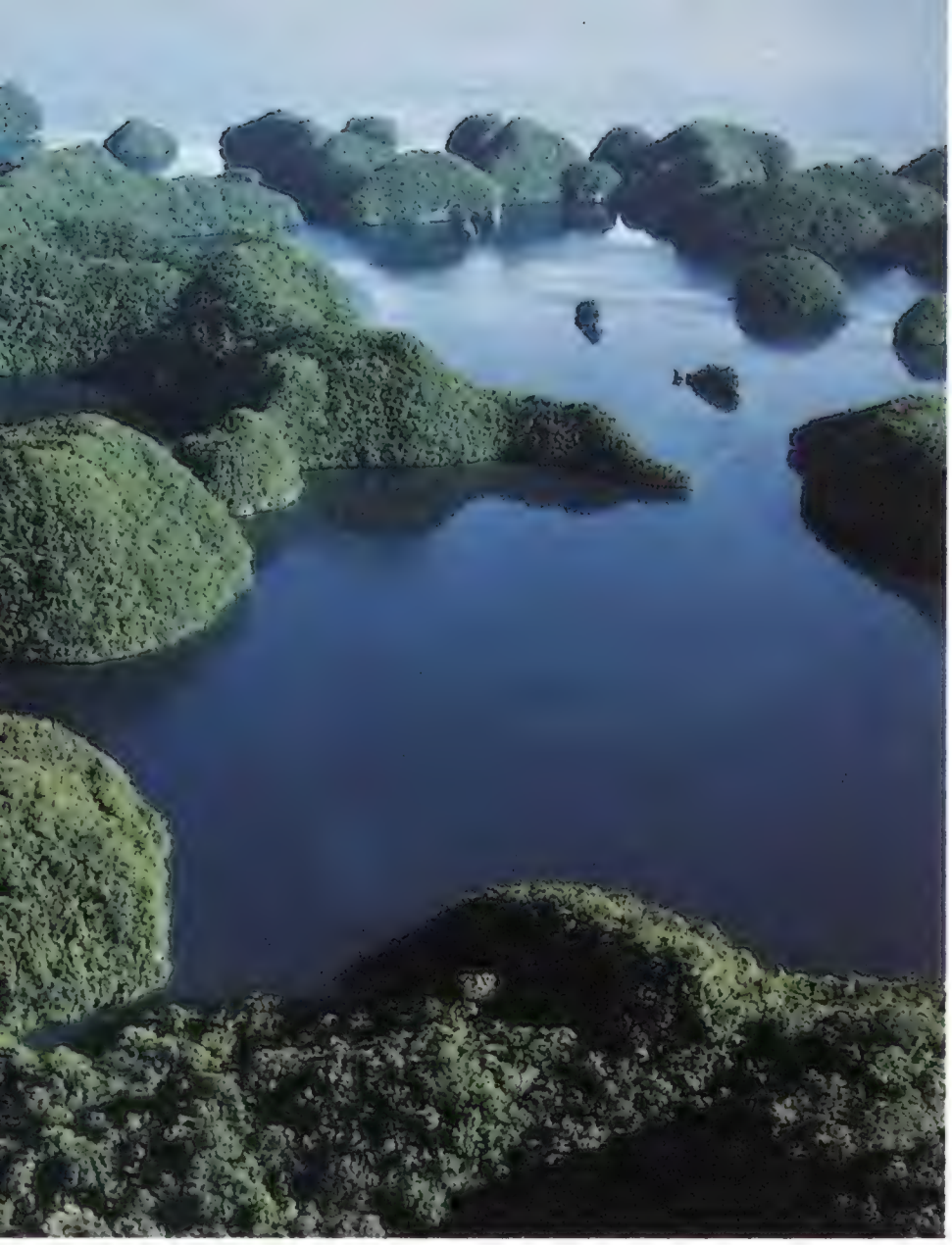
Paradise for recreational divers, the Rock Islands dot the clear water south of Babelthuap for 23 miles.

Republic of Palau consists of more than 200 islands. Its strategic location in western Pacific makes it of particular importance to the United States.

turmoil and violence. "Palau has come through [this process] knowing that we have not only survived, we have succeeded," he declares. "And our success is that a group of small islands has managed to negotiate an equitable partnership with a world power."

The mood in the room is celebratory, something like a graduation ceremony, with students and faculty exchanging congratulations. America gave Palau a choice that previous rulers—Spain, Germany, Japan—never contemplated. In return, Palau chose to ally itself with America. The people appearing at the Trusteeship Council feel good about this. I cannot blame them for feeling good. And I cannot blame myself for wondering if the feeling will last.

The Peace Corps said it was going to paradise, 20 years ago, and I went along. Paradise was the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands—the Marshalls, Marianas and Carolines—captured from the Japanese in World War II and administered by the United States as a U.N. Trusteeship since 1947. To this day, I can still remember the ABCs of paradise, certain sentences I repeated in articles and letters and, later, in front of restless relatives sitting through my interminable slide shows. I explained that the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands was 2,141 islands with an aggregate land-



The uplifted reefs, riddled with caves and grottoes, provide habitat for a remarkable variety of marine life.

Lazarus Salii, Palau's president, confers in office. He espouses "free association" with the United States.

mass half the size of Rhode Island, scattered over a watery expanse the size of the continental United States. The population could be swallowed up by the Rose Bowl, I used to say, and even now it totals around 160,000. Spain, Germany, Japan and the United States all had ruled the islands; the United States had pledged to bring its wards to the point of "self-government or independence." Meanwhile, the islanders floundered between two lifestyles: traditional farming and fishing, fairly desultory, and salaried—equally desultory—employment by the American-funded Trust Territory government.

It didn't take me long to learn that the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands was a rather wishful title for a collection of quite different places, just as Micronesia —the area's other name—was a geographer's abstraction. In Micronesia, every man was an island. And, of all the islands that made up the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Palau, westernmost of the Caroline chain, had the most complicated and equivocal reputation. Palau was the place that people in other places warned you about and the warning was two-edged. You might hate Palau. Bad things might happen to you there. Of course, you might love it. That was what happened to me in the late '60s.

Part of the attraction was scenic. From the northern atoll of Kayangel to the jungled green hills, tangled mangrove swamps and breezy coastal villages of Babelthuap, Palau's largest island, there was much that was remarkable. Farther south there were rusting landing craft on the reefs and beaches off the World War II battleground islands of Peleliu and Angaur; dank, gravelike caves littered with mess kits and uniforms, sake bottles and first-aid kits. And, between Babelthuap and Peleliu, there was a special realm that was as close as you could get to paradise in the Pacific. These were the Rock Islands, mile after mile of lushly forested limestone islets, a maze of caves and coral, channels and coves, beaches and lagoons, a haunting landscape that attracted divers and photographers, delighted picknickers and fishermen, and stayed in my mind for years. Even Palauans liked it there. Koror, Palau's largest settlement, had a sullen, ramshackle charm, with wood-sided, tin-roofed houses sitting amid bullet-pocked platforms and cisterns of razed prewar structures. At 4:30, most afternoons, some of the more eccentric employees of the Trust Territory government —the ones who liked to think of themselves as characters—convened at the bar of the Royal Palauan Hotel, a rust-roofed Quonset which could make the most prosaic visitor seem like a remarkable and romantic traveler. At night, potholed roads led from one bar to another, heady conspiratorial places where hillbilly classics shared jukeboxes with plaintive love songs that the Japanese had left behind. When the bars closed, there were outings to Japanese seaplane ramps, breezy, starry places where people drank and sang till dawn.

P. F. Kluge's first novel, The Day That I Die, *was set in Palau. His fourth,* MacArthur's Ghost, *will be published soon by Arbor House.*

Residence built for a relative by Basilius sits in coastal village where wood-and-thatch houses once stood.

Lawyer Roman Bedor, here in Koror office, travels widely in opposition to Compact with United States.

Entrepreneur Polycarp Basilius takes coffee break at a resort during negotiations on an offshore oil deal.

It was the Palauans, more than the scenery of Palau, that intrigued me. They were difficult people, proud and torn. They were suspicious of strangers who proclaimed that Palau was paradise; they were also suspicious of strangers who ventured that Palau was *not* paradise. Half the time they extolled their islands, half the time they dreamed of larger places. In the first mood they made Palau feel like the heart of the world, its very epicenter. In the contrary frame of mind, Palau shrank to an inconsequential dot, too far, too small, too hot. That was Palau. For every sunset, there was a matching power outage, for every serene beach, the sound of beer bottles exploding in a parking lot, for every searching, late-night conversation, a hint—and sometimes more than a hint—that you were an outsider, an intruder, CIA or Mafia, or maybe both. Palau had its own way of confirming your gaudiest dream of islands, then smashing it to bits and inviting—daring—you to go another round. Earlier this year, a few months before the islanders were due at the United Nations, I went another round.

On this visit to Palau, my first glimpse of Lazarus Salii comes at one of the hot, formal occasions I suspect he dislikes: the dedication of a statue. A dark, compact man of medium height, with large, penetrating eyes and a face that expresses—too readily—his shifting moods, he sits on a chair underneath a tent that protects him from Palau's sunlight, but not its heat. It is a solemn occasion and he cannot escape it. The statue being unveiled is of his immediate predecessor, Palau's first president, Haruo Remeliik, shot to death outside his home last year.

"Pacific Island Leader Slain!" I had followed the story as it floated on the inside pages of U.S. newspapers, as it shrank, sank, bobbed up again and disappeared for good. By now, three men, Palauans, followers of a rival political leader, have been arrested.

High Chief Ibedul Yutaka Gibbons (left) goes over papers with aide at state government office in Koror.

Moses Uludong, governor of the state of Ngchesar, meets with villagers on the porch of his new home.

The killing seems to be political, symptom of a feverish civic climate, but Palauans are connoisseurs of complicated possibilities and Koror bristles with intricate, elegant conspiracies involving drugs, bribes, spies, hit men, military bases. Haruo Remeliik's time in office had been difficult. Government workers had gone on strike twice and the strikes turned violent. The president's offices were burned. So was the home of an American lawyer who—evidently—had got too close to island politics. So, too, earlier, was the Palau Museum's *bai*, a traditional men's meeting house, a Pacific masterpiece of wood and thatch.

A reflection—also a cause—of this turmoil was the fact that Palau's political future was so unsettled. It had taken three votes for the emerging republic to pass its constitution. By the time it finally went into effect on January 1, 1981, Palau was in the middle of negotiating its new Compact of Free Association with the United States. More complications: anti-nuclear provisions in the constitution were in direct conflict with certain military rights that the United States wanted. To resolve that situation, it would be necessary for Palauans to troop back to the polls to ratify the Compact by the constitutionally required 75 percent.

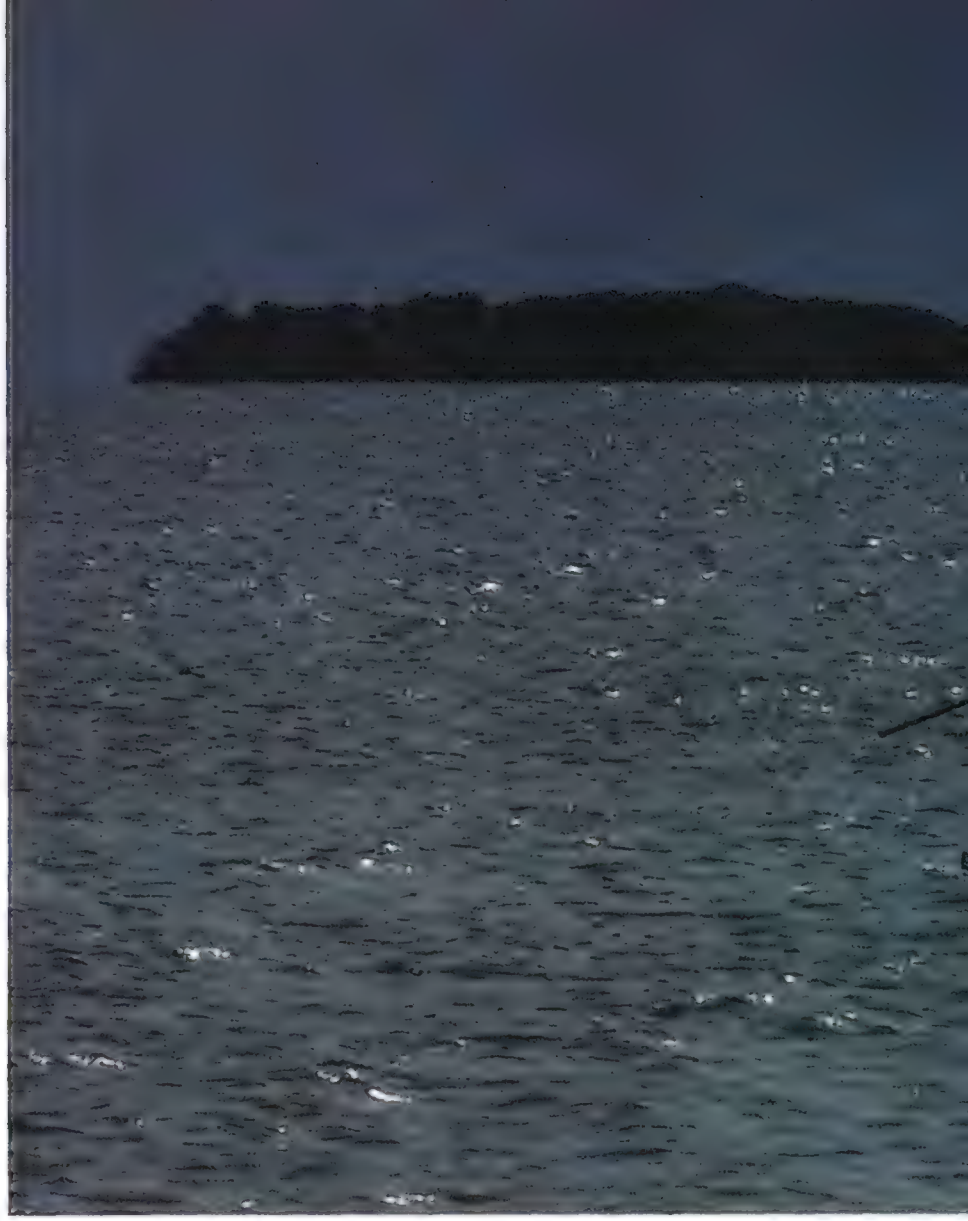
Meanwhile, the economy stagnated. The biggest business news was that the government of Palau was defaulting on payments for a new power plant and would soon be on the receiving end of a $35 million lawsuit. All in all, Palau was living up to its reputation: trouble in paradise, paradise in trouble.

Now Haruo Remeliik is a statue and Lazarus Salii, Palau's second president, is sweating out a ceremony at high noon, seven degrees north of the equator. He looks restless and that is what I remember most about him: a need to press, move, confront. Now he sits through speeches from Japanese visitors, many of whom trace their interest in Palau to the 30 years that Japan ruled the islands. Nearing 50, Salii has memories of those times. They were one of the better parts of a book we collaborated on and never finished. There were accounts of aerial dogfights over his home island of Angaur, evacuation to Babelthuap, first sight of LSTs full of Americans, a race of blond openhanded giants distributing candies.

The blond giants are gone now and it is the Japanese who come bearing gifts and a Palau high chief, the Ibedul Yutaka Gibbons, who arises to thank them for their latest benefaction. The Ibedul was serving with the U.S. Army in Germany when he was called home to assume his title. He was an Army cook and, shortly after returning, he opened a hamburger stand, since closed. He has always struck me as a wary fellow, defensive about holding a hereditary title in a place where elections are the national sport. After the Ibedul finishes, Salii arises, speaks and leaves promptly. His car slows as it nears where I am standing. The window rolls down but I can tell he is in no mood for reunions. We shake hands and agree to meet another time.

Koror, now the provisional capital of Palau, has changed since my last visit. The roads are paved. The old rattletrap movie theaters are gone, victims of 20th-century termites called cassettes. The Royal Palauan Hotel is a ruin, with rental cars and buses parked in front of it. The talk around town is about the "Palau Navy," a single patrol boat with a cardboard cylinder mounted on a ship-biscuit carton to simulate a cannon. The boat brings in load after load of poachers who invade the republic's fishing waters. The talk is about a trio of Elvis Presley imitators who landed on the island. One incarnated the young Elvis, one the mature star, one the bloated crooner, about to die. The talk in town is about drugs: the high-quality marijuana grown in sawed-off oil barrels secreted around Peleliu, then exported to Guam in Styrofoam coolers,

Young boys kill time outside video store in Koror. Baseball, rock music, videos preoccupy Palau's youth.



Practicing a more traditional pastime off Koror, youngsters go fishing on a raft of lashed bamboo poles.

in hollowed-out baseball bats, in the bellies of frozen fish. The talk in town is about politics and about Lazarus Salii, who is pressing hard to seal Palau's Compact of Free Association with America. To make sure that a substantial majority of Palauans approve it in the upcoming vote, he has appointed one-time Compact opponents to a government-sponsored political education task force. The talk is that Palau's 17 years of negotiation are over and the moment of final choice has come. The next morning, relaxed and genial, sitting in the remodeled communications facility that houses his offices, Salii agrees.

"It scares the hell out of me when I look back and see how long it took to negotiate this agreement," he says. "But I think that, from the start, there was an underlying realization that there was not much of a hurry to settle for less than the best that we could get. People weren't starving in Micronesia. Life was going on acceptably. There was education. Standards of living were slowly improving. There were no catastrophes, no disasters. The Trust Territory's high commissioner wasn't a dictator. We had the luxury of waiting it out, and it speaks well of the United States that they let things happen that way. If we had settled earlier, we wouldn't have gotten such a good deal."

The deal he refers to originated in 1969, when a group of Micronesian politicians headed by Salii announced that they intended to negotiate a new relationship with the United States. Free association would acknowledge Micronesian sovereignty and permit self-government. At the same time, military rights would be granted the United States, whose payments and programs would support the new island governments. If free association couldn't be worked out, the Micronesians threatened, they would opt for outright independence. And, now as then, Salii acknowledges that independence was a second choice, rhetorically effective, emotionally cathartic, economically questionable. "When we were frustrated," he says, "there were some of us who said maybe we have no choice but to go for independence. But it was always from that point of view. In the general public, there was no support for independence."

The status negotiations were long and tangled. The United States had in mind another territory, like Guam or American Samoa, or another commonwealth, like Puerto Rico. The Northern Marianas accepted the commonwealth offer, but the rest of the Trust Territory continued to hold out for free association, a looser, unilaterally terminable relationship, which took time for the islanders to define and the United States to accept. Then there were changes in administration, accusations of spying, disputes over the return of public land, requests for Washington to define its military needs, for the Trust Territory to specify its financial wishes. Meanwhile, one of the most impor-

tant requirements slipped by with surprising ease. It was that islanders be allowed to live in the United States. For Salii, that was crucial.

"It wasn't a big issue in the negotiations," he recalls. "It couldn't be. The United States has got Mexico and Miami to worry about, legal and illegal aliens. What did 14,000 Palauans matter? It mattered more to us. Without that access to the United States, the Compact wasn't a very attractive deal. Maybe, no deal at all."

For Salii, the United States is an antidote, a safety valve, an escape. It is part of a pattern of departures and returns. Like many Palauans, Salii has complicated tastes. He likes fishing, capering in a fast boat among the Rock Islands. He savors Palau's intricate politics, admires its legends, its carved storyboards, its hundreds of chants. But attached as he is to his islands, to all the collisions, coincidences and connections that make life in a small world interesting, he has the itch for larger places, the need to leave, if only eventually to return. He knows his way around Manila and Las Vegas, and is curious about other places he has not yet seen. He has daughters in Hawaii, where he himself was educated, and relatives in California. For him—and for his people—travel isn't luxury; it's a necessity. It's the ultimate freedom: to go and come back.

"Life can easily be dull on a Palau that doesn't really have to struggle to stay alive, in a place that faces no real challenge," he reflects. "The Philippines aren't going to invade us. Already we have problems here with suicide and drugs. The U.S. is our positive outlet. People will be traveling to the U.S. That's where the excitement comes from. Meanwhile, we can create a paradise in Palau: no pollution, enough tourism to maintain things. At the same time, our kids go to the U.S. for adventure and education and when they have their fill, they come home."

Not everyone contemplates Palau's American-oriented future with Salii's enthusiasm. There are people around town who wanted a better deal and people who would have preferred no deal at all. There are some who don't trust the Americans and some—often the same people—who don't trust their own politicians. There's a disturbing discrepancy in estimates of how much money Palau will be getting. A U.S. spokesman says Palau will receive $400 million, part of it in an investment fund. Over the 50 years of the Compact, that investment fund's performance may raise the value of free association to $900 million, perhaps $1 billion. Palauans are more bullish, their figures ranging as high as $3 billion. Then there is the matter of land, always a source of controversy on small islands.

The Compact gives the United States airfield and harbor rights around Koror. It also allows the United States to designate other areas for military use. Compact opponents worry about military activities in Palau, and history supports them. Germany was ousted

A mother relaxes with children in the doorway of house in village of Ngchesar. Post-World War II construction was typically of wood and tin with concrete foundations. House is elevated for ventilation.

by Japan during World War I. Japan's tenure ended disastrously in World War II. Who is to say that the half-century of association just negotiated with the United States will turn out any better? And will Palau hold its own in its new alliance? Or will it move closer and closer to the United States, as Salii himself expects? That closeness, that embrace, is it to be welcomed or feared?

I find Roman Bedor sweating out a power blackout in his book-lined legal offices. When we first met, Bedor was notorious for a plea he'd entered on behalf of a client whose auto muffler created a racket in Koror. Imported from California, the muffler was *intended* to make noise, Bedor told the court. The "Hollywood Muffler Defense," as it was known, was in vain. Bedor's more recent campaigns, against the Compact, have been tenacious. The ballgame is not yet over, he insists, nothing is final yet. He plans to challenge the Compact in the local courts. Still, he is gloomy about Palau's future.

"This generation may survive in character and identity," he predicts, "but 20 years or 50 years from now, you won't find a Palauan society in these islands. We're trying to find an American dream in a Pacific island society. You can't find the dream, so you have to change the society. And trying to argue against that change is like trying to keep the tide from coming in."

I'm careful in looking up another opposition bellwether. He once wanted to beat me up. Moses Uludong had not liked the politicians and barmaids who populated my first novel, a thriller set in Palau. He eventually confronted me at a bar called the Peleliu Club and our dispute led to a beery argument around the back of a pickup truck. We have met cordially since then, but Uludong could usually still be counted upon for a salvo at neocolonialism, capitalism, cultural imperialism, the white man and the CIA. Now those days have passed. Having had his ups and downs in "national" politics, Uludong has been elected governor of Ngchesar. Ngchesar used to be a village. Now it is one of 16 Palauan states, each to have its own governor, legislature, vehicle license plate, flag and anthem.

Actually the state of Ngchesar looks a great deal like the village of the same name. A long dock (p. 54) built by village labor during the German times sticks a stony finger far across the lagoon, reaching for deep water. At the tip of the dock stands a crumbling warehouse-shelter that was built by a Palauan contractor a few years ago. His workers found the daunting German dock too long. So, rather than fetching fresh water from the village, they mixed salt water with cement. Inland is a vista that demolishes dreams of grass shacks and beaches. The beach is mud and mangrove, with over-water toilets perched along the shoreline. Wood-and-tin houses surround a festering tidal mud flat that serves as a garbage dump.

Moses Uludong aims to tear down the toilets, fill the garbage pit and, among other things, turn Ngchesar

into the "breadbasket" of Palau. He floats ideas about gold mining, a local pottery industry, lumbering, tapioca for U.S. health-food stores, onions and cucumbers for local markets. "You come back four years from today, you'll know I've been here," he insists. He rarely mentions the Compact of Free Association and, when pressed, his answers are short and distracted. If Uludong's enthusiasm for the United States is muted—and it is—so is his opposition, and I begin to sense that timing is everything. Whatever its merits, the Compact could not have been passed ten years ago, or five. Whatever its faults, whatever obstacles remain, its time is now. I recall something John Ngiraked told me over brunch at Palau's new $110-per-night Japanese-owned resort (p. 45). A former Compact opponent, Ngiraked now serves as Salii's Minister of State. A veteran politician, near legendary for his oratory in Palauan, Ngiraked performs well in English too.

"In Palau we don't settle things with talk, with arguments and counterarguments," Ngiraked says. "It's not who has the last word. It's the feeling, the consensus *after* the last word. In Palau, we've had bombings and burnings, the presidential office turned into a pile of charred rubble. We've had police firing into crowds of strikers. We've had radical and outrageous things. We've had our first president assassinated. Now people are exhausted. It's over."

When you walk along the coast of Babelthuap, from Ngchesar to Melekeiok, you step along timeless paths, too narrow for cars, but fine for women walking to taro patches and tapioca fields or for men carrying nets down to small boats anchored in the mangroves. The path is made of fitted stones, almost like cobblestones. It is grassy-edged, lined with hedges of hibiscus and waxy, yellow-leafed croton, and it feels good knowing that such paths, such pleasures, linger in Palau. That is when, abruptly, you step out onto the new highway, three miles of macadam, $5.2 million worth of road in the middle of nowhere (right). You ask whom to ask about the highway and people say: Polycarp Basilius.

A one-man building boom

In Palau's designated future capital of Melekeiok, you are startled to come across a red-white-and-blue castle, Moorish looking (p. 48). You learn that Polycarp Basilius designed it for a relative, a local chief. And in a Koror neighborhood that favors concrete-block homes, sturdy and nondescript, there stands an unexpected A-frame. Polycarp Basilius' home. Farther down toward Malakal Harbor there's a bar set in a limestone cave. His bar. And there's a new office building next to it, five stories in a place where three stories are the maximum. "They came to me when I was building the fourth story and I said I didn't know about the law," Polycarp Basilius explains. "I asked them to amend my application and they said OK. They came back when I was building the fifth story and asked me what was going on. I told them I forgot to tell my boys."

In scuffed-up construction boots, jeans and a T-shirt, Polycarp Basilius shows me around the new building. He has saved the fifth floor for his office. He pictures beautiful, not-too-busy secretaries sitting at not-too-cluttered desks. He foresees afternoon cocktails and barbecues out on the balcony, where he and his friends can admire the view of the harbor, the Rock Islands, the turquoise lagoon, the yacht he promoted from some people in Hong Kong. Is this paradise? Maybe so, but don't tell Polycarp Basilius. "People come here and they say it's beautiful," he remarks. "They tell me,

Polycarp Basilius' new highway on Babelthuap goes nowhere yet, but may help pave way to Palau's future.

Fisherman makes his way along one of the stone paths traditionally used to link Palau's coastal villages.

Young fisherman tries luck on limestone dock built in Ngchesar during German rule before World War I.

'You have to keep it like it is.' I say, 'What for?' I was born here. It's not beautiful to me. I go to San Francisco. I see tall buildings. That's beautiful."

Polycarp Basilius used to be Palau's perennial representative in the Congress of Micronesia. Then, while others wrestled with Palau's future political status, Basilius concentrated on making money. That's a tricky business in Palau. Local investment capital is sparse and so is local labor. Economic development often means inducing one group of foreigners, mainly Japanese, sometimes Chinese or American, to invest money and hiring some other foreigners, usually Filipinos, to do the heavy lifting. Palauans operate as middlemen, agents, lessors of land, lenders of name. Such partnerships often fail. In Palau, the beach is littered with visionary hot-weather enterprises come to grief. A controversial superport-oil refinery, proposed in the mid-1970s, never got past the planning stage. The tuna packing plant closed down, as did the copra mill. A floating restaurant is about to be auctioned off for scrap; a new hotel sits empty, tied up in litigation. Still, Palau lures new "carpetbaggers": tropical-fish merchants, trochus and clam farmers, soursop planters, crocodile growers, crocodile hunters, casino operators phosphate miners, gold prospectors, oil drillers. This, all this, is Polycarp Basilius' milieu. "I'm just like a shark," he says. "If you hold a shark still, it dies. I can't relax. I want to do something."

In Palau, small is not necessarily beautiful, at least not to Palauans. Polycarp Basilius longs for big deals. He persuaded a Japanese firm to build that puzzling highway in Melekeiok to help pave the way for the changes to come. He reasoned that, sooner or later, there would be money to pay for it, and for others like it. "And besides," a local lawyer says, "the thing about a road, see, is that you can't take it back." Polycarp Basilius likewise takes much of the credit, or the blame, for bringing that controversial power plant to Palau. Someone will pay for it. And his latest project is a new airport.

He's a charming, roguish man, disarmingly frank, impossible to dislike. Like so many others here, he's many-sided, an unstable mixture of small-island pleasures and big-time schemes. "I like to have a good house, air-conditioned," he says. "I want to have steak. People ask me, do I want to be a Palauan? What for? To keep eating taro and fish? Once in a while, sure. But I'd rather eat in a restaurant. Palau is changing. The whole world is. You can't resist it. You drive around here, you see the look on people's faces, the people driving cars, the women in markets, even the kids. They're all angry. They want something they can't have. Sometimes, I even ask myself, what's wrong with me? Why don't I go to New York and try it, or Los Angeles? Why don't I go somewhere and make big deals?"

In the Trusteeship Council, a few weeks later, Lazarus Salii reports that in a third plebiscite Palau's voters have just approved the biggest deal of all—a renegotiated Compact. Obstacles still remain, however. Compact opponents, in a case brought by Roman Bedor for the Ibedul Yutaka Gibbons, will win a round in the republic's Supreme Court, when the Compact's compromise on nuclear materials is found to be unconstitutional. That decision is being appealed, but the process could delay termination of the Trusteeship. There may also be a Security Council veto of the termination from the Russians, who are already accusing the United States of "de facto annexation." Still, on this particular New York morning, Salii senses the end is near. "I had my doubts," he confesses. "On many occasions, I thought I would never see this day, and there were a few times when I thought that no one ever would."

I have my doubts as well, though I do not begrudge anyone this moment. For decades, the American administration tried to preserve the islands. This high-minded goal was caricatured as the "zoo theory." The United States also sought progress: roads, schools, hospitals, federal programs, self-government. It was torn between its goals, condemned for what it did, and for what it did not do; as likely to be blamed for success as for failure. Now the islanders have inherited the same tension and it is for them to decide whether their goal is California, or Hawaii, or Guam. Or Palau.

Japanese gun emplacement on island of Peleliu is grim reminder of fighting there more than 40 years ago.

Norman Rockwell's
Little Girl and Her Doll

Shown smaller than actual size of 10½" in height.

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Her delicate peaches and cream complexion will be lovingly painted by hand.

Her wonderful costume is complete even down to the cute brown rubbers.

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Allow eight to twelve weeks after payment for shipment.

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By Robert Wernick

Summits of yore: promises, promises and a deal or two

From the Crusades to Napoleon, rulers met, bargained and dissembled with varying success; one conclave even insured 100 years of peace

In the days when the whole world read the novels of Sir Walter Scott, one of everyone's favorite scenes came at the conclusion of *The Talisman,* where Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt, and Richard the Lion Hearted, King of England, meet in a desert in the Holy Land and display their prowess. Richard raises his sword, "a broad straight blade . . . which extended wellnigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer," stretches it up above his giant frame and brings it crashing down on a steel bar an inch and a half thick. The bar breaks clean in two, the sword is unscathed. Then Saladin bares his lean, sinewy arm, stretches out his scimitar, "a curved and narrow blade . . . of a dull blue color," drops a veil over it and cuts the veil in two with one flick of his wrist.

The scene is pure romantic invention, as Scott was happy to admit. He was embroidering on chronicles of the Third Crusade (1189-1192), with their accounts of single combats and private meetings between the two monarchs. According to more responsible historians, they never laid eyes on each other, despite Richard's plea for a face-to-face meeting, because, said Saladin, "Kings meet together only after the conclusion of an accord, for it is unthinkable for them to wage war once they know one another and have broken bread together." If they did not break bread, they still became quite intimate, scandalizing pious Christians and Muslims alike, who could not understand such trafficking with an unbelieving enemy of God. From their tents a few miles apart they kept flowing a constant stream of messengers, flowery compliments, gifts of camels and fine linen. When Richard was in bed tormented by fever, Saladin sent him fresh peaches and pears and snow from the mountains to soothe him.

Scott, as usual, had an eye not only for the picturesque detail but for historical importance. The negotiations of Richard and Saladin were a unique and revolutionary event—probably the first example of what has become that familar feature of international life, the summit meeting.

A summit is not any old meeting between two heads of state. Potentates have been visiting each other since the beginning of time. The Queen of Sheba came to visit King Solomon and exchanged riddles with him. Mark Antony came to visit Cleopatra and stayed on. Royalty, presidents and prime ministers of allied nations have sometimes got together after a victorious war to divide the spoils, as they did at the Congress of Vienna in 1814 and then at Paris after World War I. But a summit, in the sense in which Winston Churchill introduced the word into the language when he called for one in 1950, is something quite different and quite specific: it is a meeting between the leaders of two or more rival or enemy Great Powers trying to satisfy their mutual demands and head off future conflict.

It is easy to see why summits were rare. To begin with, a summit demands powers more or less evenly matched: the Great White Father receiving the chief of the Choctaw is a summit only by courtesy. It also calls for rulers who are capable of making major decisions on the spot and have the authority to carry them out. Such leaders are not always available. And they must be able to get together with a minimum of delay. Charlemagne and the Caliph Harun al-Rashid were contemporaries, and both were energetic, charismatic rulers who might have been able to settle many of the world's problems between them. But the distance between Aachen and Baghdad was so great that they would have had to spend months on the road if they tried to get together personally, and they would have lost touch with their own governments.

Irreconcilable conflicts and warrior-rulers

In addition, summiteers must have a practical agenda, something agreed upon on which they can compromise. There are conflicts that simply do not lend themselves to discussion. Philip II of Spain, determined to bring England back to the Roman Catholic faith, could not conceivably have sat down to a meeting with his heretic sister-in-law Queen Elizabeth, any more than Abraham Lincoln could have arranged a friendly chat with Jefferson Davis.

For centuries another deterrent to summit meetings was the quasi-sacredness of rulers. A king or an em-

Illustrations by Laszlo Kubinyi

Richard the Lion Hearted

peror was too precious an object to be transported to enemy territory, where he might treacherously be kidnapped or killed. Kings and emperors were raised to be warriors, and they preferred to meet their rivals on the field of battle rather than to sit down with them and bicker over boundaries and tariffs.

Thus it was quite unusual for Richard to propose personal negotiations. But Richard was an unusual man in an unusual situation. He had set out for Pales-

Saladin صلاح الدين

Negotiating from separate camps, Richard and Saladin forged a pact that, though durable, pleased neither.

tine as one of the three leaders of the Third Crusade, to win back Jerusalem from the Saracens. The Emperor of Germany drowned in a river, the King of France sneaked off home to make trouble, leaving Richard as de facto head of Christendom in the Middle East. He was a huge man of legendary strength who could spend a whole day in the saddle chopping off enemy limbs and heads, impulsive, choleric, utterly reckless of his personal safety. But he was a superb field commander who never risked his men's lives unnecessarily.

Bah'ā al-Dīn, Saladin's secretary, records how once Richard rode alone along the whole length of the Muslim battle line, challenging anyone to attack him—and not a man stirred. He then sat down between the two armies and ordered dinner.

Al-malik al-Nasir Yūsef Salāh-al-Dīn al-Ayyubī, whom the Crusaders called Saladin, was an extraordinary figure too. Wise, wily, devout, soft-spoken, a political more than a military hero, he had achieved the miracle of uniting most of the squabbling emirates, sultanates and kingdoms of the Muslim East. He had also fulfilled a century-old Muslim dream of breaking the power of the Crusading states and reconquering the holy city of Jerusalem. Like Richard and every other successful monarch of the time, he ruled by personal authority and knew how to reinforce his prestige by theatrical gestures, which, though they are attested by sober eyewitnesses, sometimes seem to come out of books of chivalric romance. Besieging the fortress of Reynald of Châtillon, one of the bloodiest ruffians of all the crusading lords, he learned that Reynald's stepdaughter was being married inside. Saladin instructed his troops to keep their catapults pointed away from the pavilion where the newlyweds would be housed. But later, when Reynald fell into his power, Saladin himself cut off the lord's head.

Civilized people and hedgehogs a-horse

Richard and Saladin had separate missions, and the missions were irreconcilable. Richard's was to reconquer Palestine, Saladin's was to rid it of invaders. Each one was ready to die for his own true faith. But they were realistic politicians, capable of a realistic assessment of the situation. "Men of ours and of yours have died," declared Richard, "the country is in ruins and events have entirely escaped anyone's control. Do you not believe that it is enough? . . . There must be an end to all this."

The fact was, as both leaders had come to see, neither side could win a decisive victory. The Crusaders, less civilized in most respects than the peoples whose lands they were invading, had a more efficient military machine. When the heavy cavalry of the European knights first appeared in the East, they must have looked like creatures from another planet. It is hard today to see how they could have done what they did, marching and fighting under the blaze of the summer sun, broiling beneath the heavy metal armor that covered them, maddened by fleas and lice and mosquitoes they could not reach with their gauntleted hands. When they were well led by a commander like Richard, they were fairly impervious to attack from the lighter-armed foe. With arrows sticking out of

When not conferring, Henry (right) and Francis engaged in feats of derring-do, including wrestling.

Henry challenged, Francis won. Henry demanded an instant rematch but supper was on, so that was that.

them all over, they looked like hedgehogs. Yet when on their huge armor-clad horses, they charged in a steady thundering line, nothing could resist them.

But if they could win battles, they could not win the war. There were never enough Crusaders to settle down and hold the whole country. As they died in battle or of fever, they needed to be rescued by new waves of fighters from Europe, and in Richard's time Europe became bored with the Crusaders. There were more pressing things at home. Richard himself was anxious to get back to England to save it from ruin under the sway of his greedy brother John.

So it made sense for both leaders to settle for what they could get. They bargained hard for months in 1191, through the fighting season, through the rainy season, using the Sultan's brother al-A'dil Abu Bakr Sayf al-Dīn (Saffadin to the Crusaders) as a go-between. Richard even made Saladin a knight—another scandal, as this was a Christian ceremony and Saladin remained a pious Muslim.

"... friends all their lives"

There would have been a still greater scandal if another of Richard's propositions had worked out. He offered to give in marriage his own sister, Joan, the widowed Queen of Sicily, to Saffadin and make them joint rulers of Jerusalem. Joan was outraged by the idea of entering an infidel's harem, but stranger marriages had been made. The idea fell through, along with many others, but eventually, on September 2, 1192, a treaty was sworn to by both Richard and Saladin. It left a string of coastal cities in the hands of the Crusaders and gave Christian pilgrims a right to free entry to the holy places in Jerusalem. Richard himself would not go to the city he had sworn to redeem by the sword, but his warriors rushed there under Saladin's safe-conduct, weeping with joy and falling into the arms, "as though they had been friends all their lives," of Muslims they had been fighting throughout years of appalling brutality and treachery.

The summiteers parted with gallantries and expressions of mutual admiration and respect. Their separate paths now led only downward. Richard, taken prisoner by the Duke of Austria on his way home, spent a year in prison writing poems while England was bled dry to pay his ransom. Freed, he squandered his last years in petty skirmishing with his vassals and with the King of France. Saladin, in poor health to begin with (though he had a distinguished doctor in the person of Maimonides, the great Jewish philosopher), died within a year of the treaty. The unified Muslim state he had so painfully built began to disintegrate.

In terms of what its participants hoped for, this first of summits must be rated a failure. Compared, however, to summits that have succeeded it, it must rank as a fair success. The general outlines of the settlement reached, with Christians keeping control of the coast and free access to Jerusalem, lasted for a hundred years and might have lasted hundreds more if the Christian nobles could have stopped squabbling among themselves.

Hundreds of years would pass before anything that could be called a summit was held again. This came

The Emperor rather dazzled the Czar at their first summit, but each strove to outwit the other: Napoleon to throw Alexander off guard, and Alexander to play for time—a tactic misconstrued back in Russia.

about in 1520, and the motive force was the ambition of Cardinal Wolsey, the butcher's son who had become chief minister for young King Henry VIII of England and who dreamed of mediating a general peace in Europe. All the Great Powers of Europe had at about the same time come into the hands of young, ambitious, as well as variously vainglorious and lascivious monarchs: Charles V, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain; Francis I, King of France; and Henry of England. This was the Age of Kings. They were all quite rich, having inherited treasuries filled by parsimonious predecessors, all devoted to the cult of their own personalities and anxious to make a splash in history. Henry had the smallest dominions but the most money, and Wolsey poured into his willing ear the suggestion that he should arrange a personal meeting with Francis, not only to end centuries of conflict between their countries but to dazzle all the world by its magnificence.

The details took months to work out. Since neither monarch would demean himself by stepping first on the other's soil, a site was selected on the border between the Kingdom of France and the English cross-channel province of Calais. The protocol was agonizing. Which shield would be hung in the place of honor, on the right? Which Queen would be presented first? (The solution to this was to have each king visit the other's spouse in separate places at the same moment.) How many attendants would follow, at which events? The top of the hill was lowered on the French side so the two troops of horsemen approaching the meeting would be exactly on the same level.

Henry took off from Dover with 5,172 courtiers, ladies-in-waiting and other attendants in their fanciest dress, virtually the whole ruling class of England, plus 2,865 horses. When they got to the field at the border between the English town of Guînes and the French town of Ardres, there was a general gasp of admiration.

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King Henry's carpenters had built a palace of brick and wood with rooms bigger than any of his palaces in England; the great hall alone was 124 feet long and 30 feet high. All the rooms were hung with immensely expensive cloth of gold, which led to the whole meeting being nicknamed the Field of Cloth of Gold. Around the palace were grouped 2,800 richly decorated tents for both the French and English nobility. Francis slept five miles away in the town of Ardres.

They were all on tenterhooks at the start, for no one knew how such a meeting might turn out. Everyone remembered how in 1419 the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy, meeting on a bridge between their territories, had started out with fair words, but then someone had reached across the barrier separating the two sides and stabbed the Duke of Burgundy, leading to years of cataclysmic civil war. And everyone remembered how Francis' distant cousin, King Louis XI, had rashly gone to visit his kinsman Charles, Duke of Burgundy, in 1468. At Péronne, 70 miles as the crow flies from Ardres, Charles had flown into a rage and was barely restrained from cutting Louis' head off.

But this time, all was graciousness and gallantry. There might have been a contretemps when it was discovered that Henry had not kept the bargain agreed upon by the two kings to let their beards grow in the new 16th-century fashion. But Henry's Queen, Catherine of Aragon, "daily made him great instance and desired him to put it off for her sake," so he came clean-shaven to the meeting. "Our friendship lies in our heart and not in our beards," said Francis, and the matter went no further.

The Field of Cloth of Gold lasted 17 days, days that the kings filled with jousting, dancing, wrestling and drinking vintage wine (3,000 butts, or 324,000 gallons, were on hand). They also signed a treaty, under the terms of which Francis' son, the Dauphin, was engaged to marry Henry's infant daughter (the Bloody Mary of a later day) and perpetual peace between the two kingdoms was proposed. Even for treaties, this one was remarkably short-lived. Henry soon betrothed little Mary to the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles V, and was plotting with Charles to march on Paris. His troops devastated many square miles of French countryside and when Charles urged him to restrain his soldiers from looting, he replied that "if they should forbear the profit of the spoil, they shall have evil will to march forward, and their captains shall have much ado to keep them from crying 'Home! Home!' " Neither Henry nor Charles wanted to fight a war for the other's benefit and, not surprisingly, they ended up becoming bitter enemies.

A frequent contributor, Mr. Wernick last wrote about the Lady of Vix, in the March SMITHSONIAN.

As for the Field of Cloth of Gold, it left only a memory of conspicuous waste. A man at Shaftesbury was denounced in 1521 for having said to a soldier, "Ah, sir, have ye been with Mr. Harry King? A noble act ye did there. Ye spent away my moneys like a set of vagabonds and knaves." Not many people said this aloud, however, for in Mr. Harry King's day the penalty for doing so could be castration, disembowelment and being hacked in four pieces in a public square.

Three more centuries were to pass before anyone would be tempted to put out vast sums of cash on a summit meeting. It was the summer of 1807 and Napoleon I, Emperor of France, was at the height of his power and the top of his form. At 38, he had conquered Italy and Germany. He had crushed the Russian armies in a series of battles in East Prussia and there was no one to challenge his dominance in Europe. Playing magnanimous victor, he invited Czar Alexander I to meet him on the Niemen River, the boundary between Prussia and Russia. His engineers built a raft in the middle of the river near the city of Tilsit, and there, in his simple field uniform, he awaited the arrival of the autocrat of all the Russias.

Sentimental idealist meets crafty carnivore

Alexander, in black cloak and white breeches, wearing a hat with black and white plumes, was rowed from his shore. Handsome, shy, sentimental, mystical, he was an idealist who dreamed of establishing a league of nations that would impose peace and justice on the world. He was also a reformer, the Gorbachev of his time, who was going to drag his backward Russia into the 19th century. The taste for reform died off when he learned it would mean giving up unlimited power, but at the time of Tilsit he was, at 30, still young, still a dreamer, still impressionable, prime meat for a crafty carnivore like Napoleon. The French emperor was only eight years older, but he had spent an eternity learning how to dazzle, frighten, control and manipulate people.

At Tilsit he seemed to manipulate Alexander like a master. The Czar, once horrified by the idea of a Corsican bandit toppling the crowned heads of Europe, now looked with youthful admiration on this new Caesar, bringer of legal codes, conqueror of worlds. Napoleon cajoled him, flattered him, went riding with him, walked with him arm-in-arm through the streets of Tilsit. They bantered on the raft while the poor King of Prussia sat his horse on the riverbank in the rain waiting to hear if they would let him preserve a few fragments of his kingdom.

Napoleon was at his fast-talking Corsican best. "If we act together," he told Alexander, "we will be the masters of the world." More specifically, he prom-

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ised to help Alexander in his designs on Turkey. All he asked in return was for Alexander to recognize his redrawing of the map of Europe and join his embargo on trade with England. The promises were cheap and never meant to be kept. The benefits to Napoleon were enormous; they guaranteed him a free hand in Europe. No wonder Alexander, whose acquiescence had been, in part, a stall, got something less than an enthusiastic reception when he went home to St. Petersburg.

In the next year there was time for the thought to occur to Alexander that perhaps he had been had more than he realized. This was the year in which Napoleon passed beyond the bounds of reason. He had always had a very shrewd idea of what he could get away with. But now his ambition recognized no obstacles; he was ready to conquer the world. He annexed Rome and made it the *chef-lieu* of the French department of the Tiber. He kidnapped the royal family of Spain and put his incompetent brother Joseph on the throne in Madrid. He was even drawing up plans for an expedition to India.

"The state of things . . . is against nature and civilization," said the Austrian ambassador to Paris, Count Metternich. One who agreed was Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, who had just left his post as France's foreign minister. He was convinced that Napoleon, whom he had helped to power and followed faithfully ever since, was now obsessed and would lead France to ruin. He decided to betray him.

Napoleon in his prime would never have trusted a man he had offended. (It is unclear whether Talleyrand was fired or resigned in a huff.) Inexplicably, he turned to Talleyrand and asked him to set up a second summit with Alexander. "You speak his language," he said. What he wanted Talleyrand to do was arrange a marriage between Napoleon and the Czar's sister, while continuing to dangle dreams of Oriental conquests in exchange for a Franco-Russian alliance against all possible enemies in Europe. If the Czar took wing on one of his idealistic fancies, so much the better. "You may agree to any philanthropy," said Napoleon in a classic statement of Great Power philosophy, "provided it is a philanthropy at a distance."

Talleyrand did indeed speak the Czar's language. They were both aristocrats, though the Romanovs, who had been around only for a couple of hundred years, were much less aristocratic than the Talleyrand-Périgords, who went back to the ninth century. "Sire," he said to Alexander, "the French people are civilized, their sovereign is not. The Russian sovereign is civilized, his people are not. The Russian sovereign should be the ally of the French people." In short, everyone would be happier if Napoleon could be removed from the scene. As a first step toward this goal, Talleyrand kept the Czar informed of all of Napoleon's secret instructions.

The resulting summit, at Erfurt in the heart of Germany, was a disappointment for Napoleon. Outwardly it was very gay. There were luxuriously decorated palaces in which festivities went on nonstop for 18 days. Napoleon was dazzling as usual. Alexander was charming as usual. But he seemed to become unaccountably vague every time Napoleon tried to pin him down to a specific commitment. He didn't quite say no to the marriage with his sister, but he said he would have to get their mother's consent, knowing full well that the Dowager Empress would rather die than see her child in the arms of a base-born heretic.

An absolute ruler's empty promises

Alexander had reverted to his earlier idea of the French Emperor as a crude cutthroat, a killer of kings. Had he not kidnapped and murdered a French royal prince, the Duc d'Enghien? When he alluded to this, Napoleon impolitely turned the conversation to the death of Alexander's father, Czar Paul Petrovich, who had been strangled by a group of drunken officers and court officials while Alexander, who wanted his father to abdicate unharmed, was either restlessly sleeping or impatiently waiting for the news from upstairs. And when Napoleon turned to the overtalkative King of Bavaria at dinner, saying "Shut up," the Czar shuddered at the discourtesy to one of the Lord's annointed.

Erfurt ended with smiles and assurances. It was only gradually that Napoleon came to realize his old magic had not worked, that if any philanthropy had been performed, it was by him. He had agreed to let Alexander grab Finland from Sweden and two provinces in the Balkans from Turkey. In exchange, all he got was promises. More than anyone else, he knew what the promises of an absolute ruler were worth.

Eventually, Napoleon was convinced he would have to invade Russia. Alexander was swinging to the view that instead of leading his armies hundreds of miles westward to fight the French, he should retreat into the vast spaces of his own country and leave a desert between his troops and Napoleon's. In 1812 each carried out his plan and Napoleon was destroyed.

In the terrible retreat from Moscow, with his army disintegrating around him, Napoleon had plenty of time to brood about how he had been outmaneuvered at Erfurt by an inferior intellect like Alexander's. One day in his sleigh he blurted out to his aide, General de Caulaincourt, that someone must have been passing his secret instructions to the Czar. Caulaincourt caught his breath: as French ambassador to Russia, he had been the go-between for Talleyrand's messages to the Czar. But Napoleon couldn't get anything right in 1812. "It must have been Lannes," he said. Marshal Lannes was in his grave, dead of his wounds at Essling, and Caulaincourt's breathing could return to normal.

After this, summitry lost panache, perhaps because there were few Napoleonic figures on the world scene, until September 1938 when Neville Chamberlain, that most un-Napoleonic of prime ministers, furled his umbrella and climbed into a plane headed for Berchtesgaden, to try to talk Adolf Hitler out of starting a new world war. Nowadays, summits have become common coin in the international exchange. From Munich to Yalta to Geneva to Glassboro, New Jersey, our leaders have repeated the words of Richard the Lion Hearted, "There must be an end to all this." In a hundred years we will know if they have been as successful as he was.

Royalty and nobility from all Europe lapped up lavish entertainment at the rulers' second meeting while the summiteers talked. This time, the Czar's evasions thwarted Napoleon's grandiose plans.

By Verlyn Klinkenborg

Making hay: in praise of a prairie tradition played out beneath the sun

On a clear, hot day in the Corn Belt, a town boy gets to harvest alfalfa— and gathers in hard-won pride of place

In early June the corn on my Uncle Louie's farm in southwestern Minnesota is half a foot high, the soybeans are newly leaved, the oats are in boot and Alfalfa, Queen of Legumes, is in early bloom. It is time to make hay. The entire Corn Belt has greased its balers and oiled its windrowers in order to fill its haylofts—or to help fill the lofts of drought-stricken Southern farmers. A cold front carrying behind it haying weather—hot and sunny—has just blown through. Providential wisdom is not kidding when it says "Make hay while the sun shines," for in baling weather you think you will live forever.

I have asked my aunts, uncles and cousins, farmers in Minnesota and Iowa, if I can help them make hay. They have consented with mixed emotions, barely concealing their instinctive feeling that trouble comes in no less-beguiling form than that of a town boy with innocent intentions. Louie agrees to let me watch him windrow and help with chores. My uncle Elmore Jack, who farms in Iowa just south of Louie, agrees to let me sling bales. They don't ask my reasons. Haying is hot, heavy and dirty work, but the scent of new-mown hay is an agricultural talisman that still survives in English, most of whose speakers are pent in populous cities far from "the smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, or dairy." And though I once lived in a small Iowa town and summered on the farm, I too now am pent.

One day after breakfast and chores, Louie walks down to the old hip-roofed building where he keeps his less-frequently employed machinery. The shed smells of a penetrating mix of diesel fuel, machine oil, gasoline, straw and the pulverized dust of dirt gone to mud once too often. In the dark end of the building near his corn planter, Louie climbs onto the windrower and starts it up with a cough. He edges it through the door and throttles it up the farmyard's terraced grade. As farmers will, Louie looks more natural aboard a machine than he did afoot on earth. Louie is deeply tanned, graying, with an early-Solzhenitsyn beard. He wears a Kent Feed cap from the Kanaranzi Elevator.

Like so much agricultural machinery, a windrower looks simple because its design blatantly expresses its function. On Louie's machine a 15-foot row of serrated, trapezoidal knives slides between finger guards like the blade of an electric knife. The windrower cuts a swath of alfalfa, crimps it between rollers that resemble a huge antique washing-machine wringer, leaving behind a crop line, or windrow, about two feet wide.

Louie's windrower, a 1979 International Harvester 230, is relatively old-fashioned. Louie sits exposed to

Leaving leafy swaths in its wake, a windrower churns steadily through a field of Minnesota alfalfa.

Photographs by Annie Griffiths

breezes, bugs and sun in an open cockpit. The IH 230 has an outmoded differential or Caterpillar-like steering system. Two tall levers rise before the driver's seat. One controls the motion of the left driving wheel, the other the motion of the right. The windrower steers with the violent, accusatory motions of a tank. As one engineer put it, operating a windrower with differential steering is "like rowing a boat all day long" because the driver is perpetually compensating for one move after another. State-of-the-art windrowers have twin sickle blades, closed cabs, air-conditioning, steering wheels and power-assist steering. They are no less comfortable to drive than a Cadillac Coupe de Ville with a 15-foot grass saw welded to its grille, and not a cent less expensive, either.

Louie raises the sickle blade two feet off the ground and carries a five-gallon bucket of used motor oil out of the machine shop. With a bent quart can, he pours black goop over the sickle blade, winks and says, "Aw, I got it dirty." He climbs onto the seat again and sets in motion the blade drive and the reel that forces alfalfa past the knives. The blade slicks back and forth at a thousand strokes a minute. It sounds like the mandibles of a plague of hoppers, wicked and remote from divinity, spitting oil instead of hopper juice.

Hanging over the machine like the figurehead of the good ship *Urban Boy*, I stand in what can only be called the forecastle of the windrower, a railed platform alongside the driver. Louie lowers the header (blade, conveyer and reel), engages the drives and we move forward, the wicked sound of the sickle muffled, its teeth at last full of alfalfa. I peer into the header below me. The stiff ranks of alfalfa shudder slightly under the impact of the blade and fall straight back onto the conveyer belts. They bounce toward the center gap like almonds on a sorting line and disappear.

As we turn the southwest corner and begin to angle uphill, the ground grows rugged and Louie's hands and boots move more rapidly. Several times he pauses, backs off a hummock, changes the height of the header and moves on. Other times a sudden wash of brown soil gets sifted into the leguminous mix, and a shaved crown of earth slides under the rear wheels. Twice Louie stops the sickle drive, hops down and dislodges a clod threatening to overpower the blade. He yells up at me through the racket, "Damn pocket-gopher hills tear up the sickle!" All the gophers in earshot are thinking just the opposite.

Royalty and rabbit were impressed

This trial run reminds me of an excerpt from the *London Daily News* in November 1851 quoted in John Steward's erudite history of the reaper, on whose design the windrower is ultimately based. As part of the brisk competition for sales, both Cyrus McCormick and Obed Hussey, an inventor who hailed from Maine, took their machines to England for field trials. Hussey exhibited his reaper in Windsor Great Park before Prince Albert:

> The spot selected was behind the statue of George III, at the end of the Long Walk, fern . . . being the article on which the machine had to operate. . . . After a brief delay, the gear being declared in order, on went the machine, drawn by two strong horses, and heedless of ruts and hillocks in its course, which was very rapid, bringing down everything it encountered cleanly and completely, including two or three slices of turf at least a foot long, and more than an inch thick. . . . Indeed the work was not confined to the fern; a rabbit who was not accustomed to this species of interference was started and cruelly lacerated before he had time to escape.

Regally impressed, Prince Albert ordered two of Hussey's machines.

Louie and I have scared up no rabbits. Insects are not so lucky. As the windrower takes to the field, the swallows that fill the barn eaves and the granary dormers take to the air ahead of us. For them the swather serves as a huge mechanical beater on a driven insect shoot. They arch and plummet in the breeze, taking prey right off the rotating reel. When the wind blows in our faces, the path behind us is full of swooping, diving birds, like the wake of a garbage scow being towed out to sea.

As if to make some private point about means and ends, God gave kine four stomachs and a diet of hay, and made them chew each mouthful twice. To Man He gave a single stomach and indiscriminate palate. Man seems omnivorous until you consider the things

Cupped in a farmer's callused hand, a clump of alfalfa bursts with purplish blossoms in early June.

Scientists have tried in vain to penetrate mystery of taste appeal: Why is the crop ambrosia for cows?

Haying's hot days, hard work spell a family tradition for Elmore Jack Klinkenborg, sons Dale (left), Kerwin.

he can't digest, like tender oak-leaf shoots or lime-green lichen or sweet-smelling greenchop. If you want to eat alfalfa baled in early bloom, you have to be built like a fermentation vat on hooves.

In recent bovine literature, the cow seems no more creaturely than a solar panel or a heat exchanger. Except on one point. Cattle actually like alfalfa: that is, they express a preference for it, a preference stronger than a solar panel's love of a sunny day. Amid punctilious calculations of alfalfa's nutritional value, scientists toss their pencils in the air and say, "Alfalfa apparently possesses some peculiar property to stimulate appetite or satisfy the taste buds when cattle have been on high-concentrate rations for two or three months." But they are not sure. There is a problem: "Because the animal cannot tell the observer whether it does or does not eat a forage for a sensory reason . . . the word [palatability] holds some ambiguity." Such is the nature of agricultural research in a world where cows can't talk.

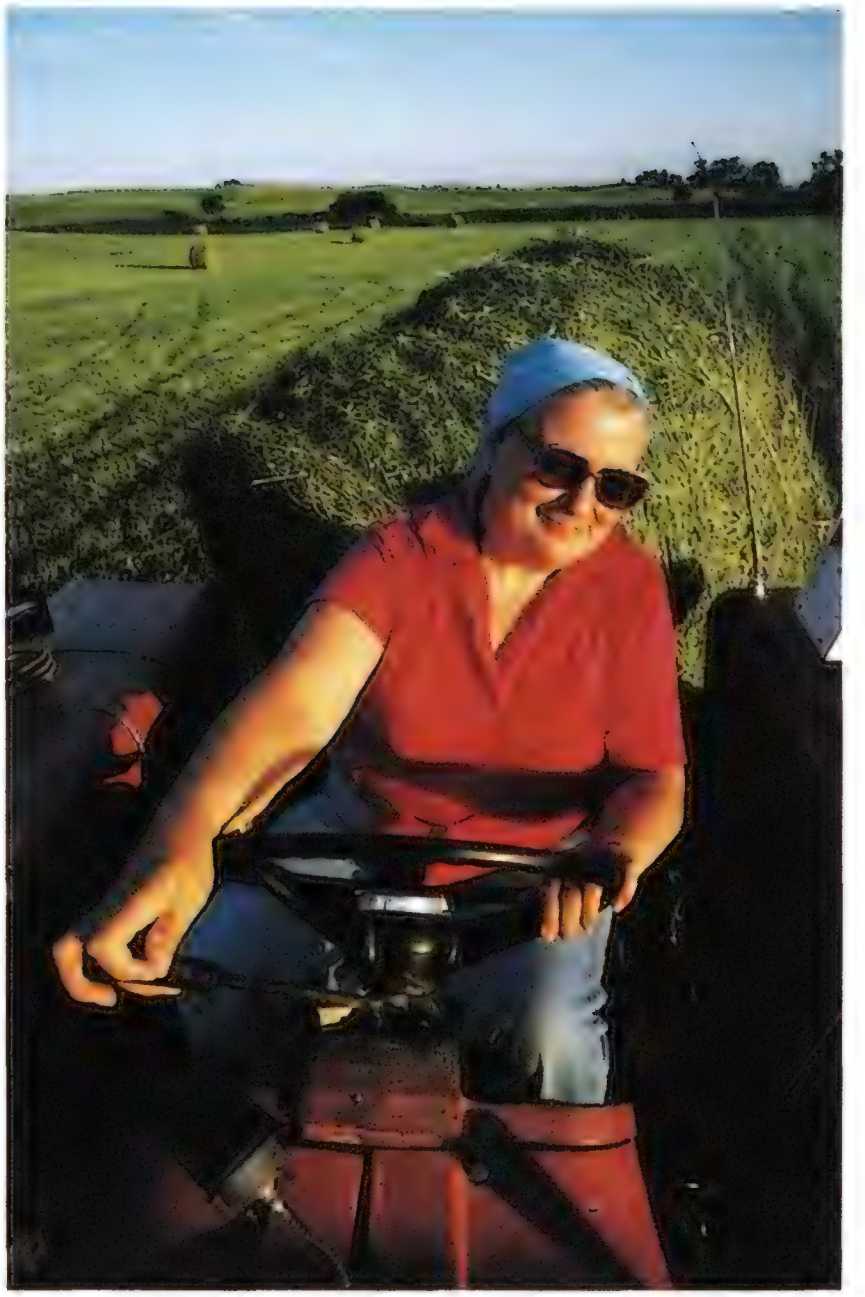
Fodder for finicky herds

Farmers and ranchers have been so eager to satisfy their finicky herds that in the United States alone they grow 27 million acres—90 million tons—of alfalfa a year. Most of that alfalfa sees the light of day on family farms like Louie's and Elmore Jack's in the upper Corn Belt and is harvested in bale form, large and round (since the mid-'70s) or small and square (since the late '30s), though an increasing percentage of it is fed as greenchop (fresh, chopped alfalfa) or haylage (slightly wilted, chopped alfalfa in storage). Cows enjoy the Queen of Legumes chopped, shredded, stacked, baled, dehydrated and cubed.

Alfalfa belongs to the *Leguminosae*, the second largest seed-bearing family of plants on Earth. It was the object of human care long before recorded history. About 1300 B.C., a Hittite inscribed on a brick tablet the news that alfalfa was a nutritious winter feed for livestock. The gardener of a Babylonian king mentioned it in 700 B.C. under the Iranian name *aspasti*, derived from old Iranian for "horse fodder." Two centuries later, the Greeks discovered alfalfa through war, the usual conduit, in this case war against the Persians. Like most things Greek, it passed to the Romans. Virgil, Varro and Pliny discussed alfalfa as thoroughly as anyone would for another 17 centuries and they spread it to southern Spain and Switzerland. Then the Roman Empire collapsed, and as if the plant were a Platonic text known to the Greeks but not to the Franks, alfalfa was not heard of again for nearly a thousand years.

By 1720, alfalfa was being raised in England, where, as in most of Europe, it is called lucerne, probably after the Swiss region around Lake Lucerne. (Where alfalfa is called alfalfa, it has been introduced through

Louie Loger introduces a farmyard friend to bales that look much like Shredded Wheat for race of giants.



Heading for barnyard, Janelle Loger hauls in harvest of tightly packed, 1,200-pound alfalfa cylinders.

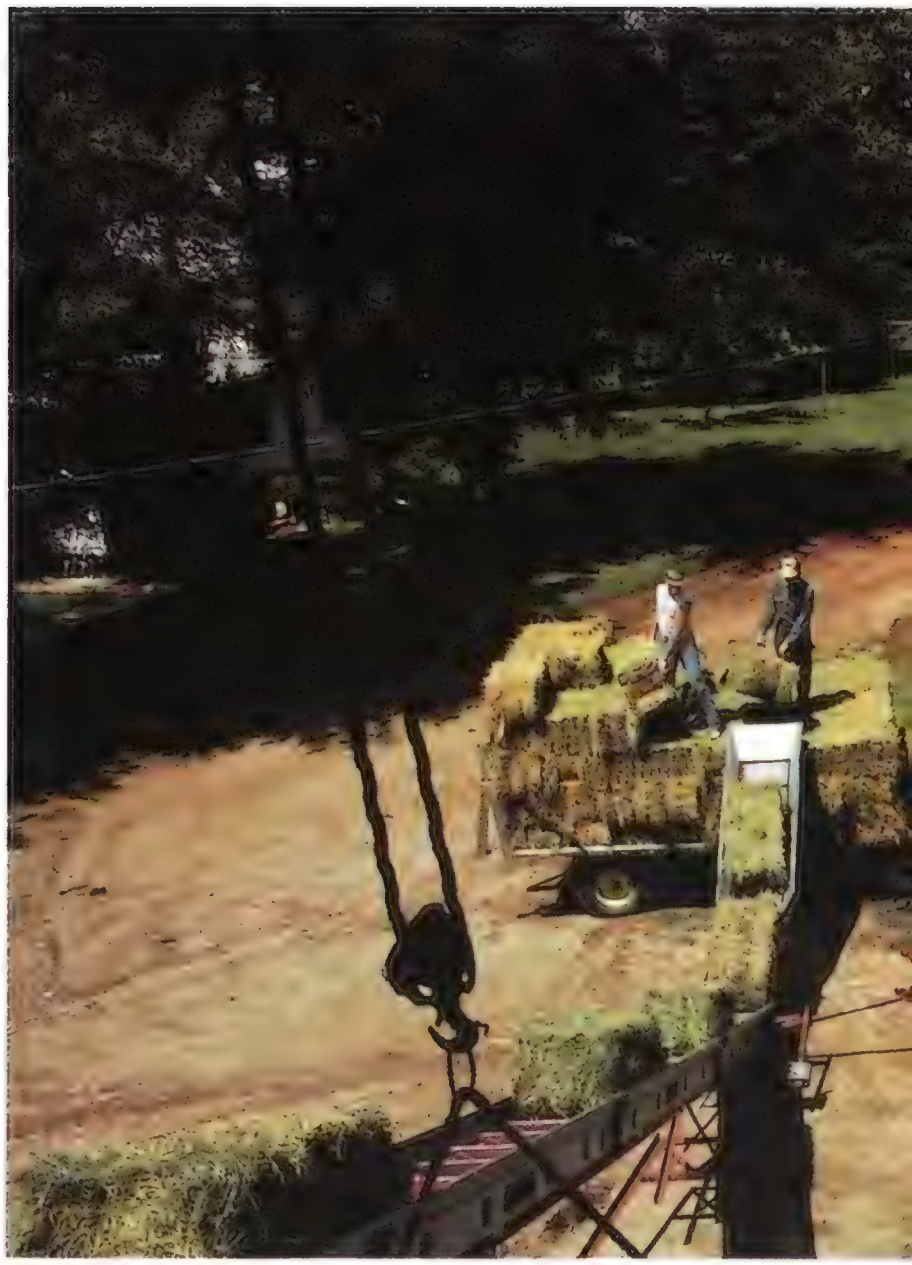
Arab influence, particularly out of Moorish Spain, for the word derives from *alfacfacah*, which means "the best kind of fodder.") As lucerne, it passed to the community of learned farmers in America in the mid-18th century. Thomas Jefferson wrote George Washington that he had given some "a good coat of dung, & due tillage; yet it is such poor dwindling stuff that I have abandoned it." His experience was typical of most Eastern farmers. The plant was successfully introduced in this country through another route of origin—from Spain via South America to California and thence, as alfalfa, eastward in the 1850s.

The rich history of alfalfa is also the history of a helpful bacterium, *Rhizobium meliloti*. Once infected by rhizobia, an alfalfa plant develops nodules that produce an enzyme called nitrogenase, which converts (or fixes) dinitrogen into usable ammonium compounds. Field crops consume ten million metric tons of nitrogen from the soil annually, a million tons more than farmers apply as costly, petroleum-based fertilizer. Unlike most crops—as the Romans understood in A.D. 60—alfalfa not only brings its own nitrogen to lunch, it also supplies leftovers.

You know you have hit country when you can't get to the kitchen from the back door without passing a small sink. Elmore Jack, his sons Kerwin and Dale, and I wash up and traipse in for dinner laid in the air-conditioned kitchen. The cool feels good. Over dinner (lunch in urban time zones) my aunt Hilda passes plates and works on her pot holders. Black-eyed and serious, but with a laughing, musical voice, she is a one-woman knickknack factory, turning out pot holders and Christmas-tree ornaments. The first thing Hilda showed me when I came to visit was her latest ornament, of which she had assembled dozens. I was sorry not to have received one. They were miniature bird feeders full of real birdseed. She had made them with used Communion cups. Most Saturday nights, Elmore Jack and Hilda go waltzing at the VFW lounge in Luverne, Minnesota. Though they move well together they appear to have different theories of dancing. If they were swinging axes, their motions would be just

The author teaches English at Fordham University. He adapted this essay from Making Hay, *a portrait of rural America, just published by Nick Lyons Books.*

Sharing haymaker's vigil, Elmore Jack, grandsons Chris (left) and Matthew survey a new-mown field.



Hefting and hoisting nonstop, Elmore Jack and Dale unload bales with practiced hayers' precise rhythms.

as dissimilar. Elmore Jack would let the blade fall from its apogee into the heartwood, flicking it at the end; Hilda would command the ax head downward with the force of her powerful spirit.

An administrative powwow now occurs. The windrowed alfalfa will be dry an hour or so after dinner. Kerwin and Dale can finish cultivating the 40-acre cornfield next to the hayfield. Elmore Jack has plenty to do around the farmyard. And me? The mud slide of technology has made a town boy even more useless than he is by nature. On a hayrack I can ruin nothing but my hands, but till they get me on a hayrack I remain a problem. Everyone relaxes when I offer to drive one of the simpler tractors, anything smaller than a Spanish galleon. They decide to hitch me to a side rake.

Out in the heat, Elmore Jack and I climb onto a small hydrostatic John Deere and drive to the grove where we hitch up the New Holland side rake, a plain implement that turns over the rows of new-mown hay, and so speeds drying. Last winter Elmore Jack, who is in his mid-60s, had a bad bout of pneumonia, from which he is still recovering, and lost more than 20 pounds. He wears heavy, forest-green twill pants and a twill long-sleeved shirt he keeps buttoned down at his wrists. He does not seem hot. We pass feed grinders, wagons, mowers, augers, grain drills, corn planters, plows, disks, manure spreaders, and then speed down a dirt track to the alfalfa. Elmore Jack hops off and walks away without waiting to see if I will make a mistake. Unlike Louie's alfalfa field, Elmore Jack's has little grade. It dips slightly. From the southern end, the gravel road to the north forms the horizon. From the northern end, you have the faint sense of a view developing to the south. With undue caution I begin my rounds. This is not, after all, a trackless wilderness. I just have to follow the line of mowed legumes.

At first, I move slowly and the alfalfa barely flops on its side. But as the Deere takes more throttle, the side rake starts to swish loudly. An endlessly breaking wave crests behind me. It is something of a miracle that I am

Their tractor, harnessed like a faithful draft horse, powers portable conveyer carrying bulky cargo to loft.

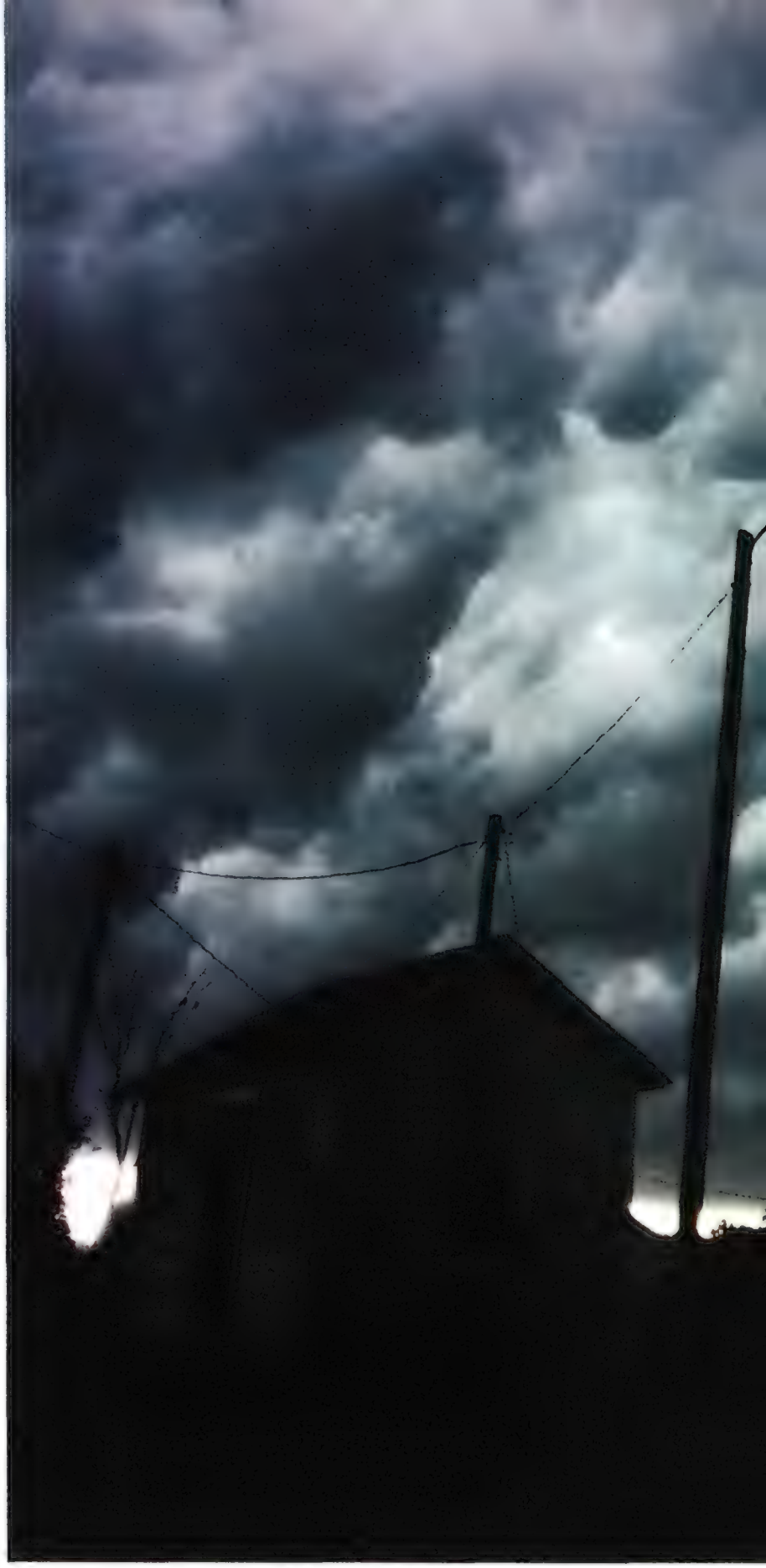
In hayloft, brothers Chris (left), Chad, Matthew stack bales, fitted neatly as dominoes, to the rafters.

side raking at all, because many farmers who windrow may not side rake. Though it shortens drying time, it also causes additional leaf loss, and nearly all alfalfa's value lies in the leaves. By eliminating side raking, farmers also reduce time spent in the field. There is no doubt that field work, even on a modern tractor, grows repetitive. But to his infrequent farm visits, a town boy brings the gift of shallowness and a nose for novelty. I cannot feel the deep round of sameness in windrowing. As it happens, I rarely tractor across the Earth's mantle, pressed down by a June sky, rousing a sibilant stiff surf behind me.

But this is where I have wanted to be all along, square in the middle of a farm section on a tractor. Around me, tilled land boxes the compass. The stubble field wheels through the atmosphere and a southerly breeze arises. I face into the wind and a booming echo assails my ears. I feel like I am being squashed against the sky. The sun falls forcefully into the wind hollows, raising sweat on my arms and brow. We are reaching the time of day when the Earth sheds its chroma. It is a hot day, time for haying.

I am at the far end of the alfalfa when the baling crew heaves into view, chugging down the dirt access road. Elmore Jack drives. Behind the tractor in a long straggling line come the baler and three hayracks hitched together, Kerwin and Dale leaning idly against the back of the first one. They fill the north end of the field where I have been working.

A fine reason for wanting to make hay occurs to me now. It lies in the difference between a steel behemoth scratching the soil, its operator shrouded in insulation, and three men moving slowly onto a field with wagons made of wood. Unlike most modern field tasks such as combining, haying in square bales is mainly a human and not a mechanical event. A combine ingests corn, soybeans and oats, and when full, it empties its belly into trucks that empty into grids in the co-op concrete. A farmer or elevator hand may dab at the grain crop with a feed shovel. Otherwise, no one touches it. Old-



In great dome of Midwest sky compassing a hayer's world, storm clouds roil over Louie Loger's farmstead.

fashioned Midwestern square-baling forces you to hoist the harvest by hand.

Elmore Jack chooses the outermost windrow. He drives the International Harvester 656 looking backward. Behind it, powered by the tractor's power takeoff and reaching out to the right, trails a New Holland 273 square baler chunking loudly and rhythmically. A metal loading chute extends from the baler over the front of the hayrack that follows.

Kerwin and Dale examine critically the first bales that come up the chute; the New Holland can make tighter, heavier, longer or evener rectangles with a few adjustments. Then they look no more. They swing into the sweet, slow rhythm of baling. At half my speed, tractor, baler and hayrack move like a homecoming float bearing unsteady ingenues. Kerwin, hatless, wears short brushed hair and a Madras plaid, short-sleeved shirt. He belongs to a genuine Iowan ecotype, vintage 1960, a time when to be tall, well-mannered and quiet carried an inordinate amount of authority—even with short, rude and noisy boys. Dale, his youngest brother, is a thickset big man, his strength emphasized by a striped sleeveless shirt. Like many of the farmers in my family, his musculature is well sheathed. His arms appear misleadingly casual, tucked and rolled like the Naugahyde of a vintage T-Bird. Next to Kerwin he does not look conspicuously strong. Next to me he does.

Kerwin and Dale point at Elmore Jack, who nods and shouts something to them. They look toward the east and laugh. Kerwin, Dale and Elmore Jack have farmed this field through decades of crop rotations. How many times has one or the other checked the first bale of summer for tightness and heft? Is there a baling joke they always tell that needs looking to the east for a punch line? Watching them from the top of the field as they cross the bottom and coast the western side, I find it impossible not to desire their sense of place, their deep surrender to time. What a season for capitulation! The sun and the hay, between them, have caught us all up.

When I finish side raking, Elmore Jack takes my tractor and implement back to the grove and I join the baling crew. Dale and I pull an empty hayrack over to the baler and hitch it. One foot on the wagon tongue, we climb onto the hayrack. The tractor percusses sharply. Kerwin shifts into gear and aligns the baler pickup on the fourth windrow from the edge, leaving two swaths outside us. The hayrack rocks back and

Summer showers plague harvesters great and small.
If it should rain on alfalfa lying exposed in windrows, the nutrients will leach away like badly set dye;
sodden bales, heavy as bullion bars, can grow moldy.

forth, the baler clicks and chugs, a green alfalfa brick slides up the chute toward Dale and me, and Dale grabs it, saying, "You wanna catch it at the top of the chute." There is a balance point just at the lip where the bale hovers before it somersaults onto the hayrack. If you seize the bale too soon, you have to lift it over the lip; too late and it is already falling.

The first bale with my name on it jerks up the chute. A second jerks behind it and a third is already being pounded into shape. I reach with both hands, grab the bale too soon, lift it over the lip. Before I can gauge the bale's weight, the twine explodes. Dale laughs at the surprise on my face. He reaches down (bales looming), grabs bale fragments—slices of hay—and tosses them into the next windrow. The baler will rebind the fragments when we reach that windrow. I throw some alfalfa too. Dale grabs a bale. His explodes.

Next turn, I am ready. At the precise moment of balance, I grab the bale. This time weight registers. A normal bale weighs 55 pounds. But we are haying on Saturn.

"Are these bales heavy?" I ask Dale.

Haying: harvest in the heartland

"Ninety-five, a hundred pounds. Windrow's too wet."

Dale tries to wave Kerwin to an outer row, drier by an hour or so. Kerwin shouts back, "In a minute!" A minute will be too long. I haul another bale to the back. It is like dragging a dead man from river mud by his suspenders. Even Dale grunts, to my satisfaction.

As Kerwin moves to the outermost swath, the bales begin to come up crisp, stems broken not bent, rustling to the touch. They hoist nicely. Dale shows me how to "tie in" a hayrack. Conventional Midwestern square bales are twice as long as they are wide. We stack them in layers of five: two pair side by side the long way across the width of the rack, a single bale (running lengthwise along the edge of the hayrack) laid against their ends. The next layer, we change directions, the lengthwise bale set on the opposite side. Stacked this way, the side bales will not tumble off the rack. We make four piles of 20 each.

In the heat, a laziness comes over us. I feel my way into Dale's rhythm, and Dale decides that I am not going to die of sunstroke or pitch backward off the edge of the rack. The only thing working frenetically is the baler. Its pickup snatches the windrow, rolling it back into the grasp of fingers that rake the hay into the path of a rectangular, knived piston. The piston plunges back and forth, 80 strokes a minute, slicing the continuous web of hay into small pallets and pounding them into the bale chamber. Two needles impale the hay, baling twine in their eyes. Intricate knotters grab the twine and tie double overhand knots. A metering wheel stabs the bale in the back as it twitches up the chute and into our tired hands. Slip clutches, flywheels, sprockets and yards of chain, worm gears, billhooks and springs engage in a seamless rush of mechanical power. The chains rattle, the gears hum and the plunger thumps. The hayrack creaks. The sky begins to haze up with heat, like an egg's albumen cooking.

After a break of lemonade and air-conditioning, Dale and I climb into the hayloft to stack bales as they come off the angled elevator, which is really a portable escalator. A barn is a good place to store hay, but it is also a cathedral where visiting town boys come to worship farm life. It has the well-rubbed wood of a reverenced church rail, the grain raised by the protuberant hides of quietly agnostic cows. Day outside finds cracks in the roof and walls of the hayloft, and light streaks through the darkness on missions of grace and accusation. The barn is wired to God's wrath by a lightning rod.

During winter and spring, the hayloft was emptied from the back, bales dumped down the ladder trapdoor. It will be filled in from the front. Then hay will be squared in a loosely rectangular stack against the front wall, layer after layer paving the floor upward. As the stack grows, a ladderlike elevator extension carries the hay farther to the rear, past wasps' nests and piles of coon scat. No number of open doors can ventilate the hayloft. One wagon load after another, the air gets closer and hay starts to crowd out the light.

A bale hits the loft floor, bounces twice and skids to a stop at my feet. I pick it up and drag it into the bale-length gap between trusses. Dale catches the next bale on the bounce and flings it next to mine. I try to imitate his ease, but I have begun to stagger a bit in the heat. After the third or fourth wagon load, we have raised the floor of hay four bales high. Walking on this tessellated surface is treacherous. When I sling bales I forget to let go and their momentum pulls me over onto the soft, prickly pavement. As I wobble, bale in hands, across deep green hummocks, I forget to watch my step. My leg dives down a hole where the corners of bales do not join. I roll my load vaguely into position. "This isn't precision stacking," says Dale. A good thing. I am no longer capable of precision.

The roof gradually closes in on us. We stoop. From time to time, one of us crawls to the front to see how Elmore Jack is doing unloading hayracks in the yard. The wagon always looks three-fourths full. But as we turn to watch another bale, the elevator stops. I scramble to the front of the extension and unplug it. From the peak Dale and I peer down into daylight. Elmore Jack leans against an empty hayrack. "Whyn't you come on down?" he shouts. We climb out onto the elevator, its rails hot through our gloves. I throw my Pioneer Seed cap to the ground and we hang for a moment at the top of the barn, snuffing up the breeze. The wind smells like hay and the creatures that eat it.

As light melts from the sky, hayers race sunset—
and sore muscles—to gather in last bundles of the day.

An expert on ground beetles, Erwin scans the canopy at the Tambopata Reserve for signs of hidden life.

By Richard Conniff

Inventorying life in a 'biotic frontier' before it disappears

Entomologist Terry Erwin is discovering thousands of previously unknown insects in a patch of threatened Peruvian rain forest

There are times when Terry Erwin will do the unexpected. Asked to identify a bug that has turned up in the salad at his research station in southeastern Peru, the 45-year-old entomologist is likely to pluck it out and eat it. He has also been known to persuade visitors that, in the Southern Hemisphere, the sun rises in the west. By and large, however, Erwin is uneccentric. He has based his fascinating career on solid and methodical study, concentrating on a largely unglamorous group of coleoptera known as ground beetles. He has spent much of his working life not in the field but at a dissecting microscope, differentiating seemingly identical species by such esoteric criteria as the hind angles of their heads.

Ground beetles give Erwin ample opportunity for making such distinctions. They are amazingly abundant and diverse, thriving on every continent except Antarctica and ranging in habitat from islands to mountaintops and from deserts and rain forests to glaciers. More than 40,000 species are known and Erwin estimates that another 40,000 have yet to be described. Outside his office at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History, where he is director of the Biological Diversity Program, he keeps more than 500,000 specimens in a long row of large lockers labeled simply Carabidae, the scientific name for this family.

When he describes a new species or suggests a change in taxonomic classification, Erwin is acutely conscious that he is writing for an audience of perhaps four other experts in the world. But lately his work has begun to

take on ramifications for an audience well beyond this limited circle. The reason is that he has used ground beetles as a wedge for penetrating what he terms the "last biotic frontier": the canopy of the tropical rain forest. Up there, in the closely woven tangle of vines and tree branches, dwell snakes, land crabs, rodents and other mammals, insects and birds that know little of terra firma. There are earthworms that never come to Earth and ground beetles that would probably die on the ground. We know almost nothing about this exotic world. To put it in current terms: our nearest extraterrestrial neighbors are not in outer space but 90 feet overhead, and they constitute an alien system.

An entomologist looks at the big picture

Armed with ropes, a line-throwing gun, fogging machines and collecting trays, Erwin has become one of the first researchers to penetrate this frontier and describe it systematically. Rather than merely discovering individual species and celebrating their wonders, he has cast his net to collect all insect species and related arthropods living in a given patch of rain forest. He has aimed to fulfill what botanist Peter Raven of the Missouri Botanical Garden has called a need "to record coexistence and to be able to retrieve, for study, whole groups of organisms that occurred together. . . ."

Raven's use of the past tense suggests the pressing nature of the work: much, if not most, of the alien world overhead will almost certainly perish in our lifetime. Scientists have predicted that, if worldwide destruction of rain forests continues, one-fifth of all species on Earth—or above it—will disappear within the next ten to 30 years. Erwin's studies have demonstrated that 2.5 acres of "unrich" tropical forest may contain 41,000 insect species (including about 12,000 kinds of beetles). The entire world, he says, contains not 1.5 to 10 million insect species, as is generally estimated, but up to 30 million. Many of them will vanish before we know what they are, which other species depended on them or how they might have helped us.

Later this month Erwin and about 50 other distinguished researchers and scholars will meet in Washington to consider the seriousness of such losses. Sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences and the Smithsonian Institution, the National Forum on BioDiversity will focus on the likely global consequences of habitat destruction and what should be done about it. Not all of the participants view the situation with alarm; Erwin does. For him, the study of ground beetles amounts to more than just cataloguing a doomed world. It's a quest for insights into how that world can be saved.

To reach Peru's Tambopata Reserve, where Erwin does his fieldwork, it is necessary to fly to Lima, then over the ice-tipped Andes into a tropical pothole of a town called Puerto Maldonado. From there, a boat takes visitors four hours up the Tambopata River, which is a remote tributary of the Amazon. The landscape on either side is symptomatic: green, but unnatural—stripped of its forests and converted to short-term cattle grazing and subsistence farming. The deforestation has advanced almost to the border of the ten-square-mile reserve.

Biologically, Tambopata is one of the world's mother lodes. It may harbor more species of birds and butterflies (528 and 1,122, respectively) than any comparable place on Earth. Rare and endangered species, including the jaguar, bush dog, harpy eagle, black cai-

Drawing of *Aspasiola eshije*, tiny new ground-beetle species from Tambopata, captures a rainbow of colors.

Photographs by Claus C. Meyer/Black Star

man and giant river otter, thrive within its boundaries. One goes to sleep to the call of the great spectacled owl and wakes to howler monkeys roaring like a distant wind. "Have you gone as far as the screaming pihas?" one visitor asks another, referring to an unmistakable point on the main trail where male birds of that species cry deafeningly for mates. Down on Laguna Chica at dawn, unseen birds make the whirping sound of a video arcade game. A kingfisher and its reflection skip belly-to-belly across the water.

To codify this richness and make human sense of it, Erwin has set out to map one-hectare (2.5-acre) plots in each of the reserve's 11 types of forest. So far, seven plots are ready. Each is subdivided into equal quads, with each quad containing 15 to 35 substantial trees. Each tree is numbered and tagged. At the moment, Erwin and a crew of helpers from Earthwatch, a nonprofit organization that provides funding and volunteers for scientific expeditions, are thrashing through the undergrowth with measuring tapes. One worker calls out a tree's number and dbh (diameter at breast height). The others stretch measuring tapes from two corners of the quad to the tree, to define its position by triangulation (opposite).

The litany of numbers ("Point-1-9!" "Point-1-9?" "7-point-8-3!" "7-point-8-3?") is punctuated by the clicking of the keys of a laptop computer and the intermittent whirring of a disk drive. Computer specialist Margo Kabel has learned to practice her craft in the bush. Each morning, she and Erwin haul their electronic gear a distance of two miles along a muddy, boot-sucking morass of a trail. She sets up the computer on a tripod fashioned from an egg crate; an umbrella will be positioned jauntily over the keyboard (p. 90). She is careful not to get insect repellent on her fingertips because it melts the surface of the keys.

Correlating tree and insect data

Erwin uses the computer to construct a precise map of each quad and to update the map after periodic remeasuring. He hopes eventually to render each map in computerized 3-D, so that the viewer can turn the image sideways and zoom in on a particular tree species or a distinct layer of the canopy. The idea is to correlate tree data with insect data, which Erwin and a succession of volunteers and assistants have been gathering methodically for five years.

In the past, researchers interested in treetop life have by and large had to content themselves with whatever happened to fall at their feet. To replace these glimpses with a panoramic perspective, Erwin deployed an insecticide fogging machine in the canopy. Insecticides are of course notoriously unpopular with ecologists. Erwin chose a pyrethroid derived from the

Linda L. Sims

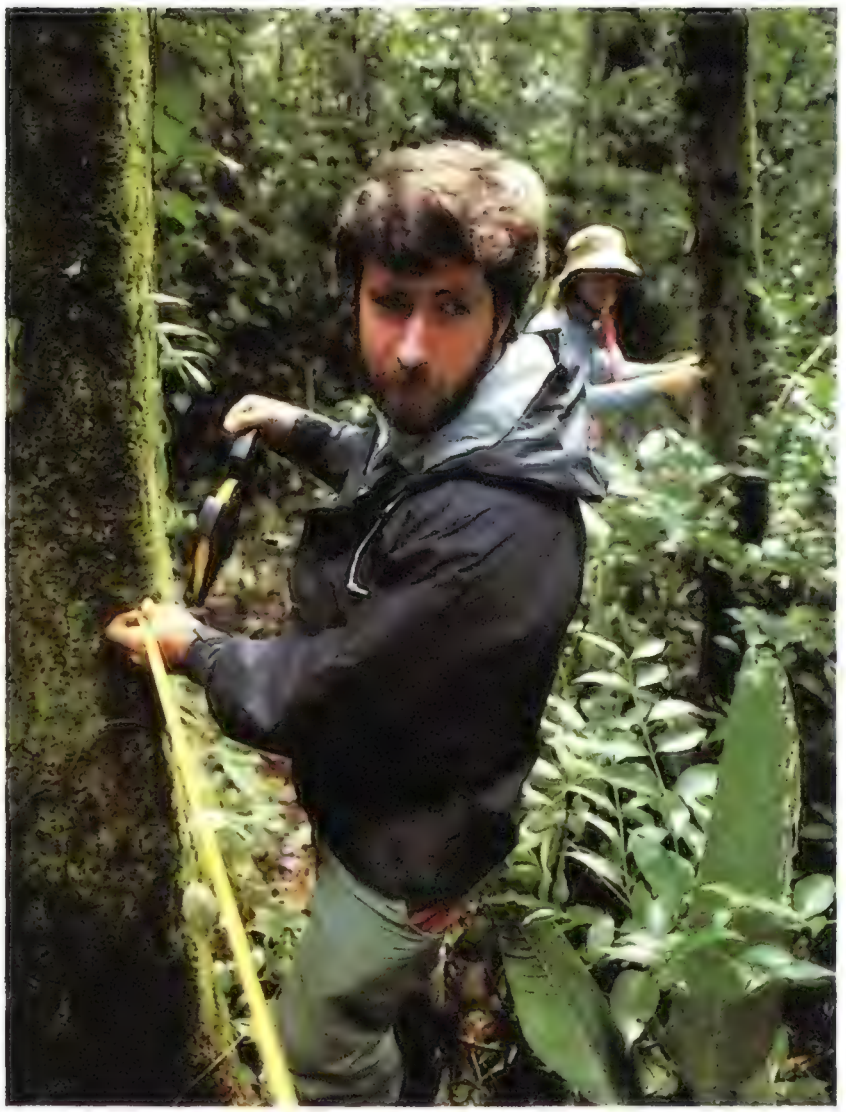
Erwin fogs study area with insecticide. Then insect "rain" falls from canopy into funnel-like collectors.

chrysanthemum, then switched to a synthetic version that is said to have no effect on vertebrates and to break down within two hours into harmless substances. He also made his own trials showing that insects completely repopulated a fogged area within ten days.

Using ropes, he fogged at set points in each of his quads and repeated the foggings in successive seasons. Each fogging brought down a rain of insects onto suspended nylon collectors (above), which funneled the creatures into carefully labeled jars of preservative for subsequent study. A slight majority of the insects were ants, which Erwin calls the "dominant driving force in the treetops." After one fogging of a single tree—"tree number 73"—in a single forest type, Erwin shipped off the ants to a colleague, sociobiologist E. O. Wilson at Harvard. Wilson, a leading authority on ants and other social insects, identified 26 genera and 43 species in the sample—an amount equal to the entire ant fauna of the British Isles.

While less numerous than the ants, the beetles were richer in variety: scavengers like the darkling beetles, fungivores like the fungus weevils and the handsome fungus beetles, predators like the ladybird beetles and ground beetles of the genus *Agra* (the latter are Erwin's

Technique gives broad sampling of insects, arthropods living over swamp. Insecticide breaks down quickly.



Volunteers triangulate trees as part of effort to gather data for computer-mapping the study area.

specialty and also the largest insect predators of the canopy—he describes them as jaguars of the insect world), herbivores like the leaf beetles. Many of the species Erwin found were completely unknown. He named two sister species *Agra sasquatch* and *Agra yeti* because they were big-footed. (Earlier, he had named a new species from Venezuela *Pericompsus bilbo*, after Bilbo Baggins in Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, because "it was short, fat, and had hairy feet.") A species that was difficult to describe because he had only a few specimens became *Agra vation*. Yet another species became *Agra dora*, after Erwin's wife, Dora Ríos. Thousands of other unknown species from the foggings have not yet even been named, much less studied.

Like most tropical biologists today, Erwin wants to demonstrate that the rain forest is valuable to the local community and the world as is, rather than as something to be slashed and burned for its lumber and less-than-arable soil. That means figuring out natural relationships that may be useful to humanity. It means finding plants and creatures that aren't merely strange and wonderful, but also potentially valuable in the production of food, pharmaceuticals, biological control agents and other goods. Some of these unknown treasures may be beneficial simply as "germplasm resources," according to Erwin, who writes, with a trace of irony: "Do we not need to know, in these days of genetic engineering, what the world holds in the way of genetic diversity and genetic variability?"

With this sort of thought in mind, Erwin looked down one day instead of up and said something like "Eureka!" He was standing in a swamp forest, which is by far the richest kind of forest in the Tambopata Reserve. According to his own surveys, land there sustains 100 more trees and 30 percent more standing wood per hectare than in any other forest type. He bent down and picked up a handful of the black soil, which was visibly richer than the red laterite found in other forest types. Erwin's original thought was that it might be possible to skim this rich soil without damaging the forest, and use it in local gardens.

One reason tropical farmers must continually slash and burn is that ordinary rain-forest soil—only millimeters thick—quickly loses its nutrients: it becomes worthless for agriculture after a few years. Erwin wondered if rich swamp soil might lend itself to sustainable agriculture over the long term.

Erwin, who practices intensive gardening at home

in Virginia, decided to test the swamp soil in a raised garden patterned on Maya techniques, and that was the beginning of what has become known as the Amazon gardening project (p. 86). Laborers from the nearby community of Infierno built the thing in a clearing next to the reserve. Workers from Earthwatch and Britain's Operation Raleigh—a four-year, round-the-world research expedition—hauled gunnysacks of swamp soil a distance of more than a mile to the garden. An agricultural student from a Peruvian university oversaw the planting.

The result is both formidable and productive. It occupies a small clearing, a square roughly 80 feet on a side. The garden surface is three feet above ground level, held in place by a double stockade fence made of split pona palms. A drainage moat, in which fish and turtles will be raised for food and fertilizer, surrounds the garden. (The silt from the moat will also go back into the garden, duplicating the swamp forest's self-contained drainage.) When Erwin and the others go there to work, between bouts of insect fogging and tree surveying, they enter via a makeshift drawbridge. There is something a bit wistful about the place—it looks rather like a child's fort—but it also appears to work. If it can be made to work for local farmers as well—and that is the big question—Erwin believes it may be a way of saving Tambopata and other similarly threatened areas throughout the Amazon Basin.

Terry Erwin did not have a naturalist's boyhood. His father was a builder-driver of sprint cars on the California racing circuit and also raced airplanes, boats and motorcycles. Erwin was at the track every night until he was ten years old: "I grew up in the seat of a race car." When he was 15, his grandparents gave him a Henry J., a small car made by Kaiser-Frazer. He and his father converted it into a hot rod and spent the next five years drag racing around California. One looks in vain for early entomological leanings. Erwin became a Boy Scout, but did not win his nature merit badge; he belonged to the only branch of the Scouts designated an auto club. He spent summers fishing fast Sierra Nevada streams with his grandfather and got his first limit—15 fish—at the age of five, but he used worms, not flies.

In college, at San Jose State, he started in engineering and lasted through second-semester calculus. He switched to predentistry and then to life sciences, with the idea of becoming a teacher. His undoing was an elective in entomology: "I got excited, got off probation and became a straight-A student." He went on to study with the leading carabid researchers in Canada, at Harvard and finally in Sweden. When he joined the Museum of Natural History in 1971, he wrote up an ambitious proposal to study the ground beetles of California. But tropical research was opening up then, and seeing an opportunity, a superior crossed out California and scribbled in Panama instead. Erwin was on a plane headed south less than two months after returning from Sweden. It took him two years to figure out what had happened and by then he was hooked.

Nowadays, Erwin tools around Washington in a very conservative Renault. The only suggestion of automotive or entomological idiosyncracy—and a cryptic one at that—is his license plate. It reads: AGRA.

If science is, as Albert Einstein once said, a continual retreat from wonder, it is also often a way of circling back to it again. For Erwin, the process began in a willingness to gather and consider huge quantities of information with little or no idea of where it would lead. Twenty years spent peering through a microscope at the hind angles of beetle heads, or five years spent fogging the rain forest canopy, might then add up to what Erwin terms "baseline data," the stuff from which hypothesis, synthesis and theory are formed. "Once you've gotten into the synthesis and the patterns start coming, that's when a scientist gets awed," Erwin says. "All of a sudden you're in the forest and you've analyzed these data points and you can recognize a pattern in nature. For me that's the high."

One such pattern in the distribution of ground beetles around the world suggested to Erwin what he terms the "taxon pulse" theory of evolution. He saw that evolution of different beetle species wasn't a matter of merely random adaptations; it seemed to follow certain rules. And over hundreds of millions of years, successive waves, or pulses, of new beetle lineages evolved in accordance with those same rules.

According to Erwin's theory, everything originates

Author Richard Conniff, a former Geo *editor, spent a week in Peru with Terry Erwin. He wrote on bloodhounds in the January 1986 issue.*

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Erwin and Antonio Del Aguila (right) put protective palm fronds over seedlings in experimental garden as Dora Ríos (standing at left) and volunteers look on. Garden is an alternative to slash-and-burn agriculture.

in the wetlands of the tropics, in places like Tambopata. The most primitive wetland tropical species tend to be generalists in such matters as feeding and egg laying. From this start, new lineages evolve along three pathways—toward the poles, into the mountains or up into the canopy. The farther they get from their origins the more specialized they become. Mountaintop ground beetles, for example, have evolved a form of antifreeze in their blood that enables them to live under glaciers by day and emerge at night to prey on insects that are not similarly endowed. Treetop ground beetles have evolved disklike feet from which thousands of hairs emerge, each ending in a sort of suction cup; they have 10,000 points of contact where a terrestrial beetle has 30. Moving away from a generalist origin allows new species to live in special environments. But it also makes them less adaptable. They can't change as rapidly as their environment does. "They can't come back," Erwin says. "Specialization is the road to extinction. But it's OK because new lineages are being generated in the equatorial climate that will take their place." It's OK, that is, as long as the equatorial climate and mother lodes remain intact.

One night at Tambopata, a forestry professor, Carlos Reynel of Peru's Universidad Agraria La Molina, delivers an informal lecture on his country's increasingly desperate situation. Out of a total population of 18 million people, he says, 50 percent are under the age of 15, and 75 percent are under 30. There is little land to feed them; the coast consists largely of desert, the interior of mountains and rain forest. The rapidly expanding population is beginning to spill over the Andes into places like Puerto Maldonado and up the Tambopata River.

One of Peru's seven plant taxonomists, Reynel is studying the family of trees that includes figs and mulberries. His research has turned up more than 30 forest species, formerly regarded as having no value, which in fact bear edible fruit. With hybridizing (much as early Peruvians hybridized the potato from a wild plant), some of these trees might feed people. "If we Peruvians don't know our own things," Reynel says, "we cannot take care of them."

Erwin believes his own research will prove its value when that kind of hybridizing begins and when Peru starts to manage its rain forests as its most valuable natural resource. At some point, for example, Reynel may need to know what insect pollinates one of his tree species. He will then be able to consult Erwin's list of insects found in such trees in each season. A lumber company, having taken a tree species from the rain forest and turned it into a plantation crop, may suddenly need to understand the ecology of woodboring beetles. From Erwin's foggings, the company will be

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One of Tambopata's dung beetles straddles a fern and looks tough. Horns may be used in courtship rituals.

A Vaillant's leaf frog, about three inches long, keeps a tight grip on its perch in reserve's lower canopy.

Tree boa knots self around vine. Nocturnal creature frequents understory to ambush rodents on the ground.

able to learn which parasitic hymenoptera (typically small wasps or ants) lived with these beetles in nature and kept them under thumb. (Such parasites are already being used in this country as biological controls for insect pests on citrus and other crops.) A toxicologist may need to find natural antidotes to certain poisons. He will be able to consult research, now being undertaken by Erwin and a graduate student, into how tropical willow trees use toxins to protect their leaves from herbivores and how, in turn, certain beetles have learned to detoxify these leaves in their digestive tract so they can eat them with impunity. This same research may help agronomists understand the ways plants adapt their defensive toxins or turn them on and off to control pests naturally.

"We have to support the idea," Erwin says, when Reynel has finished speaking, "that basic science can be turned directly into applied science, and that this applied science can support human need."

Grass roots need cultivating, too

On one of his last days in Peru before returning to Washington, Erwin sets out by boat to visit the nearby village of Infierno. He is accompanied by his wife, Dora, a social scientist who is a Peruvian, and by Antonio Del Aguila, the student who is overseeing the Amazon gardening project. The aim of the trip is to carry the message—that science can support human need—directly to the people who surround the Tambopata Reserve. Erwin is bringing a token of friendship, a framed print of a new species from the Tambopata canopy. The drawing (p. 81) was done by Museum of Natural History scientific illustrator George L. Venable. Erwin has named the species *Aspasiola eshije*. The latter word means "rainbow" and comes not from Latin or Greek but from the language of the Ese-ēja Indians, the area's original inhabitants.

The trio is also bringing something more practical: detailed drawings of the Amazon garden, and a proposal to build a model garden within the community. On the trip downriver, Erwin talks about the prototype at Tambopata. Just six months old, it has already shown its worth by producing a variety of crops during the rainy season, when most farmers leave their waterlogged fields fallow. The secret seems to be the drainage system rather than the swamp soil. He refers to it now as a "containerized" garden and he believes that the prototype, which is less than one twenty-fifth of a hectare in area, will feed four families.

There have of course been problems and surprises. The pona-palm wall at one corner of the garden fell off, necessitating the use of buttresses in rebuilding. Now snails and small rodents are using the buttresses as a route into the garden. Steve Maber, the engineer

The Spirit of America

Mabry Mill, Virginia by Clyde H. Smith

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who designed the drainage system, has tinkered with his plan to beat such problems. He's also come up with a one-family Amazon garden that does away almost entirely with buttresses and pona-palm stockade. "A lot of people are dubious," Erwin concedes. "It's so new and strange. It may be that nobody will accept it. Or maybe it'll hang around in the literature until things get so bad people turn to it in desperation."

At Infierno, the president of the community does not show up. He and his subordinates are off in Puerto Maldonado for the day. No one is terribly surprised. Life here is perhaps more politically complicated than in Washington, and it turns out that Erwin has made his approach through the wrong middleman. Instead, he presents *Aspasiola eshije* to the principal and teacher of the community school.

Then Ríos and Del Aguila explain the Amazon garden. It is a conversation punctuated by the words "*clara*" and "*pero*": "It's a great idea, but. . . ." The principal is skeptical that the disputatious town fathers can even agree on a good thing. Still, they strike a tentative deal for Erwin to sponsor the building of a model garden on the school grounds in September.

On the trip back upriver, Erwin and Ríos share a beer and talk about their plans. Together they have submitted a proposal to the Peruvian authorities that could eventually lead to the entire Tambopata watershed bcoming an official part of UNESCO's Biosphere Reserve Program, which designates unique areas all over the world for conservation and scientific study. Government support for such a prestigious endeavor might lead to increased protection of Tambopata, which is badly needed. At the edge of the reserve, Erwin spots a boat tied up, its owner at work with a chain saw.

"I'd like to put his motor at the bottom of the river," Erwin says. But there is more resignation than racetrack machismo in his tone. The chain saws are already gnawing away at three sections of the reserve and there is no enforcement staff to stop them. Two days later, after Erwin has headed home, a particularly brazen woodcutter starts up his chain saw within earshot of the lodge where the scientists take their meals. Armed with machetes, Maber and a few others confront him and seize the saw. Afterward they calculate the damage: he has taken down one sizable tree. But it has fallen into two of the quads that Erwin has painstakingly surveyed. Six numbered trees are downed and 12 others are damaged—three years of data gone. Back in Washington, Erwin enters the information into the computer and describes it flatly as the result of a tree fall. It is a reminder—as if he needs one—that time is short and the struggle very long.

After hauling electronic gear into the bush, Erwin holds umbrella as Margo Kabel feeds computer data on trees and insects. Computerized maps provide a permanent record of life in the rapidly changing forest.

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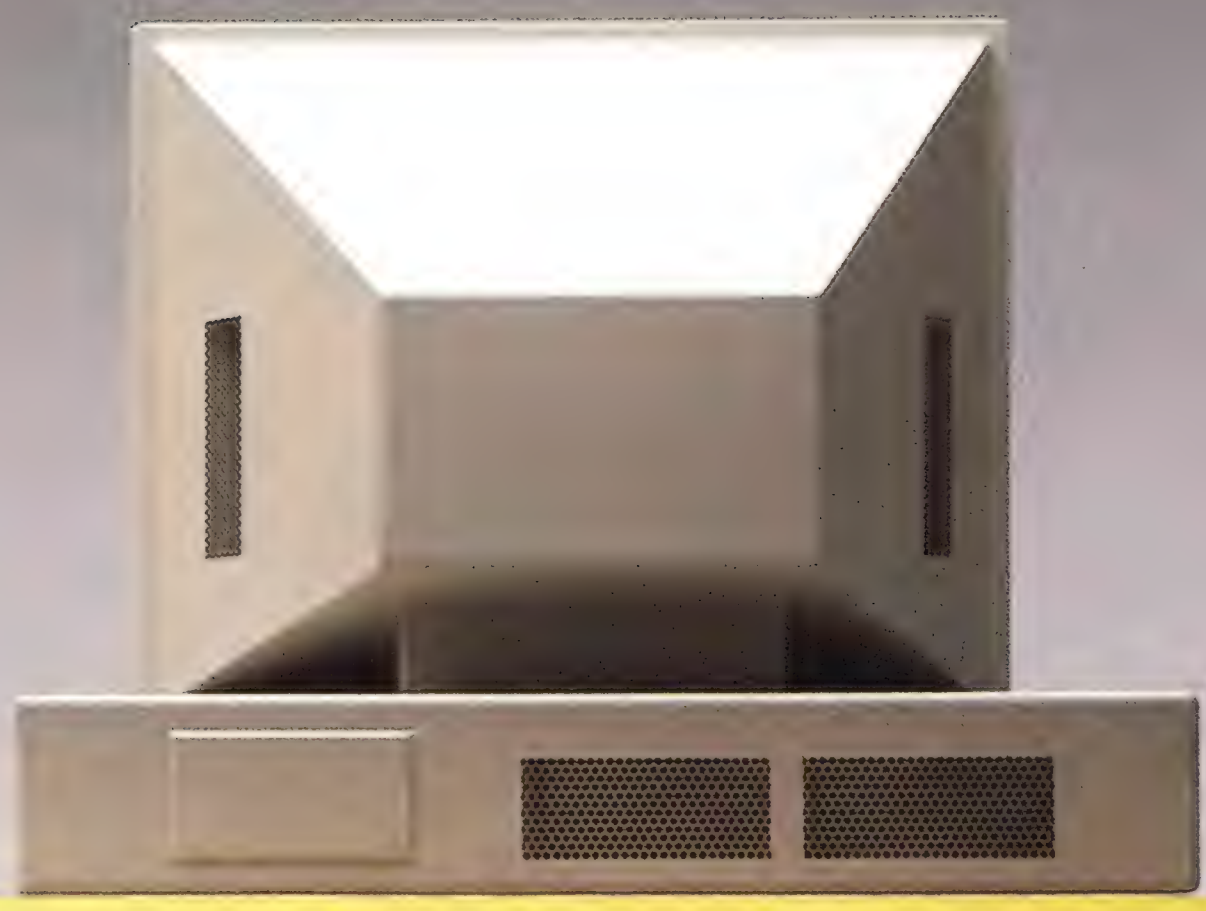

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FORD TEMPO

By Dorothy and John Tarrant

It was the Jazz Age and John Held jr. drew it and lived it

His glittering years were the Twenties, but after the party ended, a quieter, deeper side emerged in his life and art

At 3 A.M. in the Roaring Twenties, Held showed the strain as he ground away at happy illustrations.

John Held jr. shaped the image of the 1920s for all time. The enduring portrait of Flaming Youth—frenetic dancing, bathtub gin and devil-may-care fun—was drawn by an artist who remained aloof from the riotous scene he depicted and who, toward the end of a tumultuous career and turbulent life, found joy and serenity on a small farm, doing the chores and tending the animals he loved as a boy in Salt Lake City.

In the roaring decade between the onset of Prohibition and the stock market crash of 1929, John Held jr. reigned as one of the country's most sought-after illustrators and celebrities. His flappers and sheiks—as trendy young men were called at the time—set the standard for post-World War I dress and behavior. The humorist Corey Ford said that F. Scott Fitzgerald "christened it the Jazz Age, but John Held jr. set its styles and manners. . . . So sedulously did we ape his caricatures that they lost their satiric point and came to be a documentary record of our times."

At the height of Held's fame, in the mid-Twenties, editors begged for his work, sometimes inviting him to name his own price. The noted caricaturist Al Hirschfeld describes Held as riffling through his morning mail and opening 20 to 30 envelopes, each containing a check for hundreds or thousands of dollars.

To the public of his day, Held epitomized gaiety and sophistication. He became known for a lavish lifestyle and for fabulous parties at his country estate near Westport, Connecticut. But underneath the John Held of public perception was another John Held: a quiet man of complexities and contrasts, uneasy with fame, marked by the values acquired as a young Mormon in Salt Lake City when it was still a frontier town.

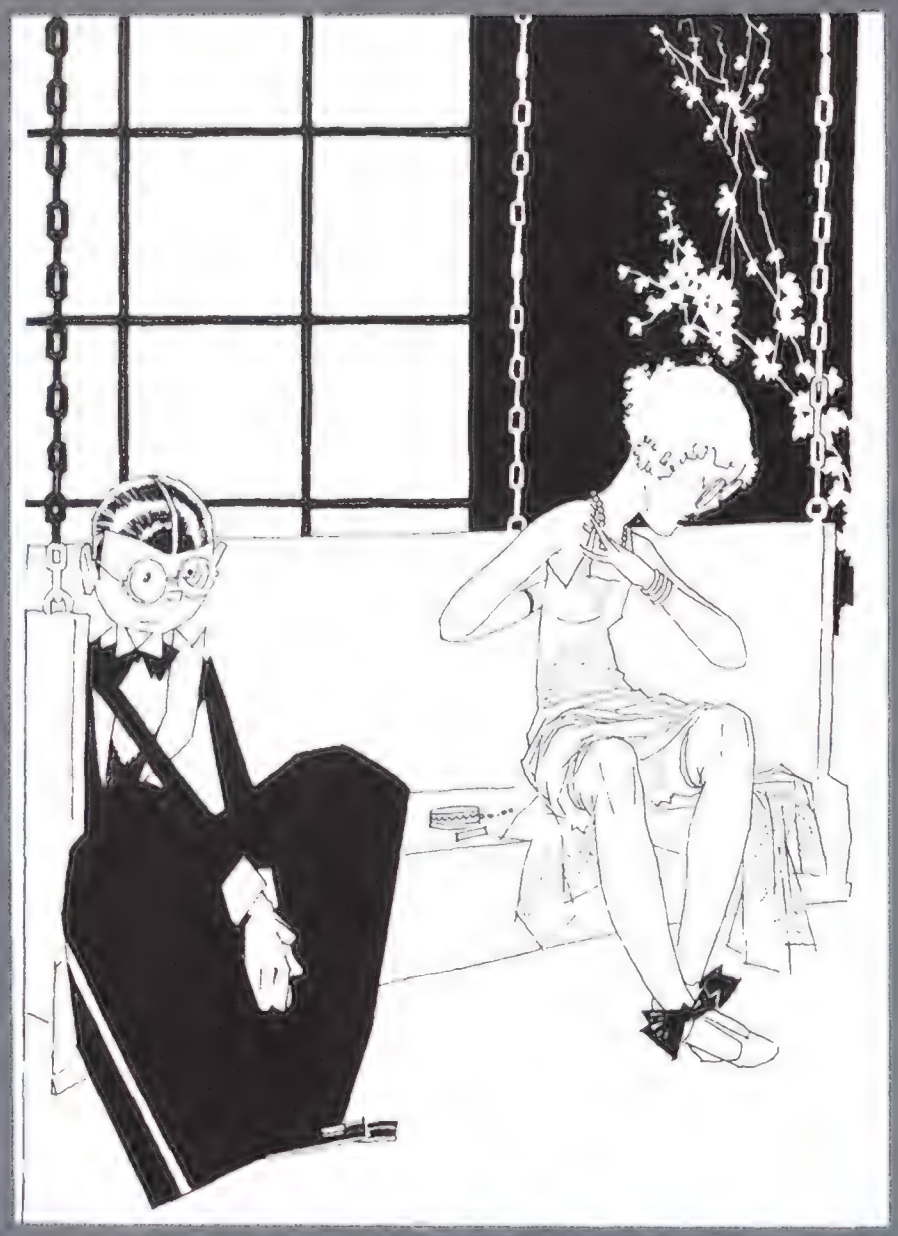
John Held jr. was born on January 10, 1889, in a two-room adobe house with a lean-to kitchen. His father was an engraver who played the cornet and led his own band. His mother, Annie, the daughter of a stage carpenter, was an enthusiastic amateur actress who had met her husband at a church social. The Helds, as was the custom among Mormons, farmed their plot of land to feed their family. John jr., the eldest of six children, carted vegetables in a red wagon and rounded up cows at milking time. At the age of three, he longed for his own horse more than anything else in the world. The Helds could not afford one—so little John drew a horse on the flyleaf of a book.

John's father became his first art teacher. Years later, as a young man, he would study with the painter and sculptor Mahonri Young, a grandson of Brigham Young. But he never had any formal art training, nor did he graduate from high school.

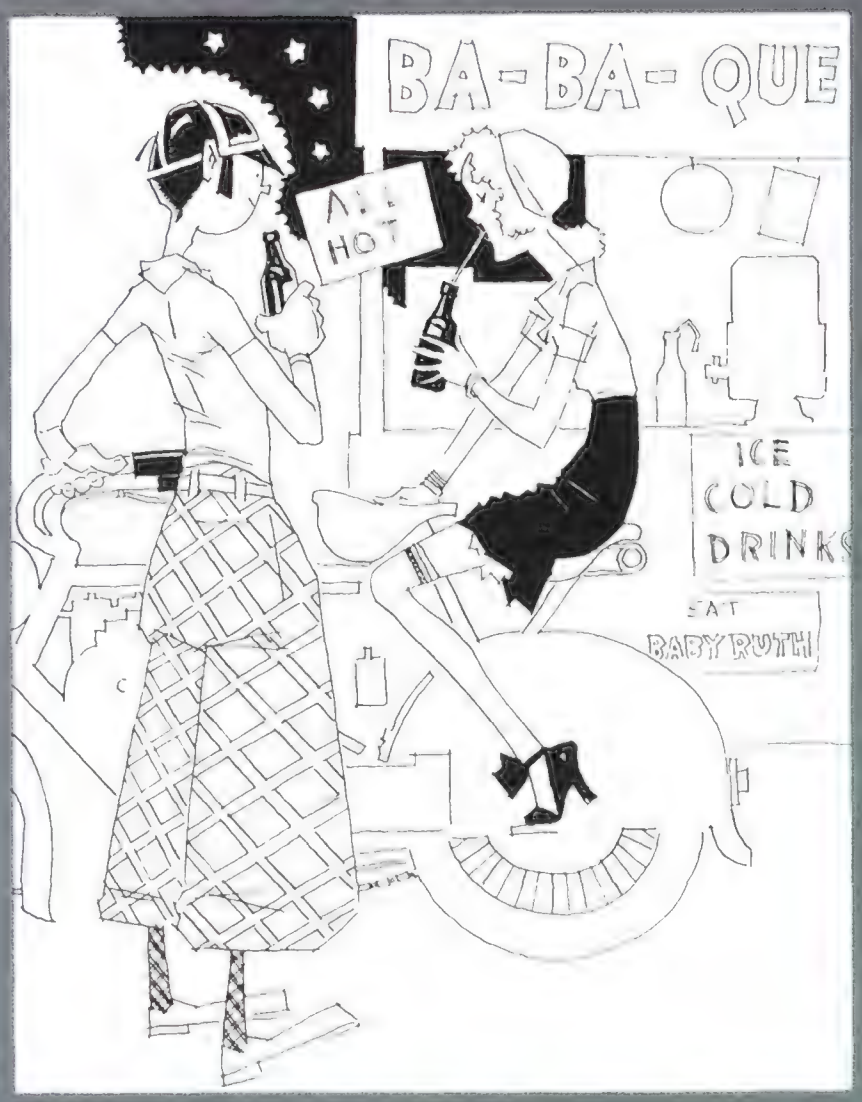
Young John had much to see in old Salt Lake. The family moved to South Main Street over the Held Pen Shop, where Mr. Held sold printing work, stationery and a fountain pen he had invented. His engraving jobs included cards for the bordellos. The cards, artfully printed on the finest rag vellum, were minuscule, tiny enough to be passed discreetly from hand to hand and to fit into a watch pocket. Years later, John Held jr.'s unique block prints would picture the wild

Illustrations from the collection of Mrs. John Held jr.

During the 1920s, Held's illustrations appeared everywhere. This snow scene, titled *Merry Christmas*, shows a typical pair of the period—the thin-legged flapper and the round-headed Romeo in coonskin coat.



There was a dark form at the other end of the bench



Al and Beulah

Held both led and reflected the tight little world he showed. His work affected fashion and even attitudes.

and woolly world of the 1890s in old Salt Lake City.

At the age of nine, John made his first sale, getting $9 for a block print for the Politz Candy Kitchen on Main Street. At 14 he got a job as a copyboy on the Salt Lake *Tribune*. When he was 15, he sold a drawing to the old *Life*, the national humor magazine. At 16 he became a regular cartoonist for the paper, where he was later joined by his friend and colleague Harold Ross.

Held and Ross had first met on the student newspaper at Westside High School. In later years, when Ross had become the creator and editor of *The New Yorker*, he would remember his friend's block prints and commission similar work for his magazine.

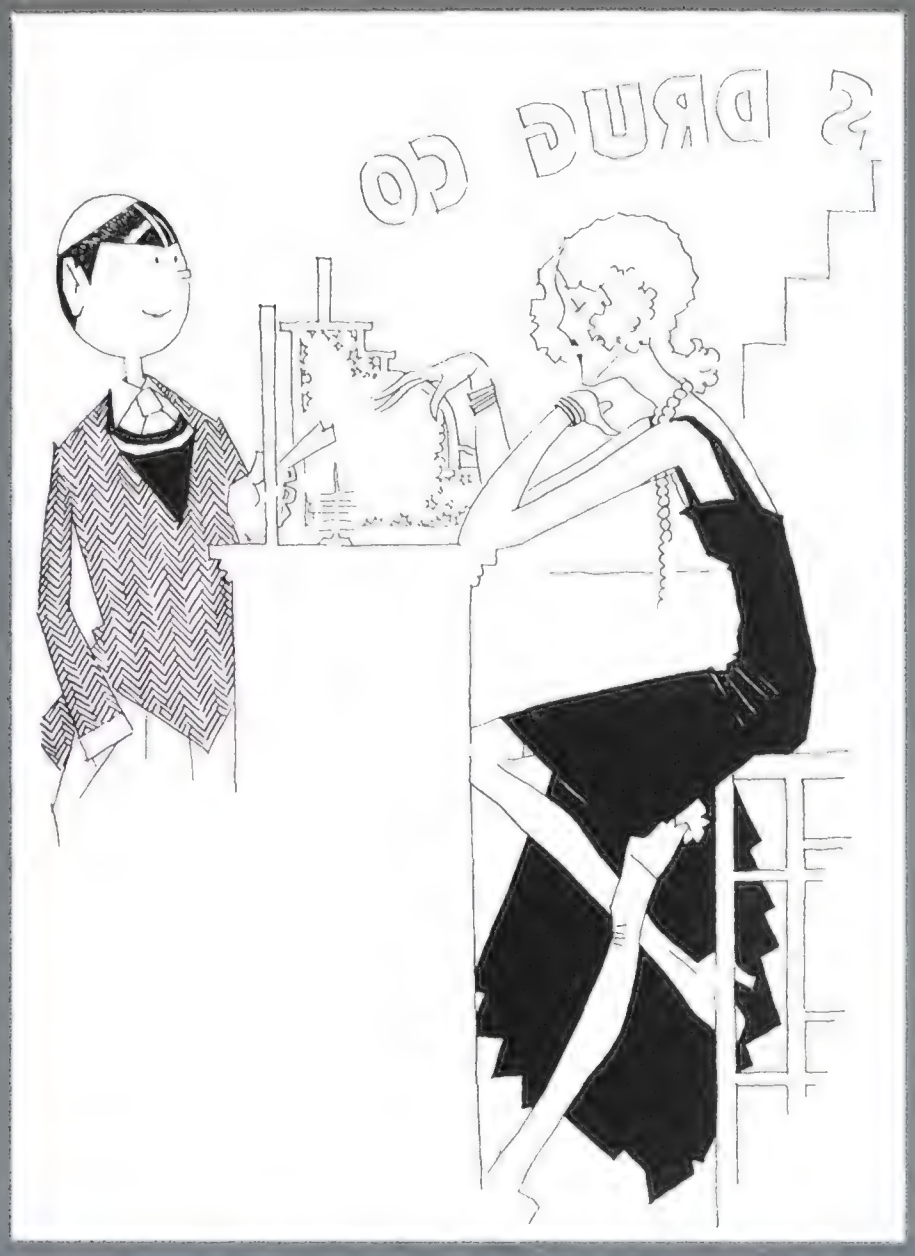
In 1910, the year Held turned 21, he married Myrtle Jennings, the *Tribune*'s society editor. Two years later he journeyed alone to New York City, arriving with $4 in his pocket. He shared a studio with Hal Burrows, worked doing streetcar ads and saved his money until he could send for Myrtle. John found work with the advertising department of John Wanamaker. After hours he turned out drawings which Myrtle took around to the magazines. By 1915 his work was appearing in *Judge*, *Life*, *The Smart Set* and *Vanity Fair*.

On the eve of fame, John was becoming a man-about-town. Every Thursday he went to stag dinners at Delmonico's, mingling with the other bright young people who were about to take over New York.

One of the diners at Delmonico's was Marc Connelly, the playwright whose big success would come in the 1930s. Connelly recalled the winter of 1916 when he lived on West 37th Street in a boarding house (nicknamed "Cockroach Glades"), sharing quarters with six other writers and artists, including John Held, who used the place as a studio during the day.

Three weeks after the declaration of war on April 6, 1917, Held sailed from New Orleans, bound for Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, as the artist attached to an expedition, cosponsored by the American Museum of Natural History and the Carnegie Foundation, to study Maya ruins. Held had a second assignment: as

Dorothy and John Tarrant collect and write about American art. Their article on the American Impressionists appeared in the January 1982 issue.



"Okay, meet me at the corner"

"Gosh, he's got a hot line," she said

His characters could be callow or comical or wistful, as this strip of typical Held illustrations shows.

an agent for the Office of Naval Intelligence (for a salary of $1,200 a year), he was to make coastal maps and watch for German U-boats.

While in Guatemala Held received a "Dear John" letter from Myrtle. The rupture had been foreshadowed when she beseeched a friend, "You've got to find a girl for Johnnie. He's driving me crazy!"

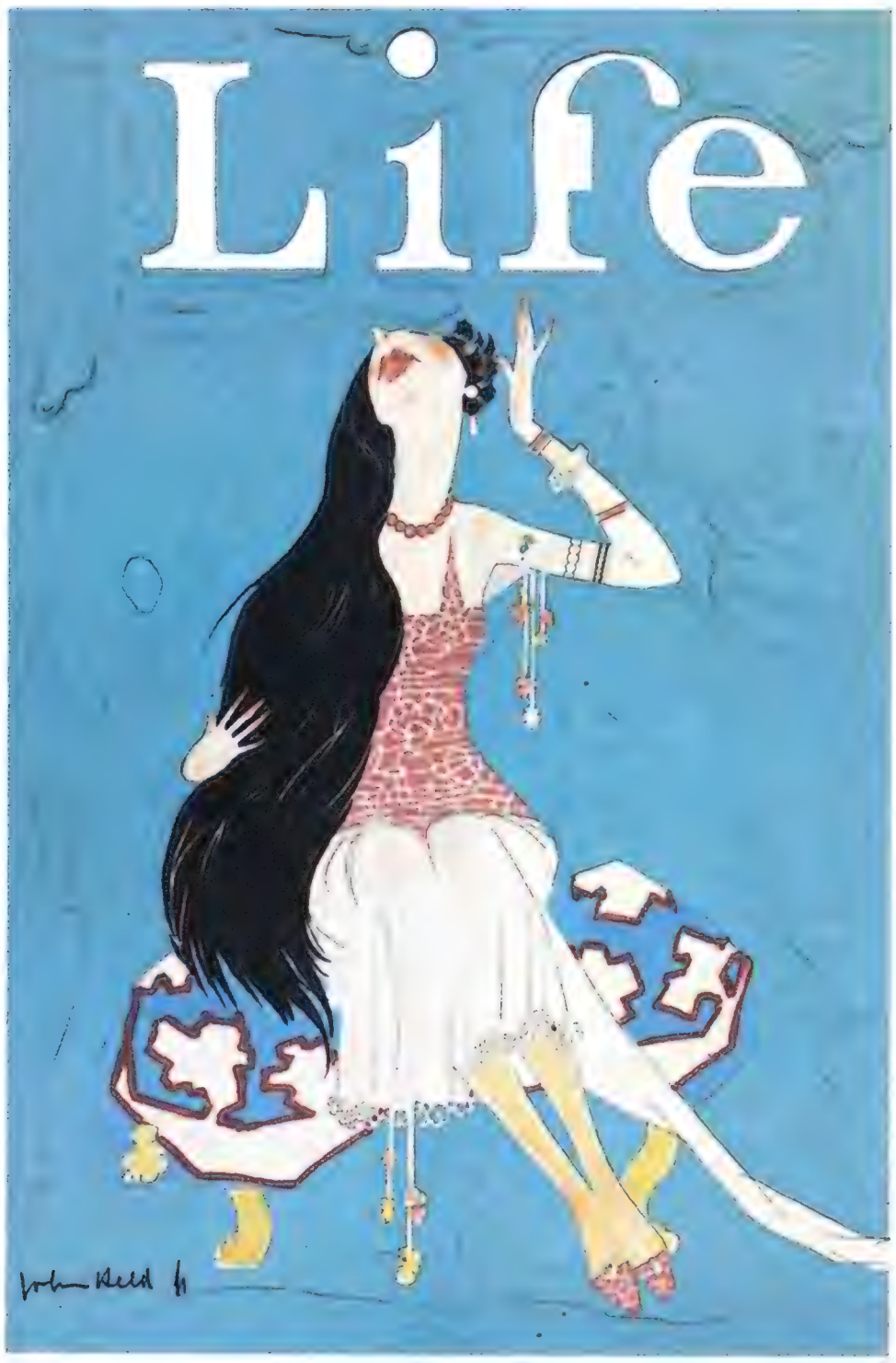
Held returned to New York to begin a new life. He had developed a new style. In August and September 1918, *Judge* carried Held's comic drawings of the round-headed figures who would evolve into the flapper and sheik. The post-World War I "modern" world was beginning and Held was picking up momentum. In July and October 1919, *Vanity Fair* carried John Held covers—and more were to follow.

In 1918 Held married Ada Johnson (called "Johnny"), ten years his senior. That year they bought a country house "furnished to a cocktail shaker and a can of moldy maraschinos" on Grindstone Hill in rural Weston, Connecticut, on the outskirts of the Westport art colony. The artistic and literary colony in the Westport area was a vibrant and convivial group, including Arthur Dove (celebrated for his bathtub gin), Guy Pene du Bois, Hendrik Van Loon, Van Wyck Brooks and Rose O'Neill (creator of the Kewpie Dolls, the Cabbage Patch Kids of their day).

By 1922 Held's flapper was becoming a national craze. In August the humor magazine *Judge* ran a full page called "A Flapper's Day." In the book *Tales of the Jazz Age*, published that September by Charles Scribner's Sons, Held's drawings of flappers and their boyfriends were united with the short stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

A look back from today's perspective suggests considerable resemblance between the career of Fitzgerald —with its meteoric success and devastating reversals— and that of John Held. Being an inventor of the Jazz Age was not a good credential for life when the party was over.

But as the Twenties boomed along it seemed as if the fun would never end. John Held's work was appearing everywhere, and new markets were opening up for him. In 1925 Harold Ross started *The New Yorker*. Held, Ross' boyhood friend,was a source of ideas dur-



Held's cover on December 18, 1924, for the old *Life* was captioned: "The Long and the Short of It."

ing the creation of the magazine. Once it was under way he was a frequent contributor, not only of block prints—Ross did not want flappers—but also of prose.

Several factors combined to escalate Held's success. In the Twenties—before talking pictures, before radio and long before television—magazines were still in their golden age and humor magazines in their heyday. They were *the* great mass medium for entertainment. In the Twenties, youth, which had fought the Great War, took over. And in the Twenties, during Prohibition, the whole country seemed to discover not just booze but also sex. The genius of John Held lay in his ability to create, through the grace of his line and his unerring taste, a world that grew ever more beautiful as skirts got shorter and the fun got wilder. Held mythologized the Twenties even as they were happening. People adored the myth—and made John Held a hero of the myth he helped create.

Because Held was funny, it is possible to underestimate his serious artistic achievement. He was a true artistic original. In the words of Walt Reed, a present-day authority in the field of American illustration, "Held is impossible to pigeonhole. His style did not grow out of anybody else's, and no one followed him. He was unique. His style evolved steadily from the one-eyed, doll-like figures of 1919, growing into much more sophisticated creations. They remained unique."

An inept potato farmer

As the magazine editors called and the money came in, John and Ada collaborated in fashioning a glittering, lavish lifestyle. The Helds moved to a new establishment, 150 acres, barns and a very large house located off Weston Road near the Westport line. Here Held set out to live the life of a gentleman farmer, with his own golf course and golf pro, a Chinese cook, assorted farm hands, a menagerie keeper, horses, dogs, peacocks, and a pair of mules named Abercrombie and Fitch. Later Held characterized his virtuosity as a farmer by saying that he bought a two-horse hiller potato planter, plowed three acres, planted 16 bushels of seed potatoes, sprayed assiduously, hired extra help —and harvested 16 bushels of potatoes, slightly smaller in size than the seed potatoes.

But Held was becoming more remote from these pleasures. He hardly ever played golf on his nine-hole course. He acquired a palatial vacation residence in Palm Beach, Florida, but the only time he visited there was when he made the purchase. Although he liked his success and popularity, he did not enjoy their fruits in the usual ways. He was working harder and harder to bring in the vast sums needed to support a way of life from which he was becoming, to considerable extent, an absentee. When Al Hirschfeld sailed for Europe in

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Pages from an album: at left, John and Ada (Johnny) in the Twenties. They were married from 1918 to 1931. At right, Maggie and John return from work at the U.S. Signal Corps during World War II. Their home then was the Old Schuyler Farm in Belmar, New Jersey.

1924, Held saw him off, lamenting the fact that he, Held, had never been abroad and saw no possibility of getting there. Hirschfeld, who paid $64 for his passage and had all of $400 in traveler's checks, asked the older artist, "Why don't you just go?"

"I can't do it," said Held. "I have a whole crew of people in Connecticut and Florida depending on me."

Ada loved the Westport life. She lived in an expensive and flashy way, paying $500 and more for Valentina-designed dresses, in which she presided over the parties which were becoming legendary. The parties would last through the night and well into the next day—or until Held appeared to shout, "Get the hell out of here! I'm trying to work."

On March 16, 1925, Held hitched up his white Percheron mare to drive her to Westport. On a steep downgrade, the wagon bed slipped forward, striking the horse. The mare reared. Held was thrown to the ground. The panicky horse's hoof crashed down on his head. Held was taken to Norwalk Hospital suffering from a deeply depressed fracture. He was not expected to live, but, said the doctors, his excellent physique and his boundless spirit pulled him through. The patient later observed, "I always wanted my face lifted but I didn't want a Percheron to do it."

In 1926 William Randolph Hearst lured Held away from United Features with an offer reported to be five or six times what he got for the syndicated drawing "Oh! Margy." The feature became a four-panel strip called "Merely Margy." Soon he was getting around $250,000 a year from Hearst. This was in addition to what he was making for all his other work: the full pages and covers for *Judge*, *Life* and other humor magazines, the block prints and scratchboard for *The New Yorker*, the fanciful maps, the stage and costume designs, endorsements and advertising art for clients such as Tintex dyes, Timken roller bearings, Clark's Teaberry gum and Packard automobiles.

Held worked very fast. He would arrive in New York and finish 20 drawings by midday, when he would go to lunch at the Coffee House Club. There he would chat with people like Lucius Beebe, Joe Cook, Nelson Doubleday, Walter Damrosch, Rockwell Kent, William Lyon Phelps, Don Marquis, Olin Downes, Sidney Howard and Rube Goldberg. Or he would drop in at Jim Moriarty's speakeasy, or lunch at the Algonquin, where he was not a regular of the Round Table but knew them all: Robert Sherwood, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott and Harold Ross, among others.

Held had achieved celebrity of vast proportions. Though he was not a political activist, in 1926 he was persuaded to accept the Democratic nomination for Congress in Connecticut's Fourth District. His campaign was typical. He said, "I haven't got time to make a lot of speeches, and the public hasn't got time to listen to them. If anyone wants my political views he can get them on my farm in Weston." His platform may have been cloudy on some issues, but it was clear on one point: "I intend to devote my attention first to the *Congressional Record*. Here is a magazine that needs new blood! . . . I'll do the covers myself." Though defeated, Held received a highly respectable number of votes in a rockbound Republican district.

In 1927, *Vanity Fair*, which had an annual feature naming people for the "Hall of Fame," put John Held jr. on the list. (Among the ten others that year were Alfred E. Smith, First Lady Grace Coolidge, Lawrence

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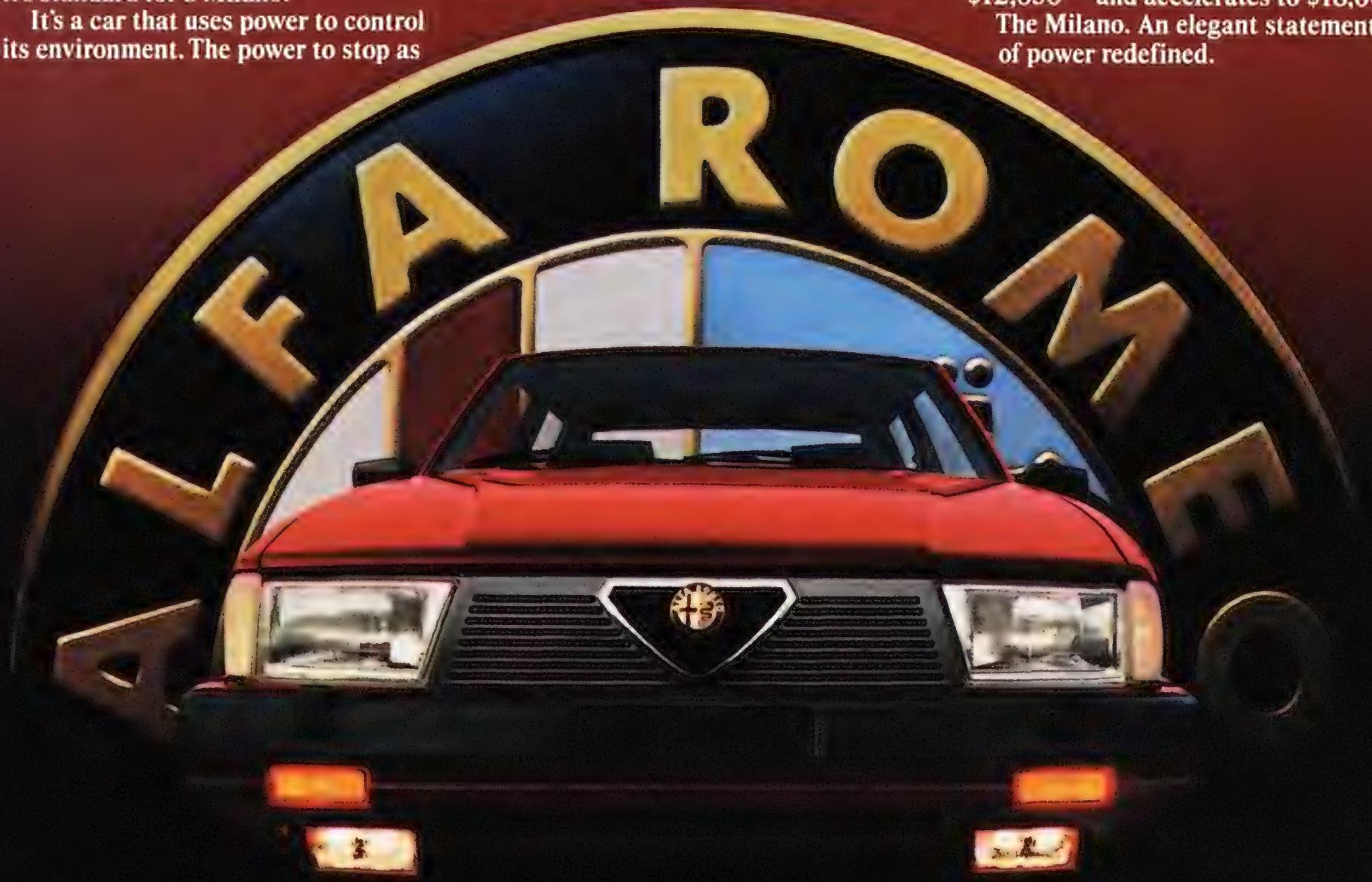
The Milano. An elegant statement of power redefined.



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*See dealer for full details of warranty. **Mfr.'s suggested retail price at P.O.E. Destination charges, taxes, dealer prep., if any, opt. equip. and license fees extra.

From time to time Held drew back from flappers and sheiks, concocting amusing maps, a refreshing change for him. This one, *Map of Spring and the Open Spaces*, acknowledged new American obsession, the auto.

In the 1930s Held returned to the Far West (he was born in Utah) and did a series of affectionate studies, of which *August Night Scene and Cattle* is one. His irreverence for people rarely extended to animals.

of Arabia, actress Ellen Terry and Harold Ross.) Held's career was at its peak and would remain there until the Crash.

On October 24, 1929—"Black Thursday"—the stock market collapsed. Just as ominous a development for Held was the cover of *Life* on November 9, 1929—a drawing by the illustrator Russell Patterson, showing girls in long skirts. As the economy faltered and the Depression set in, daytime hemlines got lower and lower, until women's skirts reached almost to the ankle.

John Held could not draw a girl in a long skirt. His short-skirted flappers had inimitable freshness and life. When those legs were covered by skirts, the Held girl, in Hirschfeld's words, "looked like a cartoon." Held tried various approaches and tricks, including posing his girls against the light, making their skirts transparent to enable Held to work his magic with legs. Nothing seemed to work.

Held lost the Hearst syndicate contract. Magazine editors stopped wanting his work. His estrangement from Ada, rooted in his work-driven years of success, became complete. (He would say of Ada after he had turned his back on his second marriage—as he could have said of his flapper—"She made me famous and I didn't want to be famous.")

During the spring months of 1931, Held was hospitalized in Barnes Sanitarium in Stamford, Connecticut, for "a severe nervous breakdown," according to press reports, due primarily to overwork in the completion of his new book. Fighting the loss of his art markets, Held had turned to writing. His first book of short stories, *Grim Youth*, which he also illustrated, was published in 1930. The subject matter was the same as that of his famous drawings, but the point of view was surprisingly different. In prose, Held took a cool, measured look at the carefree young people he had depicted, and found them not free from care at all. These stories are written sparely, almost telegraphically. They dissect pretension and describe callousness, selfishness and cruelty. (One story, "A Man of the World," received an O. Henry Award as an outstanding short story of that year.) The joy had gone out of the sheik and the flapper.

Held turned back to watercolor. The May 1930 *Cosmopolitan* carried a rich, rather melancholy watercolor of an autumn scene, with a hunter and a dog. At the depths of the Depression, Manhattan's skyline was punctuated by new spires, some not finished, devoid of tenants. Somehow Held's pictures capture this emptiness; perhaps they reflect his own desolation.

Held continued to do commercial artwork in the Thirties but he was too proud ever to drum up assignments—*they* would have to call *him*—and while he was waiting, one by one the humor magazines began to fold: *College Humor, Vanity Fair,* the old *Life, Judge.* Held tried to sell articles to Ross, including one about the Salt Lake parlor houses of old, which got a fond note, but nonetheless a firm rejection.

Noah's Ark, a *Vanity Fair* watercolor, appeared in early Twenties, before the advent of Held's flapper.

Held went to the matrimonial well once again in the Thirties, marrying Gladys Moore, a beauty queen he met while judging a pageant in Galveston, Texas. The marriage, which produced a daughter, Judy, foundered after a four-month trip West in 1935 when Held let it be known in Hollywood that he was open to screenwriting offers. He told the Associated Press, "I can work anywhere and I might as well work here." Nothing much came of it.

John's life was approaching its nadir. One day he ran into Russell Patterson, the artist who *could* draw long-skirted women and who was now highly successful in a variety of media. Patterson said he could arrange for Held to get the lucrative assignment of designing Macy's Christmas-toy window. Held replied, no, he had a room, a coat, some shirts, trousers and a pair of shoes; that was all a man needed. Patterson said, "We'll get together again. I'll call."

"I have no phone," said Held.

In August 1936, John's father died. By November, John's New York friends were greatly concerned. One of them said he seemed close to suicide.

But then things began to turn up. Held got the job of designing the sets for the hit show *Hellzapoppin* even though he had let his union dues lapse for lack of money (which meant that he could not be listed in the program). In 1937, he entered a new medium as the host of "The Varsity Show," a weekly radio program on NBC, for which he would visit the campuses of such institutions as Dartmouth, Louisiana State and Notre Dame. In 1939, he exhibited sculpture—small bronze horses, which were some of his most heartfelt work. In 1940, he served a term as an artist-in-residence at Harvard University, then held a similar position at the University of Georgia.

In 1942, Held began the happiest years of his life. He married Margaret Schuyler Janes (Maggie), who had kept a scrapbook of his drawings when she was in college. At last Held was truly fortunate in a marriage. John and Maggie moved to a six-acre farm in Belmar, a little town on the New Jersey shore. The place was a small working farm, a far cry from the opulent showplace John Held had had in Connecticut. The Helds worked hard to make it go: selling crops, produce, preserves and the bread that Maggie baked. The farm boasted an array of animals including goats, a burro, geese, ducks, chickens and an Irish water spaniel named Mr. Dooley who "did not know he was a dog."

Held's widowed mother, Annie, came to live with them. After an 18-year estrangement, his daughter, Judy, was reunited with him. She became close to her father and to Maggie. Now the holder of a PhD, Judy Held is a teacher of foreign-language teachers.

During World War II, Held worked for the U.S. Army Signal Corps nearby, painting pictures of radar equipment. After the war Held would see the continuation of his "rediscovery." Magazines began to carry stories about him and to print his drawings and woodcuts. Galleries started to mount John Held jr. shows. His name came up more frequently as a new generation of social historians set out to reexamine the phenomena of the 1920s. Held was becoming important again when he died on March 2, 1958.

The rediscovery continues. The Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service has mounted a 15-city show called "John Held's America: Flappers, the Jazz Age and Beyond." The exhibition opened August 30 in St. Louis and will tour the country for more than two years, with the final stop at the McAllen International Museum, McAllen, Texas.

John Held jr. *was* the Jazz Age. But at a deeper level he was, perhaps all his life, a little boy who drew a horse because he longed to have a real one.

Manhattan Twilight: South from 57th Street, a study in watercolor, shows another side of his work entirely.

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Seibu Lions pitcher winds up for a sidearm delivery in 1985 Japan Series game against the Hanshin Tigers.

By Robert Whiting

East meets West in the Japanese game of *bēsubōru*

It looks much the same on the surface, but in the land of samurai and sumo baseball takes on a whole new dimension

No leisure activity occupies the Japanese as much as *bēsubōru*—that's baseball in American. Last year, 16 million fans flocked to see the 12 teams of Japan's Central and Pacific professional leagues, while millions more tuned in to the nightly prime-time nationwide telecasts and read the results in the country's seven sports dailies. A recent survey found that one of every two of the nation's 120 million citizens is a *bēsubōru* fan, including the Prime Minister and the Emperor.

The leading attraction is the Tokyo Yomiuri Giants, the oldest and winningest team in the land, who draw standing-room-only crowds throughout the 130-game season lasting from April to October. When the Giants play their traditional rivals from Osaka, the Hanshin Tigers, the ticket lines form 24 hours in advance. At Koshien Stadium, the Tigers' 60,000-seat home park, a barbed-wire fence keeps the spectators off the field. Riot police patrol the bleachers.

Last season, when the Tigers won their first pennant in 21 years, a wave of Tigermania swept the land; it prompted a flood of souvenirs like Tiger beer, Tiger soap and Tiger underwear, which, combined with ad-

Finding strength in numbers, Tiger fans in the Lions' Tokyo stadium shout cheers during a Series game.

mission fees, service revenue and other related costs, generated nearly half a billion dollars worth of income in the Osaka area alone. At year's end a poll of Japanese newspaper readers picked the outbreak of Tiger fever as one of the top ten domestic news stories of 1985.

No mere copy of its American cousin, the Japanese game is imbued with a distinct flavor all its own. Spring training, for example, begins in mid-winter. During the season, even pregame "warm-ups" are grueling displays of fighting spirit. Home-run hitters willingly bunt. Ace pitchers relieve. And there are so many on-field strategy sessions that contests last more than three hours—longer, on the average, than in the United States.

Standard features at every game are the highly organized cheering groups, who yell and chant nonstop to a deafening beat of trumpets, whistles and drums for nine solid innings. In the press box, commentators use sophisticated computer studies to evaluate each player's ability, then blithely cite his blood type in the popular belief that it somehow affects his performance.

It all adds up to something that aficionados of the American game find difficult to comprehend. As Reggie Smith, the former Los Angeles Dodger star who played in Japan put it, "It looks like baseball, but it's something else entirely."

Baseball's roots in Japan can be traced back to 1873, when a visiting American professor named Horace Wilson taught his students at Kaisei School (now the University of Tokyo) how to play the game. From the start, baseball was well liked. The Japanese found the one-on-one battle between pitcher and batter similar in psychology to sumo wrestling and the martial arts. As such, the sport was deemed good for the development of the spirit and, hence, the national character. Soon there were several high school and college teams in the Tokyo area.

It wasn't until 1896, however, that the popularity of the game began to soar. That year, the First Higher School in Tokyo beat a team of Americans living in Yokohama, 29-4, in a game that made headlines across the land. As one Japanese historian has written, "Foreigners could not hope to understand the emotional impact of this victory, but it helped Japan, struggling

Color photographs by Greg Davis

East meets West in bēsubōru

Garbed in ankle-length *hakama*, an umpire peers over catcher's shoulder in collegiate game around 1920.

Tetsuharu Kawakami (left) and batting-contest co-winner, 1948, hold prizes of soy sauce and salmon.

toward modernization after centuries of isolation, overcome a tremendous inferiority complex it felt toward the West."

Pitcher Kotaru Moriyama, who later pitched a shutout against the same American team, became a hero of such proportions that he inspired a popular saying: "To be hit by Moriyama's fastball is an honor exceeded only by being crushed under the wheels of the Imperial carriage."

By the turn of the century, intercollegiate baseball was the country's major sport and leading universities like Keio, Waseda and Meiji were playing overseas competition. Warring student cheer groups had become such a problem—their ranks often swelled by members of their school judo clubs—that play was suspended on more than one occasion.

Not everyone was overjoyed with the popularity of this alien sport. In 1911, the influential conservative daily, *Asahi Shimbun*, ran an editorial series entitled "The Evil of Baseball," quoting several leading educators who opposed the game. Critic Inazo Nitobe, for example, called baseball "a pickpocket's sport, in which players try to swindle their opponents . . . to steal a base. . . ." A University of Tokyo physician claimed it was bad for the development of the brain because of "mental pressure" placed on ballplayers to win for the honor of their school—adding that throwing a baseball all the time caused lopsided body development.

Baseball survived the assault, thanks in part to support by a rival paper that argued forcefully the game's value as a tool of education to develop a spirit. In fact, the *Asahi Shimbun* later went on to sponsor the

By turn of the century, college baseball was Japan's major sport, with large universities playing overseas.

Caught in downpour during 1934 visit of U.S. all-stars, the Babe fields with umbrella from a thoughtful fan.

annual National High School Baseball Summer Tournament, which today is the biggest amateur sporting event in the land. College baseball also thrived, and in 1935 the nation's first professional baseball team was formed, following a highly successful tour of Japan the previous year by a U.S. major-league all-star team that featured Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. The Americans were undefeated, but an 18-year-old high school student named Eiji Sawamura thrilled the nation by striking out Charlie Gehringer, Ruth, Jimmy Foxx and Gehrig in succession, in a memorable 1-0 game.

Matsutaro Shoriki, owner of the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, which sponsored the tour, was so encouraged by this display of talent that he established the Yomiuri Giants, quickly signing up Sawamura and other top Japanese stars. Hanshin Railway and six other firms followed suit, and in 1936 the Japanese Professional League began play. Its charter stressed fair play and improvement of the national spirit. Yet many feared that playing ball for money would dilute the purity of the sport. Sawamura himself wanted passionately to remain an amateur and play for Waseda University. It was only after his debt-ridden father had committed him to a Yomiuri Giants contract without his knowledge, securing a hefty loan in the process, that he agreed to turn pro.

Pro baseball struggled in its early years. One stadium, built on the least expensive real estate that could be found, was so close to Tokyo Bay that incoming tides often flooded the field. During the war, American baseball terminology was banned (*bēsubōru* became *yakyu* or "field ball"), as was the hidden-ball trick, a symbol of American chicanery. Players were referred to as "soldiers" or "warriors" and games were often preceded by hand-grenade-throwing contests. In 1945, play was suspended altogether; when the war was over, 72 players had lost their lives, including Sawamura, whose ship was torpedoed in the East China Sea.

Baseball resumed in peacetime Japan and with an unusual salute to the country's new institution of *demokurashi*, one team in 1946 actually chose its manager by player vote. In 1949, a visit by the minor-league San Francisco Seals, who won all their games against Japanese teams, helped restimulate interest. By 1950, the present two-league setup was established, with pennant winners meeting in the Japan Series. Most clubs were financed by large corporations for promotional purposes. The Taiyo Whales, for example, existed solely to promote the sales of whale meat and other products of the Taiyo Fishery Company.

Pro baseball's postwar growth paralleled that of Japan's skyrocketing gross national product. By 1985, the Most Valuable Player award had grown from a barrel of *shoyu* (soy sauce) awarded in 1950 to an expensive new car and several thousand dollars' worth of prizes. The Yomiuri Giants had won 16 Japan Series, including nine in a row from 1965 to 1973, becoming, in the process, a national institution. And a Giants first baseman named Sadaharu Oh had hit 868 home runs in a 22-year career (1958-80), more than

Robert Whiting, who lives in Japan, is author of The Chrysanthemum and the Bat: Baseball Samurai Style, *which was published by Avon Books.*

Elated by Series victory over Lions, Tiger supporters returning home by train allow only fellow fans aboard.

Fans packed into Seibu Lions cheering section last year during the Series brandish megaphones and flags.

anyone else, including Babe Ruth and Hank Aaron.

Baseball's grip on the national psyche is due, ultimately, to the fact that it suits the national character. Introduced to a people whose very identities were rooted in the group, but who, oddly enough, had no group sport of their own—only one-on-one competitions like judo and sumo—baseball provided the Japanese with an opportunity to express their group proclivities on an athletic field. Over the years it has been the team aspects of the game—the sacrifice bunt, the squeeze, the hit-and-run, that have come to characterize Japanese baseball, despite Oh's home runs.

Unlike other group sports, baseball also comes with a built-in individual confrontation—a test of wills—which, as we have seen, gave it its initial appeal to fans of the martial arts and sumo. The "get-set" ritual in sumo, for example, with its squatting, stamping and fierce glaring has its equivalent in the war of nerves the pitcher and the batter wage, which involves delaying tactics like calling time and cleaning spikes.

Perhaps another reason for baseball's attraction for the Japanese is its relatively slow pace. As any Western businessman familiar with Japan will agree, the Japanese are a cautious people. They like to fully discuss and analyze a problem before reaching a decision. On a baseball field, the natural break between pitches and innings allows ample time for this, which is one reason why Japanese pro games—like Japanese business meetings—seem interminable.

Japanese baseball has, on occasion, even invited comparisons with Kabuki, a traditional Japanese form of theater in which performances last four to five hours. The leisurely pitch-by-pitch format of the game, many Japanese say, is not without its similarities to a Kabuki dialogue, which depends on the dramatic use of *ma* (pauses). An admirer of a top relief pitcher who recently retired explained his success by saying, "He was good because he knew how to use the *ma*. He waited for just the right moment—a momentary lapse of concentration by the batter—to deliver his pitch."

Finally, baseball seems ideally suited to the well-known statistical bent of the Japanese. An abundance of data are available in Japan's sports dailies—ten-column box scores, batter-by-batter accounts of every game, and complex player-ranking formulas.

Having celebrated its 50th anniversary, pro baseball in Japan has become a mirror of the fabled Japanese virtues of hard work and group effort. Said American Steve Ontiveros, a former Chicago Cub who played in Japan for almost six years, "I've never seen anything

They bought all the gear from hawkers outside the stadium, where ticket lines formed hours in advance.

Outpunking his Western counterparts, fanatical Tiger supporter advertises his loyalty with his hair.

like a Japanese training camp. In the American majors, we were on the field from 10 till 2 every day and we were ready to start the season in three weeks. In Japan, we're all out there from January, seven to eight hours a day, with lectures and indoor workouts in the evening. It's incredible."

The Japanese believe that good players are made, not born, and that only through endless training, strictly supervised by coaches, can one achieve the unity of mind and body necessary to excel. Home-run star Koji Yamamoto of the Hiroshima Carp signs his autographs with the word *doryoku* (effort). So does Sadahara Oh, who now manages the Giants.

The emphasis on *wa*, or team harmony, is another distinguishing characteristic of Japanese baseball. The Japanese have a saying, "The nail that sticks up will be hammered down," and in baseball they take it quite seriously. When the Giants' top pitcher Takashi Nishimoto ignored the advice of a coach in practice last summer, the coach punched him between the eyes. Nishimoto was also forced to apologize and pay a $500 fine.

Excessive concern over money is considered particularly harmful. In 1984, when the Chunichi Dragons' top batter, Yasushi Tao, hit .352 and asked for a big raise, he was traded. Praiseworthy are the players like a Seibu Lions outfielder who, in the same year, refused a raise offered by his club because he had missed too many games as the result of an injury.

Not all the players are overjoyed with this state of affairs (especially since the minimum salary is only $18,000), but in Japan social pressure is strong and the media are vigilant. When Nishimoto's teammate Su-

Wearing pinstripes reminiscent of the New York Yankees, Tigers run through pregame drills during Japan Series. Warm-up includes stretching, jogging for 45 minutes, then an hour of batting and fielding.

guru Egawa asked for a ten percent raise one year after slipping from 16 wins to 15, the *Nikkan Sports*, a leading daily, ran the headline, "Egawa! You Greedy SOB!"

A players' union was formally established in 1985, but an American-style strike would be hard to imagine. As a players' representative put it, "We'd never act like the U.S. major leaguers. A strike would be going too far." In a recent *Asahi Shimbun* survey, only 28 percent of the players polled said they would ever agree to a walkout.

Tetsuharu Kawakami (p. 110), who before his retirement managed the Giants to nine straight Japanese titles, occasionally lectures business groups around the country on his managerial principles. Some of them are: "Most players are lazy. It's the manager's responsibility to make them train hard"; "Courteous players make for a strong team. It's a manager's responsibility to teach them proper manners"; "Leaders who are thought of as 'nice people' will fail"; "Lone wolves are the cancer of the team."

Kawakami's system has come to be known as *kanri yakyu* (controlled baseball), because he controlled all phases of his players' lives. He even forbade them to read comic books in public for fear it would spoil the team image. Today, the foremost practitioner of *kanri yakyu* is Tatsuro Hirooka, a lean and hard disciplinarian who managed the Seibu Lions to three pennants in the past four years before temporarily retiring due to illness. He has given the term new meaning.

Hirooka puts his teams on a strict natural-foods diet —fish, soybeans, brown rice, tofu salad. He calls his players each night to make sure they're in bed by his midnight curfew. More than once, he has confined his squad to quarters while on the road as punishment for bad play, and one season he went four straight months without allowing his charges a single day off.

Two years ago, Hirooka ran an "autumn camp" for his entire squad, veterans and rookies alike, that surely qualified for the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Lasting 59 days, from season's end to late December (a time when most American ballplayers are relaxing in front of television), it consisted of nine hours of daily drills, including 600 swings a day for each batter, 430 pitches a day for each pitcher, as well as swimming and *aikido* (martial arts) sessions. Last winter, he sent the Lions' star shortstop to any icy mountain river, hoping an act of self-immersion would strengthen the player's spirit and help make him a better leader.

Foreign ballplayers, mostly refugees from the American major leagues, have been part of Japanese baseball for years (there is currently a limit of two per team). Yet, their presence has been met with mixed emotions by their hosts. The *gaijin* (foreigner, outsider), as he is called, demands several times the pay of his Japanese counterpart. (*Gaijin* receive about $75,000 minimum to play in the starting lineup.) Still, he is often unable to adjust to the unusual style of play, which includes a different strike zone, breaking-ball pitching and a Spartan philosophy. Roughly half of all new *gaijin* recruits each year are not invited back. "I was in a daze

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Victorious Tigers line up to get prizes; American Rich Gale (No. 45) was winning pitcher in final game.

for six months," says one American of his initial season. In 1983, a former major-league all-star, Bump Wills, signed a four-year contract with the Hankyu Braves for a total of $1.6 million. By the middle of his second season, Wills was sitting on the farm-team bench with a batting average in the low .200s, awaiting his release.

The individualistic attitude of the American player is a particular sore point, for it invariably clashes with that of his group-oriented hosts. Reggie Smith received a million dollars from Yomiuri in 1983, the highest figure ever paid to a foreign player and nearly twice that of any Japanese player. He hit 28 home runs and led his team to a pennant. Even so, Smith insisted on his own pregame practice routine, which was considerably lighter than that of his teammates and a major source of consternation to coaches and sports writers alike. Noting that Smith never participated in the repetitive and exhausting fly-ball sessions that other Giants outfielders went through daily, one television commentator said, "Smith should take more fielding practice in the interest of team harmony."

Smith's response was typical of a player who had spent years in the American major leagues. "I have my own system," he said, "and it's the game that's important. Besides, I already know how to catch the ball." What seemed to upset some Japanese was that Smith succeeded too easily. In one game, he even hit a home run and a double without taking any batting practice at all—something that happens occasionally in the United States but never in Japan where hard pregame workouts for everyone are the norm. "People who behave like Smith," complained one longtime Giants fan, "make a mockery of the whole system."

The 1984 season was particularly frustrating in regard to recalcitrant Americans. Three of them quit in midseason. One was Jim Tracy, who walked out on the Taiyo Whales in protest over being precipitously removed from a game. Another was Don Money, the one-time Milwaukee star who left because, among other things, he didn't like his apartment or the aging facilities used by his team, the Kintetsu Buffaloes. "It looks like a bomb hit it," said Money of the clubhouse.

The differences between the Japanese and Americans are so great that the official team interpreter often winds up playing the role of peacemaker. The tale is told of the time Tony Solaita, an American-Samoan who played for the Nippon Ham Fighters, used his interpreter to warn an opposing pitcher about throwing consecutive beanballs. "Tell him that if he ever does that again," he said in his most solemn tones, "I'll *&$#@! kill him." The interpreter's diplomatic translation—"He asks that you please don't throw at his head anymore because it makes his wife and children worry"—prompted a sympathetic apology from the pitcher and averted future trouble between the two.

At times, however, interpreters' lack of skill in English has caused additional problems. When one American told a television interviewer that he was no longer mad at an opposing player with whom he had

For as long as he can remember, Eddie McLaughlin has known Robert Burns' "Tam o' Shanter" by heart.

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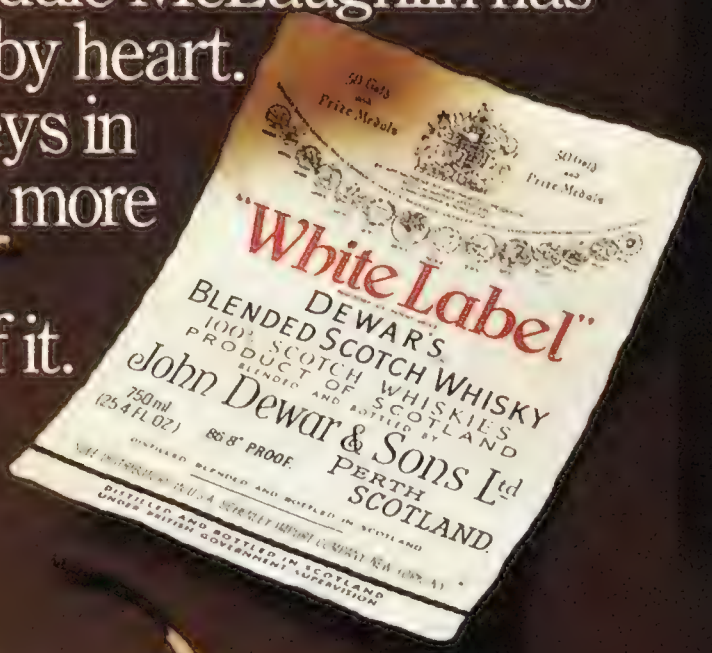

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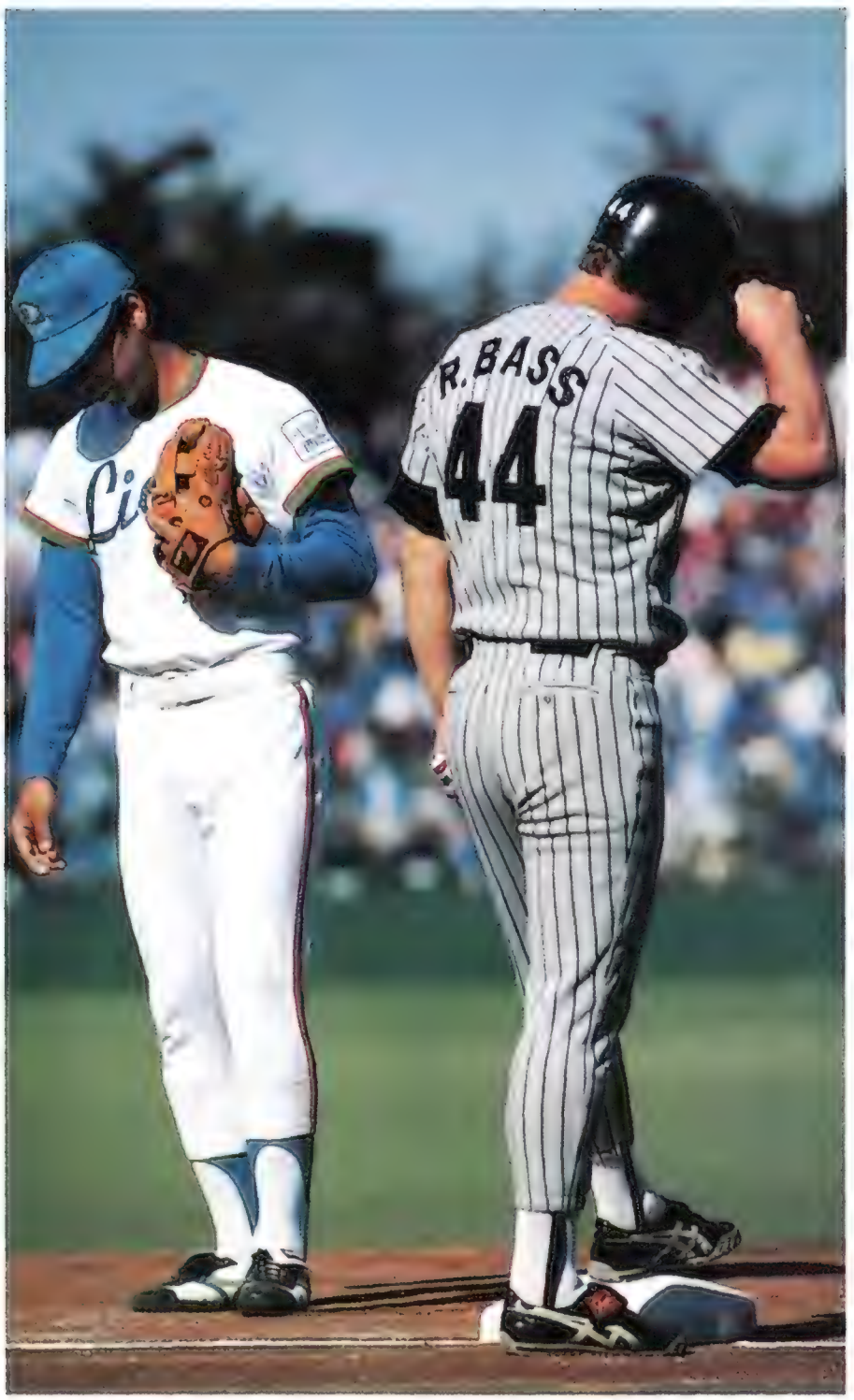

After making a hit. American Randy Bass stands back-to-back with downcast Lions first baseman.

had an altercation, an interpreter solemnly explained to the viewing audience that the *gaijin* was no longer insane. Another interpreter confessed to the two Americans on his team that he didn't always understand what they were saying and sometimes made up answers to please the coaches.

Not every American becomes embroiled in controversy. A soft-spoken Oklahoman named Randy Bass (below) came as close to being a national hero as any *gaijin* ballplayer ever has. Bass, who has spent more than four years in Japan, won the Central League triple crown in 1985, leading the Tigers to the pennant. A Hanshin Tigers cheer-group chant went, "God . . . Buddha . . . and Bass."

Bass tries hard to do things the Japanese way, yet even he has his detractors. Critics recalled, in particular, his temporarily leaving the team in midseason 1984 (albeit with permission), to be at his father's deathbed. His conduct was compared unfavorably with Oh's who, in true Japanese fashion, missed not a single inning when his father died last September.

Americans, for their part, say that nothing they can do will ever make them fully accepted. They complain of an insular mentality on the part of the Japanese and of barriers erected to keep them out. For example, restrictions on foreigners have kept many qualified players out of annual midseason all-star competition, including one who was leading the Pacific League in batting last year at the halfway point. Randy Bass went into the last game of the 1985 season, against the Giants, with 54 home runs, one shy of Oh's record, and was fed a steady diet of unhittable pitches, well outside the strike zone. Oh sat back in his manager's seat and watched it all happen.

Said the editor of *Number*, Japan's leading sports magazine, "The results might have been different if Bass were a Japanese."

"You go 0-5, and it's Yankee go home"

Warren Cromartie, the Giants' American outfielder, expressed the feelings of many Americans when he said. "You're an outcast, period. You go 0-5, and it's Yankee go home. You go 5-5 and nobody pays attention to you. Bass was an exception, but if he had broken the home-run record, the Japanese would hate him."

The question of the *gaijin* player in Japanese baseball has been much debated over the years. An *Asahi Shimbun* survey taken at the end of 1985 asked the question, "Are foreigners necessary?" Of those polled, 56 percent of the fans said yes. But only ten percent of the players—and none of the managers—agreed.

The Japanese pro-baseball executive committee recently voted—unanimously—to eventually phase out the *gaijin*, arguing that they are overpaid, underpro-

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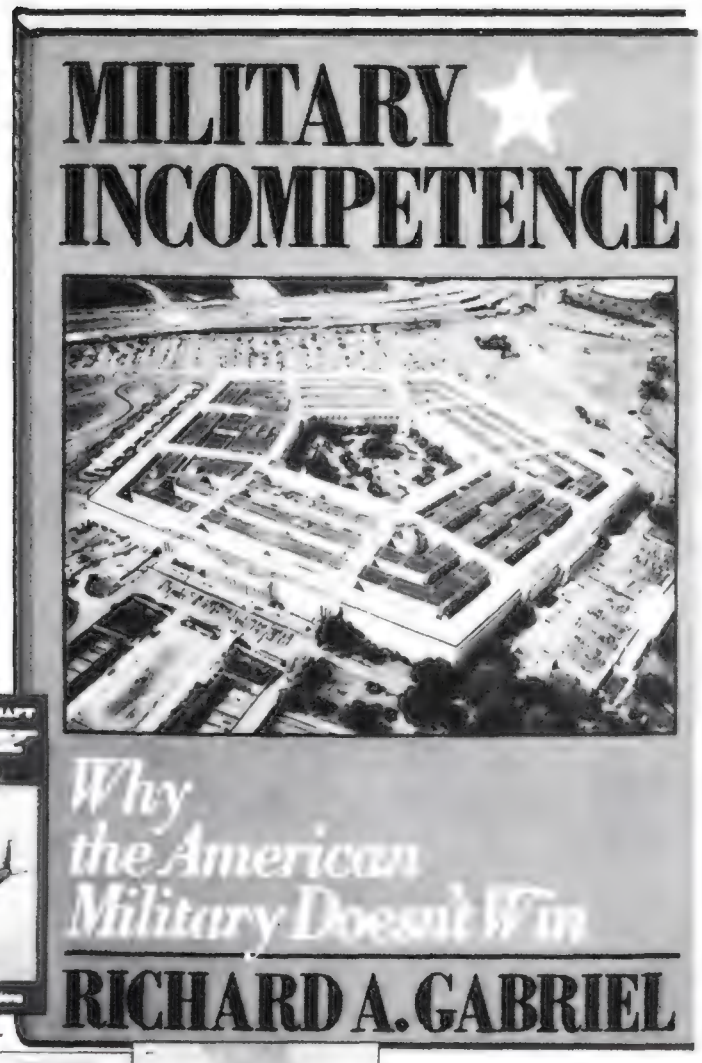

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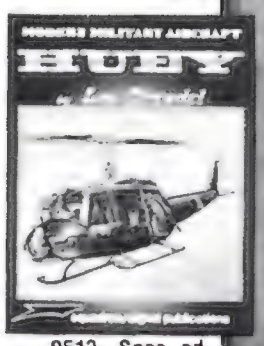

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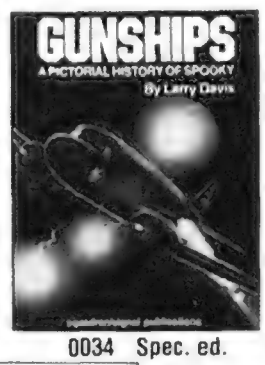

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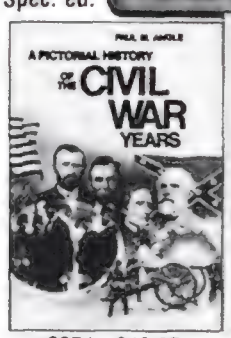

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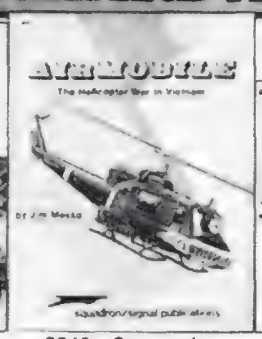

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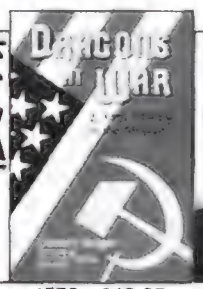

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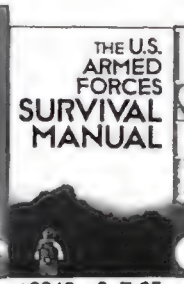

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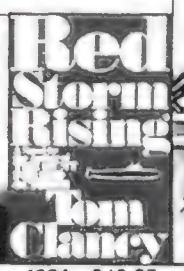

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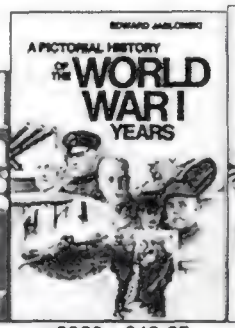

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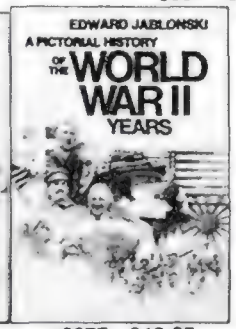

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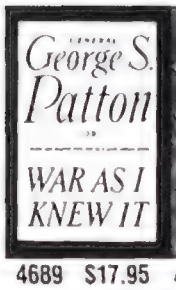

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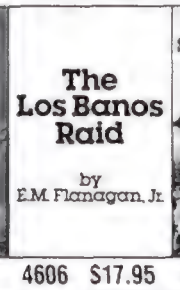

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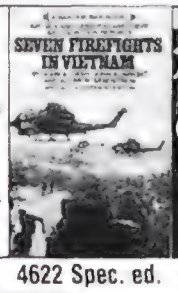

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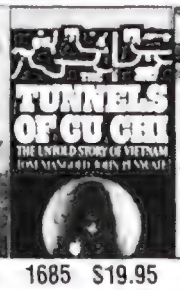

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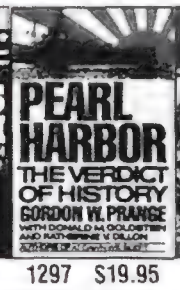

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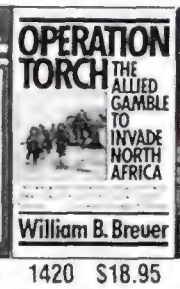

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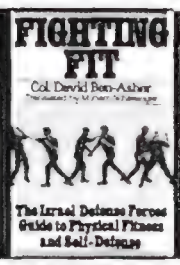

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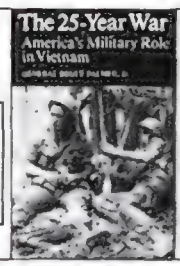

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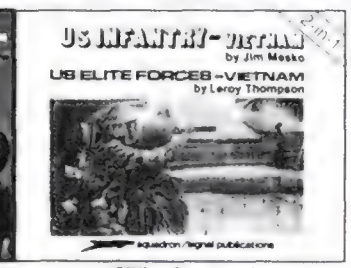

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ductive and generally irritating. Said one official, "It's not right that a player no longer wanted in the United States is the key member of a Japanese team. Besides, it's ideal that Japanese baseball be played by Japanese alone." Oh, despite the fact that he is half Chinese, lent his support, saying, "A real world series between Japan and the United States would be impossible with foreign players on our teams."

The Japanese hope that the dynamics which made them an economic power will make them a baseball champion as well. On a postseason goodwill tour of Japan in 1984, the Baltimore Orioles fumbled their way to a record of 8-5-1 against a variety of professional teams. Their less-than-awe-inspiring performance prompted one Japanese manager to remark, "It might be just a vacation for them, but they still have nothing to offer us. They're just bigger, that's all."

Whether a real world series with the United States ever actually happens or not, the Japanese passion for baseball is not likely to abate. Nor is their game likely to lose its "Japaneseness" to any appreciable degree.

There are, to be sure, young players who scoff at terms like "fighting spirit," in the fashion of many young Japanese company employees nowadays who have no compunction about leaving the office at 5 o'clock or even changing jobs. Lotte Orions star Hiromitsu Ochiai, 32, who has won two triple crowns in his career, and whose annual salary of $600,000 is tops among Japanese ballplayers, is their hero. In a preseason interview this year, he said, "It's better not to practice at all than to practice too much," followed by the equally blasphemous "I'd play for any club as long as they paid me enough."

But tradition dies hard. Hanshin Tigers relief ace Kazuyuki Yamamoto declared last year, at age 35, that he would try his hand at U.S. major-league baseball—a long-held dream. As soon as he announced this intention, however, pressure to make him stay was applied from several quarters, including petitions from fans, newspaper editorials and a public plea from his mother. "Don't go, my son!" ran an emotional headline in one major sports daily; "Think of what you owe the team."

It took one week for Yamamoto to change his mind.

Exquisite tension reigns at home plate as high school teams vie in an annual two-week-long tournament that has been held since 1916. Played at the Tigers' stadium in Osaka, it showcases new talent to 60,000 fans a day.

Takao Inoue

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The Viking Age began a thousand years ago. For three centuries Norsemen dominated the seas and trade of medieval Europe. These early sailors ventured beyond sight of land for conquests and settlements from the hinterlands of Russia to America, long before Columbus. Ancient summer routes of the Norse people are traced from high mountains and deep fjords of their Scandinavian homelands to Shetland, Man and the Faroe islands, Scotland, England, Ireland, Iceland and Newfoundland. French, English and Dutch explorers followed, as we will, to St. Pierre, Nova Scotia, Boston, Nantucket and New York.

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"First in Travel Since 1879"

By Daniel Jack Chasan

Varieties come and go, but apples remain a staple

They are part of our culture, not to mention our pies, and the current generic reds and yellows may give way to subtler alternatives

Red Delicious apples at the Lucky Badger Orchard await pickers during August at the harvest peak.

In the beginning, there's the crunch. Always. Bite into a red apple or a green one, a red one streaked with yellow, a yellow one with a rosy blush, round or oblong, baseball-size or softball-size, and before the flavor, before even the tang of acidity, there's the crunch. At least, there'd better be. If you bite into a peach or a plum or any other fruit and it crunches, you figure it's either dead green or frozen solid. If you bite into an apple, you expect it to crunch. A soft apple is . . . disgusting. You put it aside. Or you choke it down. Or you feed it to a grateful horse.

For most of us, the difference between crisp and mushy, however unmistakable, is highly subjective. For the people who run the Trout apple plant in Chelan, Washington—nearly half the fresh apples eaten in this country come from Washington State—it is quantifiable. As the trucks roll in at harvest time, semis, flatbeds and pickups pulling trailers, all loaded with 900-pound wooden bins of Red Delicious apples, checkers sample each batch. They slice little patches of skin off an apple, then push in a stainless-steel rod attached to a pressure gauge. The gauge records the greatest pressure necessary to press the steel into the apple's flesh. A pressure of 18 to 20 pounds means you have a good crisp apple. A pressure of 12 to 14 pounds means you have an apple that is fine to eat now, but will not last as long. The crisper the apple, the longer it can be stored without losing all gastronomical appeal, and it will be warehoused accordingly. (Yes, warehoused. Those Red Delicious apples you buy in June have been stored ever since last fall, at temperatures around freezing, in a low-oxygen atmosphere.)

Before storage reached its current stage of refinement, many more kinds of apples found their way into grocery stores and people's homes all over the country. One might plant, say, Early Harvest or Red Astrachan for summer picking; Fall Pippin, Gravenstein or Twenty Ounce for autumn; Roxbury Russet, Northern Spy, Baldwin or Esopus Spitzenburg for a late crop. Now, some apples can be stored all year long. As a result you can virtually always find Red Delicious and Golden Delicious. In some places, at some times, you can get McIntoshes or Jonathans or Romes. For the past decade or so, you've often been able to get Granny Smiths. And that's about it.

Vertical sprinklers water blossoming apple trees in the Wenatchee Valley near Cashmere, Washington.

Photographs by James Peter Stuart

It is apple-blossom time in Chelan, Washington, and the bees arrive to provide their age-old service.

Scions (small cuttings) from a Granny Smith tree have been grafted onto root stock and sealed with wax.

A home orchard is different. There you can have anything you like. You can try brand-new varieties such as Spartan or Jonagold, very old varieties such as Lady or Black Gilliflower, or just take pot luck with whatever someone planted before you were born. The just-fallen apples lie there in the grass—red ones, green ones, streaked ones—like so many Easter eggs. The others hang on the trees, where you've seen them mature from little rocklike green things almost indistinguishable from the green of the leaves, through a Cézanne-like individual solidity to ripe fruit. You'll know that those yellow ones will be exceptionally sweet and the big, streaked ones will be meaty enough to stave off hunger for quite a while.

There are thousands of apple varieties. No one even knows how many. Apple trees don't reproduce true to form. Every seed is a genetic experiment. Most of the experiments are unsuccessful—not necessarily bad, just not worth propagating. Occasionally, one of these volunteer trees turns out to be a good one. Then, cuttings or buds from that tree are grafted to other roots or trunks (above). The variety is spread, perhaps around the world and through the centuries, by more grafting.

In the 18th and early 19th centuries, itinerant grafters made their way through New England. Some carried scions, the thin branches that are grafted onto another root or trunk, that had been grown in nurseries or imported from England. Some of the grafters were charlatans who carried crab-apple scions around.

Recently, especially in Japan, some new apple varieties have been produced through deliberate breeding programs. Most commercial varieties, though, are the result of happy accidents. One of the newest commercial varieties, the Criterion, a sweet, crisp yellow apple, was discovered in 1968 on a single freak tree among rows of Red Delicious in the George Crites orchard in Wapato, Washington. The original Delicious was found in Iowa in the 1870s by a man named Jesse Hiatt. The Baldwin, which was the most popular American apple in the 19th and early 20th centuries, made its appearance in this way:

"Soon after 1740, the Baldwin came up as a chance seedling on the farm of Mr. John Ball, Wilmington, near Lowell, Mass., and for about 40 years thereafter its cultivation was confined to that immediate neighborhood," according to *The Apples of New York*, published by the New York State Department of Agriculture in 1905. "The farm eventually came into the possession of a Mr. Butters, who gave the name Woodpecker to the apple because the tree was frequented by woodpeckers. The apple was long known locally as the Woodpecker or Pecker. It was also called the Butters. Deacon Samuel Thompson, a surveyor of Woburn, brought it to the attention of Col. Baldwin of the same town, by whom it was propagated and more widely introduced in Eastern Massachusetts as early as 1784."

In the early years of this country, only a few of the apple trees on a farm were likely to be deliberately

Daniel Chasan, who has dozens of old apple trees on Vashon Island, Washington, says his own annual consumption far outstrips the national average.

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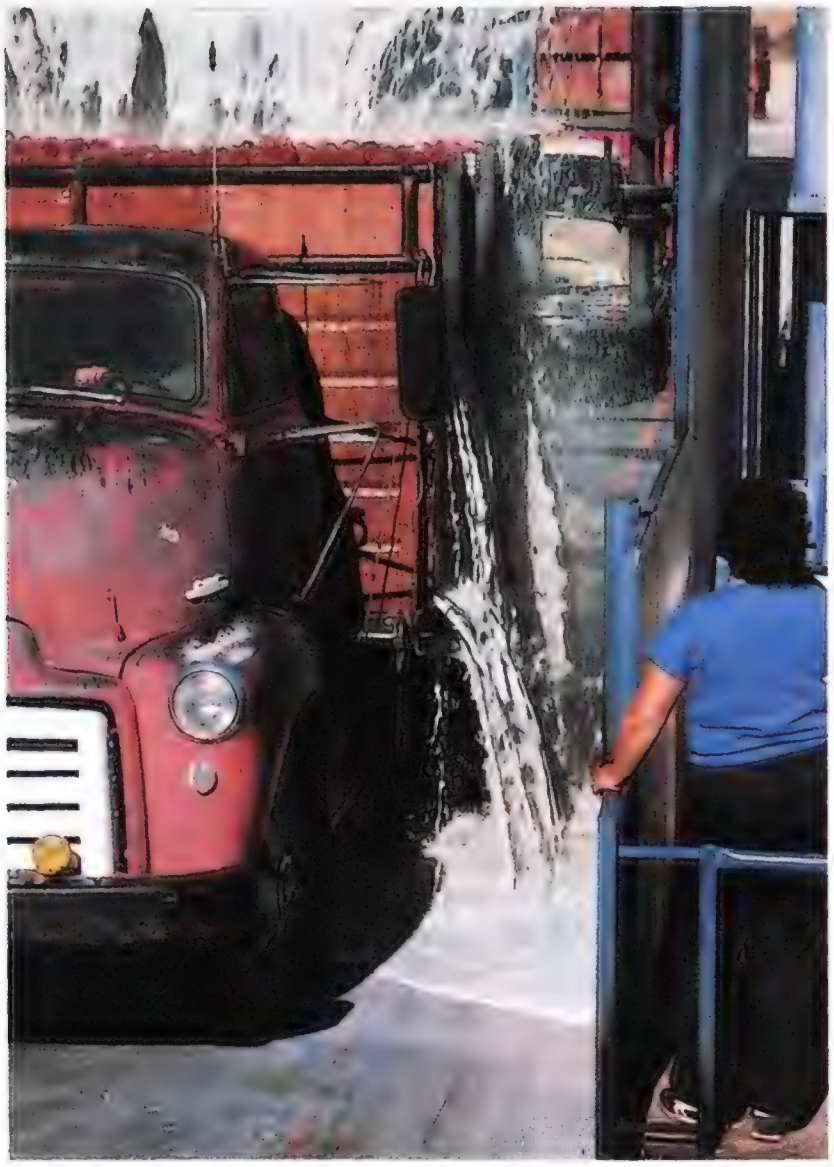

On their way to cold storage, truckloads of apples are drenched with fungicide to keep them pristine.

Apples move on conveyor toward women who cull twigs and any fruit with blemishes, bruises or cuts.

propagated. People were understandably more likely to carry bags of seeds than bundles of living scions into the wilderness. ". . . the pioneers who overspread the interior of New York, hewing farms out of the forests, planted around their new homes apple seeds brought from the older settlements or from Europe," *The Apples of New York* observes. ". . . even within the last half century, the fruit of . . . seedling apples was also called 'common' fruit. . . . Such apples were then used chiefly for feeding to stock and for cider-making, being on that account often called cider apples."

Cider was a staple of early American life. In the English rural tradition, it was *the* drink on New England farms. "It was just as much a staple as pork," explains Dennis D. Picard of Old Sturbridge Village, in Massachusetts, where a restored 1830s cider mill began functioning last fall. And "cider" meant a fermented drink. Kids might drink some of the unfermented juice at pressing time, Picard says, but "it wasn't even considered to be consumable" by most adults. When a temperance movement struck America in the 1840s and '50s, according to Picard, "you actually had people cutting down orchards and burning the trees" to stop the demon cider at its source. It was only after a turn-of-the-century temperance movement made its mark on the country, he adds, that cider came to be synonymous with unfermented apple juice.

Apple trees went with American civilization into the wilderness. Johnny Appleseed, the quirky, ascetic, nonviolent pioneer who carried seeds into the old Northwest Territory of Ohio and Indiana, was, of course, not just a folk legend; he was absolutely real. And he was by no means the only person spreading seeds around. The apple "was carried by Indians, traders and white missionaries far into the wilderness beyond the outermost white settlements," *The Apples of New York* explains.

Romance brings apples to the West

The first apples on the West Coast, as far as anyone knows, were planted at the Hudson's Bay Company post of Fort Vancouver, on the lower Columbia River. The apple seeds weren't carried to Fort Vancouver by any ragged pioneers, according to the *Encyclopedia of Practical Horticulture*, published in 1914, which quotes a 19th-century historian: "At a lunch party in London, about the year 1825, given in honor of some young gentlemen who were about to embark for Fort Vancouver in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, seeds of fruit, eaten at the party were slipped by some young ladies into the waistcoat pockets of the young men who, upon their arrival at their destination, gave them to Bruce, the gardener at the fort."

However the seeds got there, one of the original trees

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Since the 15th century, many of the world's art connoisseurs have valued intricate works of translucent cloisonne above all other enameling techniques. Royalty and wealthy collectors throughout Europe and the Orient have competed to own original masterworks of *plique-a-jour* (the French term for translucent cloisonne, which means "glimpse of day.")

Translucent cloisonne artworks are valued not only for their considerable beauty, but also for the complexity of their intricate creation process. This painstaking skill is performed with unsurpassed mastery in China, where the secrets are closely guarded and handed down from father to son. Indeed, this cloisonne craft is so demanding that only half of the pieces started survive to completion.

Now The Hamilton Collection has commissioned the creation of an original, limited-edition, ceremonial bowl in this ancient tradition. Combining the jewel-like beauty of translucent cloisonne with China's most beloved symbols of good fortune, "Peacock and Peony," is the *first* such limited-edition bowl in this exquisite medium ever introduced.

To the Chinese, the rich plumage of the peacock represents both beauty and dignity. The pink peony flower is their symbol of honor and love. According to Oriental custom, a gift portraying these symbols bestows its good wishes upon the receiver.

In creating these vibrant images, a metal bowl form serves as the base for a complex pattern of thin metal wires. Then translucent enamels in myriad colors are used to portray the image by filling in the spaces between these wires. At the end of the firing process, the metal form is removed through a mysterious, secret process. After polishing and the bonding of rich gold to the metal wires and rim of the bowl, the jewel-like beauty of the finished piece emerges.

As lovely as this bowl is in any setting, its true beauty appears when displayed near a window or other source of light. The translucent enamels allow light to sparkle through the bowl from every angle, and the 24K gold-finished wires add a shimmering frame for the colorful image.

"Peacock and Peony" premieres a collection of five bowls presenting some of the Orient's most meaningful symbols of birds and flowers in translucent cloisonne. Collectors who acquire this first issue in the *Garden of Good Fortune* Translucent Cloisonne Bowl Collection will be privileged to receive the four additional bowls at the same issue price, at intervals of approximately three months. Bowls will be made available according to a convenient acquisition plan, with only one-third payment required prior to shipment.

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The issuance of "Peacock and Peony" marks the first time a limited-edition bowl of translucent cloisonne has ever been introduced. Considering the prompt sell-outs which are typical of such "first in a medium" limited editions, the appeal of this symbolic, oriental bird-and-flower motif, and the strict limited edition of 9800 worldwide, you are advised to act quickly. To avoid disappointment, send in your order *today*.

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Peacock and Peony

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Apple growers follow the fashions

Irrigation makes it possible to grow apples in an arid terrain more suited to sagebrush and chaparral.

still stands on the site of Fort Vancouver, in what is now the city of Vancouver, Washington. The people who planted it could hardly have imagined that the nearby territory would eventually become one of the world's leading producers of apples. Central Washington has ideal climate and soils for apples, but left to its own devices, an arid country far from the nation's population centers would not have become a great fruit producer. The apple industry required irrigation, which began around the turn of the century; transportation, which was first provided by the railroads and is now carried on primarily by trucks; and readily available cold storage.

All over the country, cold storage was the technological underpinning for a real apple industry, for the transition from the time when most people had a few apple trees and put up some barrels of cider to the time when nearly everyone, in or out of cities, has almost continual access to fresh fruit. "It was about the year 1890 that the first mechanical cold storage plant was used for storing apples," said the *Encyclopedia of Practical Horticulture* in 1914. "... many domestic markets are now well supplied with native-grown fruit," it continued, "which ten or 15 years ago had never had a consignment of fruit shipped to them. Consumers in vast numbers have been forming the fruit-eating habit, and habit once formed is hard to break if the means of continuing it can be made available."

Seventy-two years later, the means are very much at hand. Today the average American eats 18 pounds of apples a year. This is small potatoes by world standards: the average Dutchman works his way through 100 pounds a year, the average Italian 56.

Growers keep planting more orchards

Apples that are not sold here or abroad (whether whole or in pie and other goodies) are made into juice. For the grower, juice is a poor second: a 900-pound bin that might fetch up to $200 for the fresh market will bring only $50 from the processing plant. That market is in jeopardy from foreign competition: in 1984, concentrates from abroad captured 55 percent of the sales.

Nevertheless, people keep planting more orchards. And they plant trees that will produce apples as quickly as possible. Nobody who invests in a new orchard wants to wait any longer than absolutely necessary to start getting his money back. Big, widely spaced, slow-growing apple trees have become a luxury; nobody is planting them now. New orchards contain small trees planted close together.

Don Heinicke, a grower who used to be an apple researcher for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, has an esthetic appreciation for the old spreading trees, but he has an economic appreciation for the new

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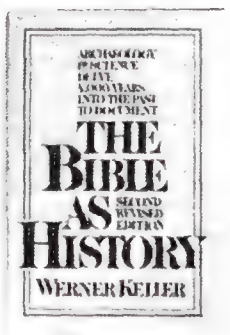

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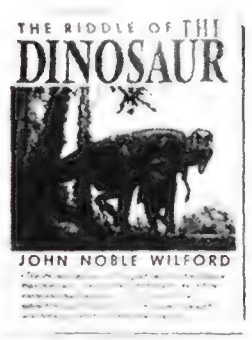

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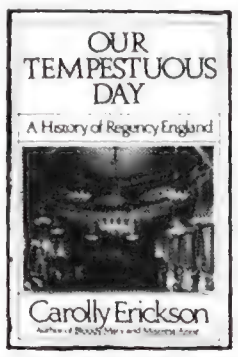

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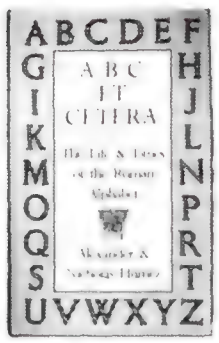

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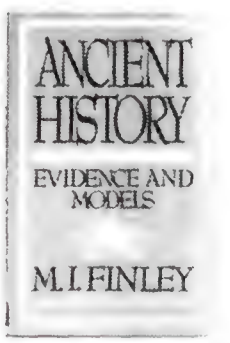

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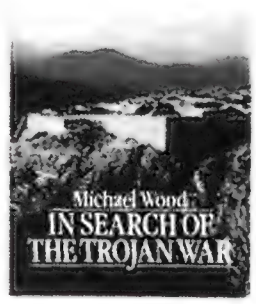

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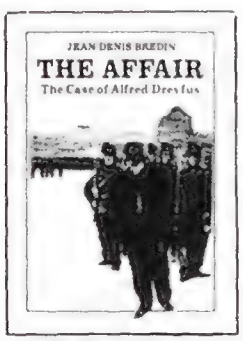

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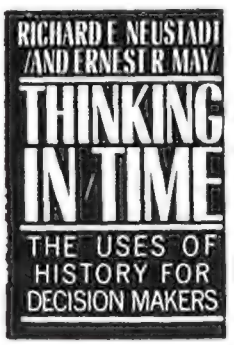

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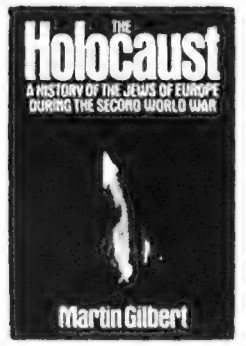

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smaller versions. At pruning time, when there is snow on the hills, the trees in the old orchards stand gray and bare. Smoke rises from piles of cut branches. Men wearing checkered woolen jackets over sweatshirts with the hoods pulled up stand on tall aluminum ladders and whack branches off acres of trees, one by one. In Heinicke's own orchard, the trees are all short enough to prune from six-foot ladders. He stands beside a tree from which the lowest horizontal branch comes out around knee level. "These trees aren't as pretty as the old ones," Heinicke says. "Maybe they're not as *quaint*. If you want to be in an orchard and sit in the shade you can't do it with this tree. This is an apple machine."

The essence: to spread and offer shade

In the spring, when the trees are covered with pink blossoms, or in the summer, when the branches of big apple trees create caverns of shade—one thinks of Dylan Thomas' line, "Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs"—those little trees don't quite measure up. If the essence of apple trees, if the essence of our *idea* of apple trees, is to spread and offer shade, the big old trees are what you want.

But at harvest time, when the newer trees are loaded with fruit—particularly when they're loaded with red apples, or to plagiarize a bit from Homer, the wine-dark fruit—the effect is lapidary, the fruit jewel-like, the orchards like enamelwork by Fabergé.

That jewel-like perfection is clearly the essence of the way we think about apples. Why else would a lover or favorite child be "the apple of your eye"? Why else would "an apple for the teacher" win her over? Why else would one be able to curry favor by "apple polishing"? Why would New York, with its bright lights and myriad temptations, be the "Big Apple"? Why, for that matter, would unemployed people have thought they could seduce nickels from the more fortunate by selling apples during the Depression?

For esthetic reasons, Heinicke says that he personally likes Rome apples best of all—not the green-and-red-streaked old Romes, but the new ones that are almost perfectly round and red. Driving up a steep road through young apple trees laden with red fruit, Heinicke explains that Romes were premier baking apples. The Lake Chelan area of Washington, now a center of Red Delicious growing, used to raise a lot of Romes, almost all of which were bought by the Great Northern Railroad to be served as baked apples in its dining cars, but as baking apples went out of style, the market for Romes declined. Now, microwaves have evidently sparked something of a comeback for baked apples and there's at least a limited market for Romes.

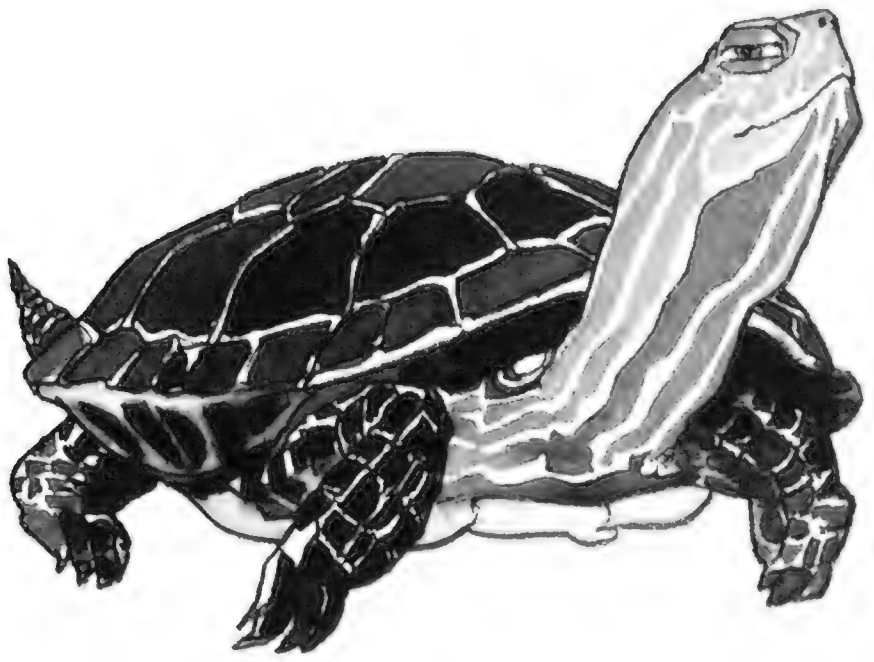
For most Americans, at this point, though, a red

Golden and Red Delicious apples on display at market summarize the limited choice offered most shoppers.

apple *is* a Red Delicious. The complete triumph of the Red Delicious was the work of the big grocery chains, says Grady Auvil, a Washington grower who first planted his own Red Delicious, on land on which he still grows apples, back in 1928. Sitting in the living room of his house surrounded by orchards, looking out a picture window to the Columbia River, Auvil elaborates: without a small-store owner to explain the differences among apple varieties (a kind of gastronomical guidance that is still widely available in Europe and used to be widely available here), the customer didn't know what to choose. The chains, not interested in gradations of flavor or quality, gave her (it is still customary to speak of the ultimate apple purchaser as "the housewife") a generic red apple. "The thing I resent most," Auvil says, "is that they make up the housewife's mind for her."

The big stores had, however, left a gap in the market. "Twenty to 30 percent of the people like a tart apple," Auvil explains, and the stores wouldn't give them one. Enter the tart, green Granny Smith apple, originally from New Zealand. People bought Granny Smiths. There weren't very many of the green apples. Consequently, Grannies sold for more money than Red Delicious. Enterprising American apple growers who were willing to gamble started putting in Granny Smith orchards of their own. Auvil was one of the first Washington growers to plant Grannies in a big way. His gamble paid off. He is now known in Washington apple-growing circles as the guru of the Granny Smith.

Auvil doesn't think that Grannies are just a passing fad. "I studied Granny Smith for a long time" be-



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Some of the new varieties entering the market are, from top to bottom, Gala, Granny Smith and Jonagold.

fore plunging in, he says. "I think it's going to last a long time. I don't think anything will replace it for 50 to 100 years." He's not so sure about the Red Delicious. In fact, he thinks the Red Delicious is ready to be overtaken—not thrown onto the cider-apple heap of history, perhaps, but stripped of its near monopoly status.

New varieties are, in fact, being studied in many places. Bob Norton, of the Northwestern Washington Research and Extension Center of Washington State University, directs research in an experimental orchard in Mount Vernon, Washington. He is also experimenting with container-grown apple trees that would allow even apartment dwellers with balconies to have their own "orchards." Norton feels that Europeans are currently more sophisticated about apple varieties than Americans are: they recognize distinctions of flavor, not just color. But the pendulum is swinging that way here too, as part of the "food revolution" that has brought croissants and quiche within reach of every middle-class American, he says.

(Grocery chains may once have been reluctant to offer more than generic red or yellow apples, but they have certainly grasped by now the 1980s food buyers' taste for novelty. They can see, as Safeway's vice president for produce, Bob Backovich, puts it, that the "Granny Smith used to be a specialty and now it's a necessity." Backovich says the consumption of Grannies is up 50 percent since 1980. Some new varieties have been gaining popularity even more rapidly: since last year, sales of Galas, red-and-yellow apples from New Zealand, have risen 65 percent. Demand for Criterions has doubled each year since 1984. "As a company," Backovich says, "I can assure you we are looking" for new varieties.)

Grady Auvil figures that, taste aside, color is still important. The Red Delicious *is* the American red apple. Period. The Golden Delicious is the yellow one. The Granny Smith is the green one. To make it big, a new apple will have to be visually distinguishable from the others. He guesses it will be a red apple with yellow stripes. He's trying to introduce the Gala, mentioned by Bob Backovich, but he doesn't think it will be *the* one; he hopes it can take the fresh market in August and September, when the new-crop Red Delicious in the stores tend to have been picked green. The red-and-yellow apple that really takes over, if it ever does, he says, may be the Jonagold, developed in New York, or any of several varieties developed in Japan.

If you're just eating fruit in an orchard, even a commercial orchard, storage doesn't matter. The bruises or blemishes that would get an apple culled in the packing plant don't count against it when one is looking for immediate gratification. Take the apples that would be rejected because of "water core." Build-ups of sugar in an apple make the flesh look translucent, instead of white. Left in storage for months, that translucent flesh will turn mushy and the apple won't be worth eating. Apples with water core are culled and sent to the juicing plant. In the orchard, though, water core isn't a disadvantage. To the contrary, those extra sugars just make it sweeter.

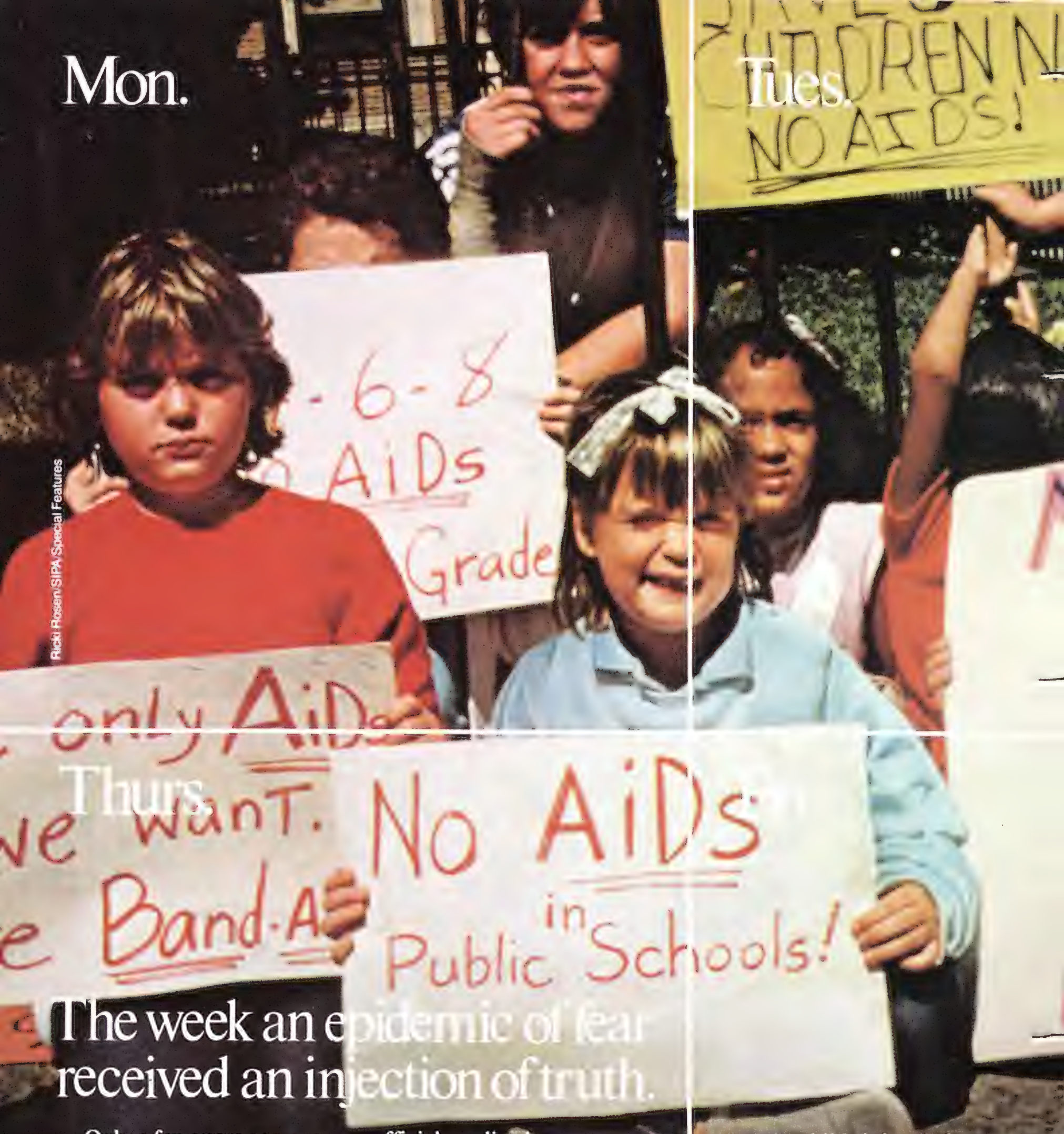
In a Red Delicious orchard filled with ripe apples, some solid red and others, destined mainly for the Taiwan trade, a streaky red (for some reason the Taiwanese prefer them streaky), grower Dennis Evans picks out an apple with an orange tint in one spot. That tint indicates water core. There's no point in sending the apple to the packing house. He hands it to a visitor. "That's probably the best eating apple in the orchard," Evans says. It probably is. It tastes great. And, water core or not, it crunches.

This "traditional" tree is 60 years old. The long poles at left are used to hold up fruit-laden branches.

Mon.

Tues.

Thurs.



Ricki Rosen/SIPA/Special Features

The week an epidemic of fear received an injection of truth.

Only a few years ago, you didn't even know it was there, silently spreading. Then several doctors noticed a strange new phenomenon. Healthy young men were suddenly contracting rare and unusual illnesses.

When the Centers for Disease Control correlated the data coming in, public-health officials realized a new enemy had taken the field. They called it AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome). From that day on, the battle was joined.

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Why it happened. What it means.

Photo-essay by Rosamond Wolff Purcell

A bestiary that you won't see in any museum

Out of the back rooms where taxonomists and other scientists study specimens, a new book shows a world of strange forms

Museums devoted to displaying the splendors of natural history to the public also, as a rule, provide places for scientists to study and make sense of the countless specimens stored behind the scenes. Ordinarily, this process of studying and explaining the curiosities collected in the field is a matter of interpretation based on rather strict scientific rules of evidence. The pictures on these pages offer a different way of looking at museum specimens, combining the concerns of science with those of art.

Photographer Rosamond Wolff Purcell, documenting the primate collection at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology some years ago, was struck by the possibilities of seeing beauty in the most exotic specimens, or even those we might ordinarily consider grotesque. Encouraged by biologist Stephen Jay Gould, she spent one year pursuing this idea at the MCZ and other museums, including the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History. She photographed skulls, skins, furs, feathers, stuffed animals, insects, eggs and innumerable other objects embedded in stone, pinned, mounted, dissected, or laid away in cotton bedding. To her photographs, Gould added a fascinating and introspective text. Where traditional natural history is concerned with "beauty and fidelity to an objective nature unconcerned with human presences," he writes, in this book the invisible specimens of the back rooms "are our finest sources of art and insight . . . intertwined with our thoughts and fears." The result of this collaboration is *Illuminations: A Bestiary*, published next month by W. W. Norton.

Two skeletal fishes, a Port Jackson shark (left) and triggerfish, are from the Museum of Natural History in Leiden, Holland. With toothy gapes, they seem engaged in deep conversation.

Shells of collector snails from Harvard museum were placed by photographer on termite-eaten paper and a page taken from a 19th-century mathematics text.

Among the bizarre specimens found by Purcell in Harvard collection was this African flap-necked chameleon, its skin cleared and its bones stained reddish to highlight skeleton.

Purcell's picture of hind feet of a tiny langur monkey, made at Harvard, reminds Gould that the most fundamental changes in our evolution—upright posture and larger brain—"must be viewed from both ends of the body."

At the Smithsonian, porous bone structure in roof of the mouth and at entrance to throat (upper right) of a Risso's dolphin struck the photographer as like a landscape.

Opposite: Flamingos' habit of feeding upside down has produced an oversize lower bill, giving to bird's face impression of a smile. At left: Curious specimen of horse's jaw engulfed by oak branch was included in mid-1600s engraving; it was rediscovered at the University of Copenhagen by Purcell.

The class of '04 slouched only rarely; Ralph Hallett finished his B.A. and a law degree in six years.

In 1892, Harvard Yard was still the center of a small college in the midst of the village of Cambridge.

By Melvin Maddocks

Harvard was once, unimaginably, small and humble

Formerly a place of freezing dormitories and Spartan education, the famed university celebrates its 350th anniversary this month

All Harvard graduates are divided into three parts. The first group is persuaded beyond a doubt that the golden age of alma mater began 350 years ago, the day Harvard was founded, and never—not for a single day since—has it ceased to glitter. These are the true believers who write gratefully in 25th-class-reunion reports that their four years have made them what they are today—not as other men.

The second group is convinced that there never was a golden age or maybe even a silver one; Harvard is a legend only in its own mind. A surprising number of distinguished graduates have held this damning view, from Logan Pearsall Smith, class of 1888 ("I got almost nothing of intellectual value from Harvard"), to John P. Marquand, class of 1915 ("I brought away from it a number of frustrations and illusions which have handicapped me through most of my life").

The third group—one-rah-for-Harvard—assumes that, at some point between 1636 and the present, there was, to be sure, a golden age. The only question is, when? Among this group there is no consensus. But the age that any game player must reject before nominating another as golden is the era extending from around 1870 to a bit after the turn of the century, coinciding roughly with the presidency of Charles William Eliot (opposite). Like most golden ages, this one gave no advance signal of the good things to come. A failed professor of chemistry, barely 35 years old, Eliot was the last choice of almost everybody on the faculty. They were horrified at the appointment. "The classicists feared him, the scientists despised him," as one

President from 1869-1909, Charles William Eliot increased both endowment and faculty tenfold.

Harvard chronicler has summarized. Many students thought him a cold fish and one undergraduate made a practice of trying to shake his hand whenever they passed in the belief that nothing discomfited the president like human contact.

Nor did this unlikely leader inherit an institution visibly on the verge of greatness. To reenter Eliot's Harvard, imagine two impossible things: a Harvard that is humble, a Harvard that is small. In 1869, Eliot's first year as president, the entire Faculty of Arts and Sciences numbered 23, serving 529 undergraduates. The historian James Bryce described that Harvard as a "struggling college with uncertain relations to learning and research."

In every sense the place was still in its frontier period. Water came from outside pumps in Harvard Yard. Students relieved themselves in privies shielded by hedges. "Few ever took a bath in Cambridge," one grad recalled. Heat was provided by coal in the fireplace, fetched from the basement. Woe to the student who did not stock up in preparation for a cold winter night. The gaslights in the entries shut off at 11 o'clock, leaving a frozen laggard to stumble up and down the stairways in the dark. Even when coal was on the grate, a student could wake up on a cold morning to find his water pitcher frozen inches deep.

A determination not to freeze to death may have been among the motives prompting undergrads to set bonfires at night in Harvard Yard. Eyewitnesses saw President Eliot himself tugging at one end of a mattress, struggling to pull it off a fire, while a student tugged at the other end to keep it on.

Whatever the season, a Harvard student's day had always begun barbarously early when the prayer bell rang at 7 o'clock, summoning all hands to worship. "There is no instrument of torture yet devised by Man which can cause more misery," one victim protested. Even the chaplain disliked the practice, and compulsory chapel was abolished in 1886. But another steeple, Memorial Hall, rose in its place.

Described as an "immense Victorian-Gothic pile," it was the place where golden-age Harvard men ate. "Memorial Hall is not like your table at home," one undergraduate warned. "The noise at first seems in-

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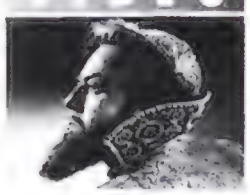

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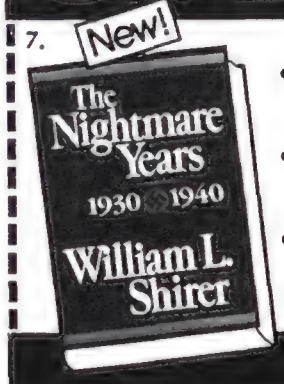

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William James (left) and Josiah Royce debated endlessly—even on weekends.

tolerable, but you soon get used to it, and begin to make a good deal of it yourself." The specialty of the house: "superannuated turkeys and hens." The critical diner concluded: "It seems cruel . . . to kill an animal that is so near a natural death by old age."

Board at Memorial Hall came to about $200. A room in Harvard Yard cost as little as $44 a year, including the services of a "goody" to make your bed and spread around the dust. The price of tuition was $150.

What did the students get for their money? A Spartan education to match a Spartan setting. Before Eliot, a Harvard classroom resembled a high school more than a college. All freshmen had to take Latin, Greek, Mathematics, French, Ethics and Education. Among the recitations required of sophomores: 20 chapters of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Eliot gave teaching back to the teachers.

In more than one case, teachers not only invented their method but their subject. "When Eliot came in," the latter-day Harvard historian Samuel Eliot Morison wrote, "there was no such thing in America as an academic profession of history." A famous episode indicates the way things happened in those wide-open times when almost everything remained to be done and—sometimes—the spirit was

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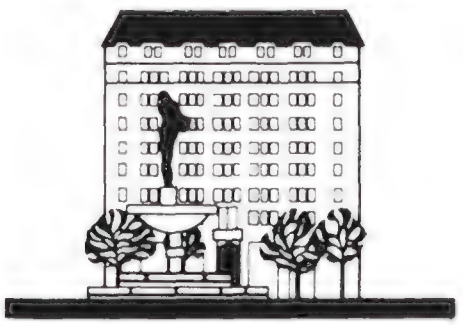

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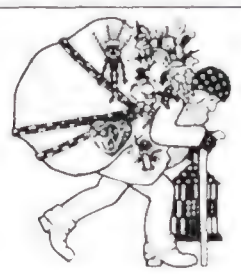

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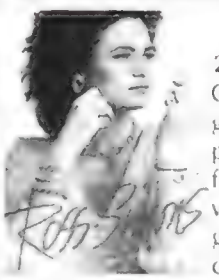

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one of almost anything goes. In 1870 Eliot sought to recruit Henry Adams as his entire history department. The following interview ensued:

"But Mr. President, I know nothing about medieval history."

"If you will point out anyone who knows more, Mr. Adams," the president replied, "I will appoint him."

Finding that challenge unanswerable, Adams surrendered. But with the self-deprecation he made an art, he titled the chapter on his seven-year academic career "Failure." He characterized his teaching as one long floundering "through oceans of ignorance until he learned to swim."

Yet Adams had the calling. "A teacher affects eternity," he wrote, ". . . he can never tell where his influence stops." Adams avoided the lecture system—one of the options then coming into fashion. "No man," he said, "can instruct more than half-a-dozen students at once." Using the study of law as a model for the history of civilization, he trained his students "to chase an idea, like a hare, through as dense a thicket of obscure facts as

Philosopher George Santayana took middle road between poetry and reason.

Chest pains that don't rest... even when you do.

Picture the following situations:
You are sitting at home, relaxed, when suddenly there's a painful tightness in your chest. Minutes later the pain is gone. You find that the same pain comes and goes from day to day. Sometimes the pain occurs under the same circumstances, sometimes not. Like on your walk to work in the morning, but not when you walk home in the evening. Some days you feel the pain, other days you don't. It's a worrying, cramp-like discomfort in the chest.

The pain just described could be mixed angina. It's characterized most commonly by the unpredictable nature of the occurrence of pain. Medical researchers have developed a checklist of clinical clues to help diagnose mixed angina.

For instance, if you experienced chest pains:

- *at rest, or even during sleep...*
- *at varying levels of exertion (your ability to perform the same physical tasks changes from day to day)...*
- *at specific times each day, usually in the morning...*
- *upon exposure to cold...*
- *under emotional stress...*

all your symptoms point to mixed angina. A checklist of clues like this could be the most important element in making the diagnosis. Because with mixed angina, it is *when* you feel the pain that is most important. And even if you have already been diagnosed as having angina, you should report any of the above clues to your doctor because treatment can be very different.

What causes the pain of angina?
The pain occurs when the heart muscle does not get enough oxygen-rich blood. In some forms of angina this happens when the heart muscle cannot get all the oxygen it demands because of fatty obstructions that have formed in the coronary arteries, blocking the flow of blood. But mixed angina is different. Because along with fatty obstructions, in a person with mixed angina a temporary squeezing or narrowing of the coronary artery will occur. This narrowing of the vessel wall decreases the flow of blood to the heart muscle causing pain. The medical term for it is *vasoconstriction*. Vasoconstriction blocks the flow of oxygen-rich blood to the heart muscle. The presence of vasoconstriction explains why mixed angina can occur for no apparent reason—at rest, or even during sleep.

What kind of pain is it exactly?
Most people experience anginal pain as a heaviness, pressure, or fullness in the chest, sometimes extending into the left shoulder and arm, even the jaw. Sometimes it's just a feeling of "indigestion," discomfort, or shortness of breath and/or fatigue.

Can mixed angina be treated?
Yes. There are specific types of treatment for this kind of angina. If you were diagnosed as having mixed angina, your physician may suggest that you lose weight, avoid stressful situations and stop smoking. A program of rest and relaxation, together with correct diet and exercise may be helpful. And there are medicines that both effectively improve the blood supply to the heart muscle and reduce the heart's demand for oxygen. But before your doctor can correctly diagnose mixed angina and begin treatment, he or she needs important information from you.

You'd need to carefully describe precisely when, where and how you felt the pain, and what you were doing when it occurred. Details that may seem unimportant to you could be very important to your doctor. Keep a complete list of the occurrences of pain, because it will help you answer questions when you visit your doctor's office. Remember—the variability of time and circumstances of occurrence of your pain provides the key.

Don't forget, only you can provide your doctor with the necessary information. But you also have an important support system to help you manage mixed angina. We call it...

Partners in Healthcare.

You are the most important partner.
Only you can spot the symptoms and report them to your physician. And it's you who must decide to accept the guidance and counseling of your physician, pharmacist and other healthcare professionals. When medicines are prescribed, only you can take them as directed.

Your doctor interprets the symptoms, orders your tests, and makes the diagnosis.
Your physician also prescribes the best program of therapy for you, including the most effective medication—considering each drug's characteristics—and monitors your progress.

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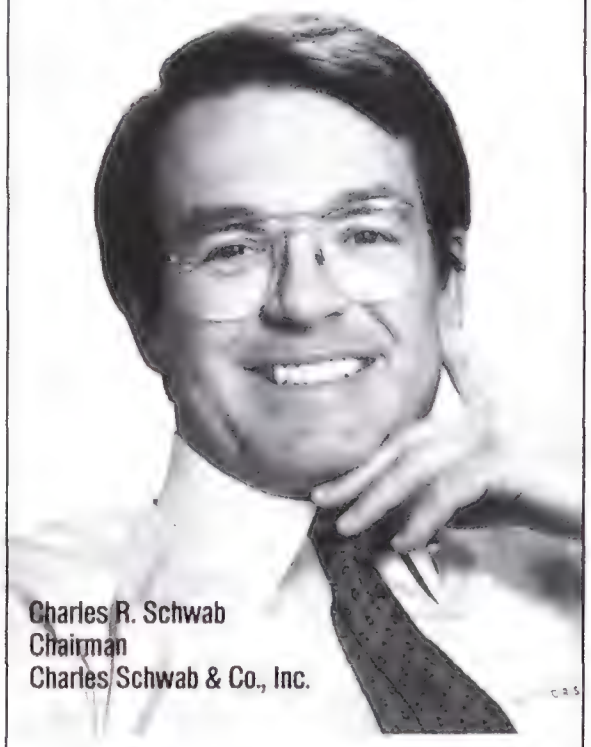

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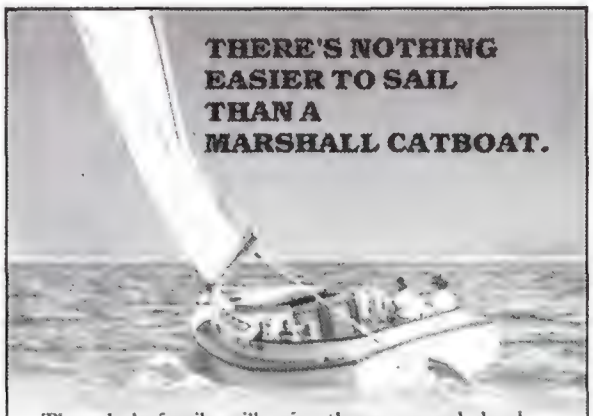
Louis Agassiz lectured on radial symmetry as part of comparative zoology course.

they were likely to meet at the bar."

Adams pretended to worry that he did his students "more harm than good." One of those students, Edward Channing, who went on to become a Harvard history professor, declared: "He was the greatest teacher that I ever encountered." Adams admired his students right back: "The only part of education that the professor thought a success was the students. He found them excellent company."

Harvard's golden age was distinguished by this kind of bond between teachers and students, improvising together in the evolution of their college. The community was simply too small to permit the distancing and remoteness necessary to academic hierarchy. William James, Josiah Royce (p. 142) and George Santayana (p. 144) might be the stars of a philosophy department so illustrious as to constitute a golden age all by itself. But they were more like the bright boys of the family—"looked upon as the proud possession of everyone."

Blue-eyed and manly in his Norfolk jacket, with beard squared and hair parted in the middle as if to suggest his fair-mindedness, James was about as far from an autocrat as a professor could get. He had studied to be a chemist and physician before he



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stumbled into philosophy through the servant's entrance of psychology. Nothing finally counted with him except practical experience—the reduction of life to a lab experiment in inspired common sense.

Royce, spinning theories as a spider spins webs, was James' perfect foil. Possessed of a small body and an enormous head, on which he set a battered soft hat, Royce was the original absentminded professor. When he forgot his tie, his wife pursued him down the street, for all of Cambridge to see, crying, "Roycey! Roycey!"

James and Royce loved to argue. On one occasion, awed undergraduates noted, they stood ankle-deep in the snow outside of James' front gate debating "The Absolute" while lunch grew cold, as well as their feet.

James called Royce a Hegelian—as dirty a word as his vocabulary contained. Royce, the idealist, was delighted when James, the pragmatist, was caught out in one of those experiments of psychic research to which the author of *Varieties of Religious Experience* was partial. A spiritualist named Eusapia Paladino was found to be moving a table with her feet rather than by means of departed spirits, inspiring an anonymous poet —almost certainly Royce—to write:

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Students affectionately called geologist Nathaniel Shaler, "Confederate General."

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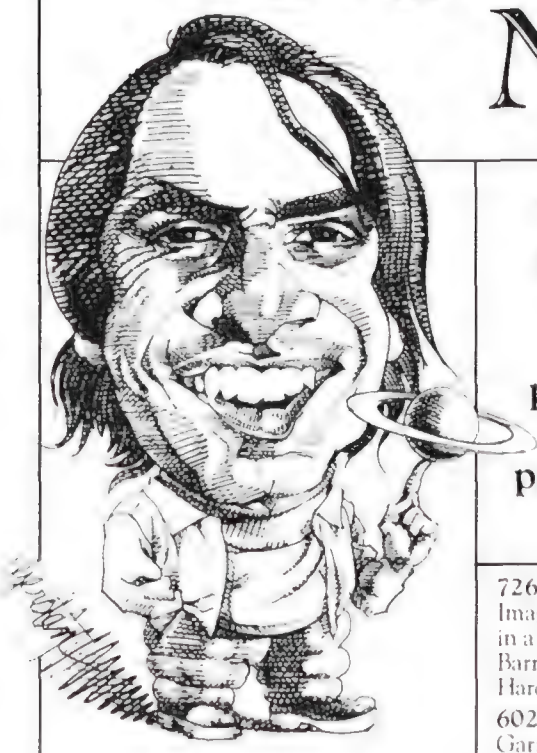

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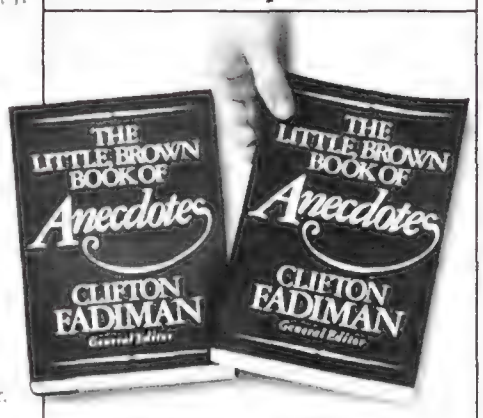

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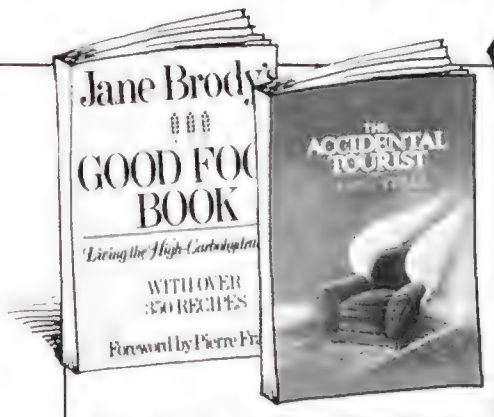

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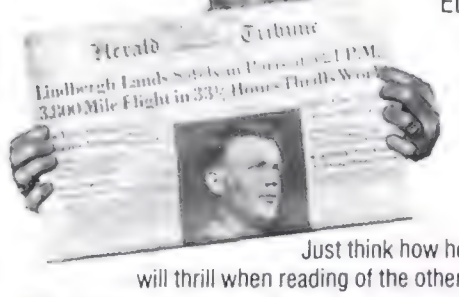

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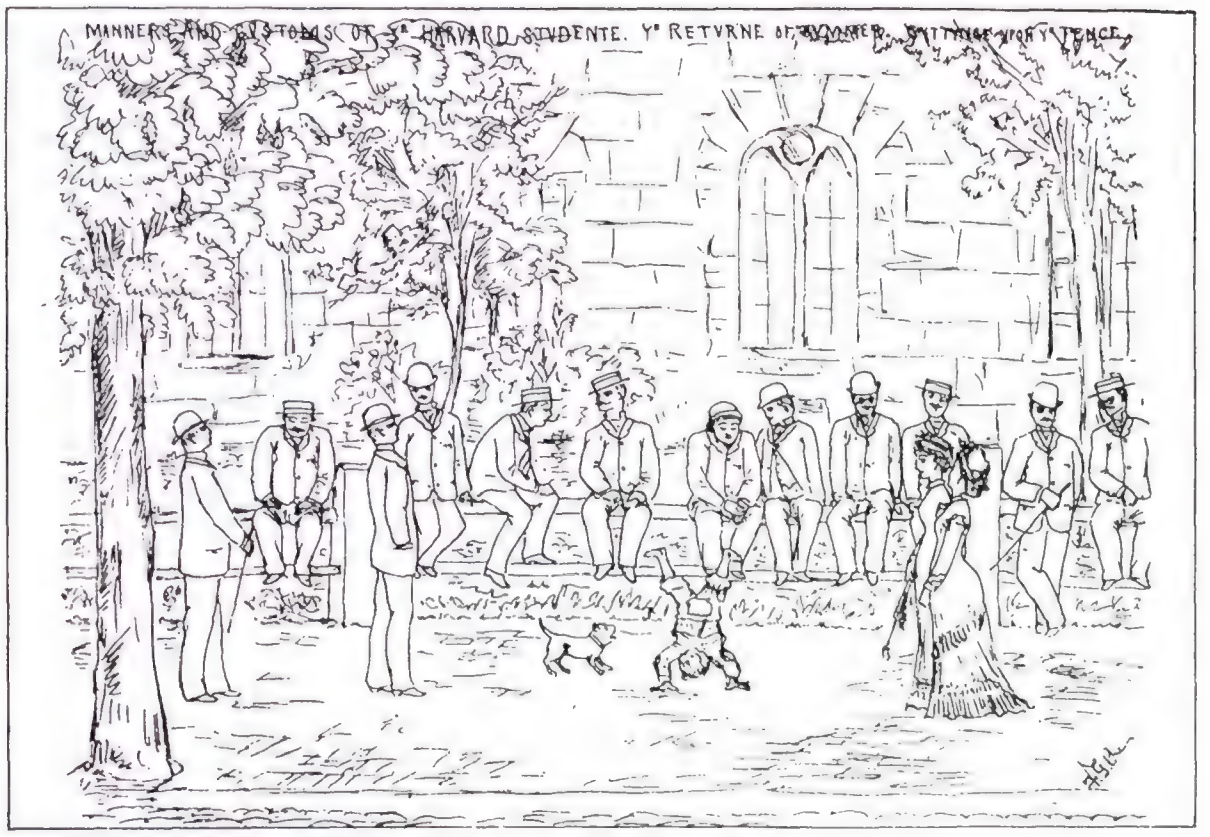

"Harvard indifference" lapsed when damsels passed by, as shown in this *Lampoon* cartoon drawn by E. G. Attwood, class of 1878.

"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo/ Catch Eusapia by the toe./ If she hollers, then you know/ James's theory is not so." It was the kind of joke that spread through golden-age Harvard like gossip through a small town.

Watchful as a cat, the elegant Santayana stood somewhere between the other two—a poet who adored reason. Born in Spain, brought up in New England, he prided himself on belonging to no place on Earth, least of all the Harvard philosophy department. Yet this paragon of detachment admitted to feeling more "intimate" with his students than with anybody else in his life. On Saturday afternoons he could be found in his black cloak, mingling with the undergraduates at Harvard football games.

As for James, when Gertrude Stein was taking one of his courses at Radcliffe, she showed up for her final exam, but after reading the questions, she wrote in her blue book: "Dear Professor James, I am sorry but really I do not feel like an examination paper in philosophy today." Then she left. The next day she received an answer: "Dear Miss Stein, I understand perfectly how you feel. I often feel like that myself." With the reply went the highest mark in the class.

If a student of the golden age felt a bent toward the sciences, the great name in the 1850s and '60s was Louis Agassiz (p. 146), a genial, optimistic man who never could bring himself to accept Darwin's theory of evolution, preferring a creationist explanation. Yet Agassiz established the Museum of Comparative Zoology, largely with money he raised. He stocked it not only with organisms but fossils, rocks, minerals and archaeological finds that spilled across the disciplines. To initiate a student into scientific investigation, he would offer the innocent lad a foul-smelling fish and invite him to study it for two weeks, then report on everything he learned.

An Agassiz was not to be found in every department of the sciences. A student with a passion for chemistry—Eliot's own field—would discover only one laboratory, and that with a capacity for barely 40 students. The head of the department—at one time, the

Melvin Maddocks writes a column for the Christian Science Monitor*; he took his B.A. from Harvard in 1946.*

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whole department—was a man named Josiah Parsons Cooke who, like Louis Agassiz, remained convinced that Darwin was dead wrong.

An aspiring physicist was scarcely better off. Concerning the head of that department, Joseph Lovering, a younger colleague wrote: "I doubt whether Professor Lovering ever made an original experiment . . . but he bought much apparatus. . . . I think that his policy was to consult one of the profusely illustrated general textbooks of French origin and buy what he found pictured there." To the end of his 50-year career, Lovering liked to say of electrical engineering: "It's only a spurt."

Boylston Hall, the home of the chemistry laboratory, had to double as an anatomical museum where plaster copies of *Discobulus* (the discus thrower) and *Venus de Milo* shared quarters with the skeleton of a New Jersey mastodon. Granted, there was an impromptu, sometimes amateur quality to the pursuit of the sciences in the golden age. But if it could lead to indulgence and eccentricity, it also prevented the overspecialization that is certain academic death. An example of spectacular versatility was supplied by the geologist Nathaniel Southgate Shaler (p. 148), known by his students—some 7,000 of them over the years—as the "Confederate General." A native of Kentucky, he had, in fact, fought in the Union Army, but his Robert E. Lee beard, his hat with an extended brim and the way he strolled through Harvard Yard as if it were his plantation gave grounds for the title.

William James called Shaler a "myriad-minded and multiple-personalitied embodiment of academic and extra-academic matters." A Harvard poet, equally impressed, put it this way: "This is Shaler,/ Fairy-taler,/ Scientific mountain-scaler,/ Penetrator/ Of each crater/ From the poles to the equator,/ Tamer of the hurricane,/ Prophet of the wind and rain,/ Hypnotizer/ Of the geyser,/ Wizard of the frozen plain."

Shaler may be thought of as the

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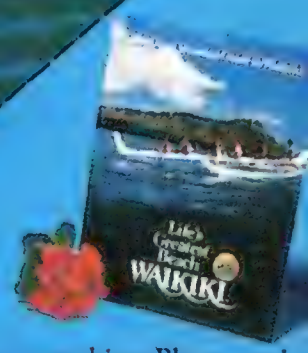

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Tactfully but systematically, Shaler was especially generous to his students, opening his house to them every Sunday afternoon and finding ways to arrange meetings with the needier ones later in the day so they could continue their discussions over a dinner they might otherwise scant.

When they were not being invited to dinner or to concerts at their professors' homes—surely the exceptional event—what sort of social life did students lead in the golden age? One encounters a vitality, a warmth not always associated with later Harvard men. The collected cartoons of F. G. Attwood, class of 1878, that ran in the *Lampoon* portray the gentlemen of the Yard as anything but gentlemen, despite their bowlers, canes and twirled mustaches (p. 150). They are shown sitting on a rail fence, ogling women like stereotypical hard hats at lunch break. The walls of their rooms are decorated with prints of Bacchus and Venus, with a bar located beneath.

Cambridge in the golden age seemed to have manners and mores only a little upscale from a mining town. Then there was Boston. Those who did not make the invitation lists to the debutante balls on Beacon Hill picked up their random company on Tremont Street. One moralist lamented that the "passage of horse-cars to and from Boston, nearly, if not quite a hundred times a day, has rendered it practically impossible for the Government of the College to prevent our young men from being exposed to all the temptations of the city."

Nor was Boston the outer limit. When, in 1886, "discretionary supervision" of attendance made cutting classes a carte-blanche privilege for upperclassmen, the trip to New York or Montreal or even Bermuda became commonplace during term for those who could afford it—until one playboy took off for Havana, leaving a series of postdated letters for a chum to mail home at appropriate intervals. Alas, his goody found them and mailed the whole pack all at once. Tanned but chastened, the expatriate returned—and so did the roll call.

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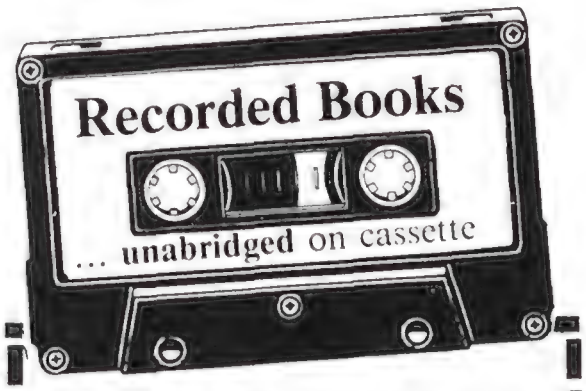
How golden ages come together is a mystery, if not a miracle. How they end is more open to analysis. For Rome or Harvard one law holds true: a silvering of the gold is initially mistaken for progress. Inside every small college a fat university is struggling to get out. With particular pride, Eliot created the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in 1872. Until then the joke was that a Harvard man could claim an M.A. for "keeping out of jail for five years and paying five dollars," giving him a certificate of honor that Henry Thoreau, class of 1837, declared was not worth the sacrifice of a sheep.

The graduate schools may have been academically inevitable and socially useful, but they did turn a college into a university, which is like turning a town into a city—with equally ambiguous results. In the expansion, Harvard was more than a little "Germanized," or as a member of the faculty put it ruefully: "Harvard became the premier American PhD mill."

Then there was the experiment known as the elective system. By 1884 all freshmen requirements were dropped except English, weekly lectures in chemistry and physics, and either French or German. Within a decade, chemistry and physics ceased to be compulsory, too. Did the fundamentals suffer? L. B. R. Briggs, a dean under Eliot, observed of the elective system: ". . . all studies are born free and equal, but . . . the new studies are freer and more equal than the old."

As the catalog swelled with new options and the college began to grow bulkier, more corporate, so it seemed did the students. A college gets the students it deserves. The signals of tone and style go forth from the admissions office and everywhere else, and the more or less compatible applications come back—which brings us to that folk figure, the Harvard Man.

The identifying sign of the species was "Harvard indifference." It lay in the broad "A" drawled through a su-



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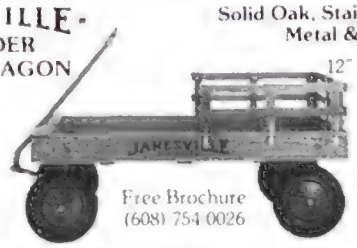

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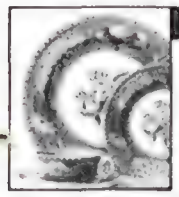

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President Lowell took over in 1909, led Harvard on an expansive building spree.

premely patrician nose while two bored eyes focused just above your left shoulder as if trying to decide whether you existed. A warm greeting from the Harvard Man was like a snub from anybody else. "Harvard indifference" was the ultimate languor of the elitist who has found nothing worthy of even one raised eyebrow of interest. "Like an iceberg, they can be discovered at a great distance by the chill that floats around and with them"—so wrote one Wesleyan outsider.

"There is an aristocracy to which the sons of Harvard have belonged," Eliot observed with the innocent self-satisfaction that lies at the heart of "Harvard indifference." But as Harvard grew, aristocracies within the aristocracy had to be established to satisfy the passion for exclusivity.

The first clubs had appeared as discussion groups in 1719 to debate such matters as "Whether it be Fornication to lye with one's sweetheart (after Contraction) before marraige." But in the 1870s, the older clubs such as Porcellian (p. 160) and Hasty Pudding became matters of status—"the secret society," as the perennial outsider Santayana wrote, "to which ev-

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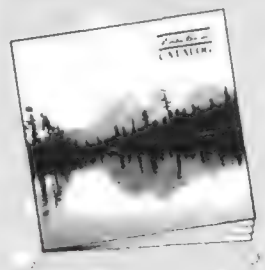

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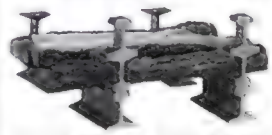

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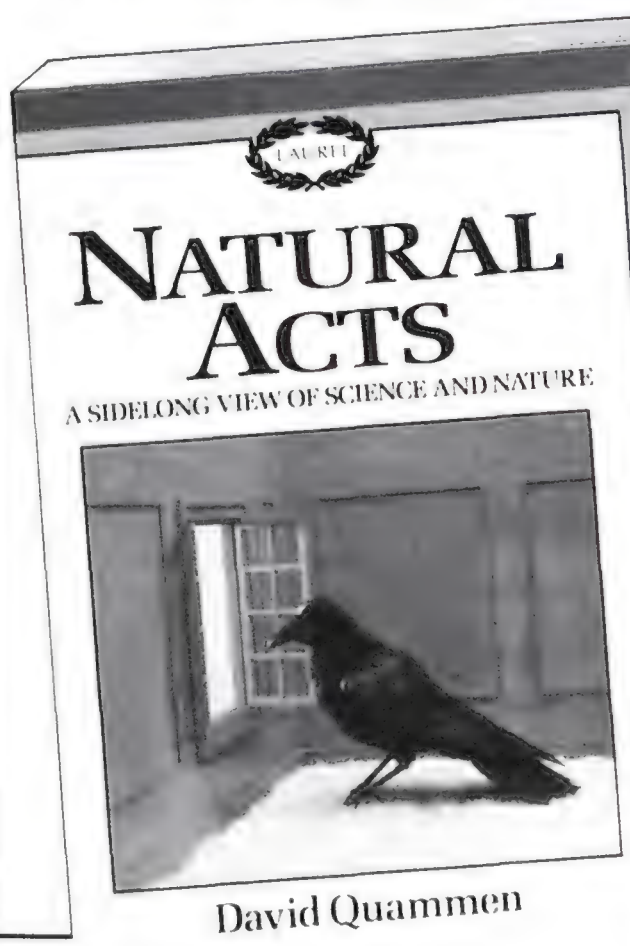

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erybody of consequence belonged."

At the same time, something called "private dormitories" began to pop up on Mount Auburn Street. Contrasting with the monastic quarters of Harvard Yard, these luxurious digs, with their high ceilings, crystal chandeliers, marble mantels and—decadence of decadence—steam heat, suggested the nickname for the neighborhood: Gold Coast.

To be a Harvard man might mean belonging to the elect, but some were more elect than others. As the student body grew—up 66.4 percent in the 1880s, up 88.8 percent in the '90s—there appeared what one historian referred to as the "Jewish problem," foreshadowing the shabby days when a quota would be established. William E.B. Du Bois, class of 1890, called himself the "nigger on the team," and Harvard did not fully integrate student housing until the 1950s.

No matter which Harvard a student belonged to—the inner circle or the outsiders—he suffered. Morison noted tartly what happened to the first group: "Once having 'made' a club, you could reassert your individuality; often by that time you had none." The outcasts may have had the best of it over the years; their only clubs were bargain-basement eateries and drinkeries like Mike's Club, Elsie's, Cronin's and the Waldorf.

It is the oldest story in history. For a brief period a community existed of the appropriate size to stage its quarrels, create its consensus and express its needs with confidence, energy and grace. Then, in pursuing its Manifest Destiny, the community outgrew itself—and fragmented.

What New York has been to loneliness among cities, Harvard has been to loneliness among colleges: the big league. Harvard loneliness was New England loneliness—Yankee and dour. It was, furthermore, the loneliness of the intellectual standing on the shores of America's making-and-doing mainstream. And Harvard loneliness has not ever been more testi-

fied to than during the golden age.

An Oxford visitor found the loneliness of undergraduates palpable in 1893. Citing the congenial flow of Oxford scholars, he remarked of Harvard men, "I have never seen them moving in a stream." As for the faculty, Santayana described that organism as "an anonymous concourse of coral insects, each secreting one cell." And Henry Adams said of his colleagues on the faculty, ". . . all these brilliant men were greedy for companionship, all were famished for want of it."

What makes great teachers? What makes a great college? The golden age of Harvard, with all this conspicuous estrangement, hardly provided a classic model. In many ways it was an antimodel. A set of gifted mavericks who doubted the value of what they were doing were led by a superorganizer who disapproved of many of them, even as he was disapproved of by them.

This man at the center that was no center must remain the great enigma of the golden age, as much of a puzzle today as he was in 1869 when he became president of Harvard. "Literature and philosophy and *all that* were the names of things in bottles to him," wrote John Jay Chapman, class of 1884. But at the critical moment, some instinct for excellence that went beyond his proclaimed pragmatism appeared to rule Eliot, and he supported the best men in the philosophy department and all those partisans fighting "the never-ending contest against the degrading . . . spirit of materialism," as Charles Eliot Norton, the president's cousin, defiantly put it. Norton was the temperamental opposite, a bright-eyed esthete who affected an English accent, carried his cane on his little finger and founded Harvard's fine-arts department with the surprising president's uncomprehending but firm support.

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gold. The irony is that Eliot did not want a golden age, he wanted a great university, or perhaps something a bit more like the Roman empire. To Eliot, great meant big. But for an empire, he was one presidency too early. Almost in spite of himself, the relative simplicity and the small scale of his Harvard expressed a quality of the heart. As late as 1909, when the subway invaded, Cambridge was still a village where President Eliot himself wheeled about on a bicycle, dropping in on friends unannounced to deliver an invitation to lunch.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell (p. 157), Eliot's successor, took over a Harvard on the rise and kept on going. He confronted the problem of Harvard loneliness and set out to solve it. Following the Oxford example, Lowell established the tutorial system, bringing students and faculty members together, one on one. Up went the houses along the Charles River, designed to subdivide Harvard loneliness into cozy colonies. The building went on for 22 years, until all that an edifice complex could do to engineer a sense of community had been done.

As the students clustered around their new brick-and-gold-domed nuclei, the professors too seemed to end their exile. What would Henry Adams have made of the new breed of "hustling scholars," as Irving Babbitt called them?—the men who no longer had to choose between Cambridge and Washington, like Adams, but enhanced themselves simultaneously on both fronts. World-class chemist James Bryant Conant, Lowell's successor in 1933, looked about him and declared that any professor worth his salt ought to be able to double his income without impairing his work at the university.

Harvard had come to stand for power—a prestigious institution with clout among other prestigious institutions with clout. But in the process, something charming and eccentric and self-questioning had gone. "The true Harvard," said William James, "is the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth-seeking and independent and often very solitary sons." This was an exact description of his Harvard. When it became a piety—a chesty motto suitable for fund raising or for framing on a new common-room wall—the golden age was over.

These 1881 members of the Porcellian Club had no literary pretenses; the club's prime purpose was to enjoy roast pig.

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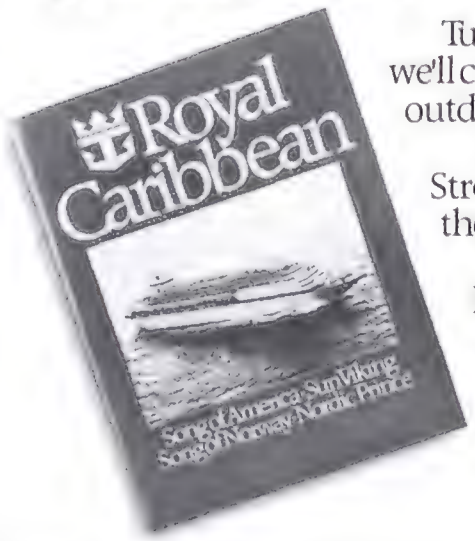

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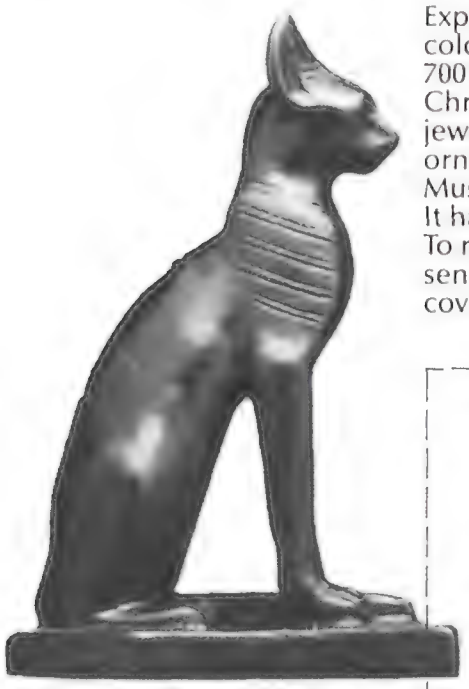

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Book reviews

Home: A Short History of an Idea
Witold Rybczynski
Viking, $16.95

As an architect designing houses for others, Witold Rybczynski had begun to question how well his training had prepared him to provide what his clients seemed to need and expect. It was not until he and his wife built their own house, though, that he realized that modernist principles were of no help in his effort to establish a sense of "domesticity"—that is, to create a "home."

Suddenly infused with a nostalgia for "older houses, and older rooms," and curious about these intense associations, Rybczynski began to read up on, ponder and then to write about the idea of "home" —with its subthemes of shelter, privacy, coziness, comfort, domesticity, efficiency— and the way it has evolved from the Middle Ages to the present, particularly in Europe and America.

Home gets off to rather a lurching start: the author shifts instantly to a discussion of the idea of "comfort." He will come back to this idea again and again throughout the book, treating it at length and never satisfactorily explaining its prominence. One also comes to see that he is selecting and presenting his information with some bias, as he builds his case against modernism. Still, this highly subjective, anecdotal account is often very amusing and is studded with any number of interesting facts about the ways in which people have thought about and used their homes.

He goes back to the Middle Ages, since it was during that time that free towns developed in Europe and the inhabitants of these towns (merchants, tradesmen) lived in houses—as opposed to the castles, monasteries or "hovels" that would have been the other possibilities at the time. These

houses were not residences as we know them, though; they were rather public places where large populations (family members, servants, friends, apprentices) lived *and* worked, with as many as 25 persons doing all of this in two rooms.

Rybczynski is particularly interested in how the ideas of privacy, coziness and comfort began to take shape and to affect the arrangement of rooms and the design of furniture. He points out, for example, that in 17th-century Paris rental accommodations had become available, enabling the bourgeoisie to live apart from where they worked and thus to obtain some measure of privacy from the outside world. Personal privacy had not yet become an important concept, though, and whole families still lived in one or two rooms which were made to serve all purposes. (The four-poster bed with side curtains did become popular during this time—and solved some problems.)

The prosperous 17th-century Dutch burghers, on the other hand—who because of stringent taxes kept few servants—were able to live in small single-family houses that became settings for a rich domestic life which was endlessly (and often brilliantly) depicted in the genre paintings of the period. It was not until the second half of the century, though, that rooms in these houses acquired specific functions. By the 18th century in England, each resident of a country house would have his or her very own bedroom and these rooms provided opportunities for the expression of individuality through decoration and furnishings. And by the late 19th and early 20th centuries in America, "domestic engineers" were measuring counter heights—and everything else—as efficiency began to take its place as a higher domestic good.

Descriptions are mostly of the interiors of houses, particularly the furniture ("Furniture tells all," Rybczynski declares), which was considered to be merely portable equipment in the Middle Ages and was not generally thought of as being decorative, valuable or a measure of taste until the 17th century. (By the 18th century an elaborate "chair etiquette" was in place in Versailles.) There also are many illuminating digressions about food, clothing, art, language, politics, social mores—all of which affected these interiors as well.

Rybczynski is far better at depicting what actually took place than explaining why. He is very convincing, though, about the relative, culture-bound, socially determined nature of what people expect from a "home."

Ellen Posner
Architecture critic, *Wall Street Journal*

Our Nature
Bil Gilbert
University of Nebraska Press, $18.95

Bil Gilbert has been writing about nature so well, so sensibly and so long that he's become a kind of natural resource to be cherished for his own sake, like the rivers, hawks, grizzlies and other wonders he evokes with low-key eloquence in this collection of his magazine articles. Gilbert, who disparages himself just enough to appear modest if not altogether humble, would probably reject classification as an endangered species, but he may deserve it. Nobody writes about nature, ours and God's, with the precise combination of affection, sophistication, wit and down-home common sense that he does. And nobody else I know is named Bil with a single l. (This has always puzzled me. A typographical error on his birth certificate? Short for Bilbo? Is there a sister Jil or brother Rus?)

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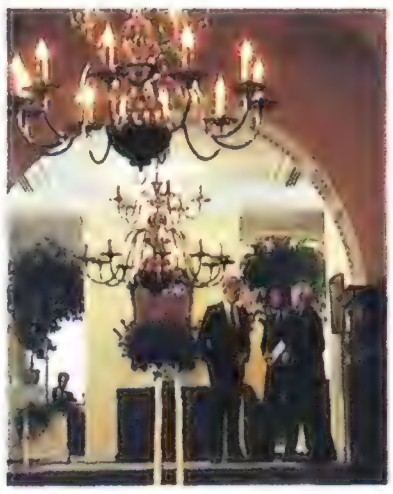

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In these pages Gilbert takes up springs, winter camping, falconry, mountain men, 19th-century eccentrics, oyster mushrooms and other diverting phenomena with characteristic humanity and good humor. He skirts the thickets of scientific and political tedium that sometimes lie in wait for an unwary environmental writer without ducking the larger issues. His prose appears effortless, a sure sign that it isn't.

He differs from many of us who mush into the wilderness with notebooks in hand in the outdoor skills he has acquired. Gilbert is not a klutz and he makes no apologies for his competence. He can build a fire in a cold wind and clear a portage trail, find an edible wildflower and train a hawk. Like other nature fanciers, he knows how to enjoy the serenity of the wild, but unlike many of them he can acknowledge man-made wonders as well.

He has what seem to me to be the right prejudices, both in his writing and his approach to 20th-century civilization. Gilbert does not hesitate to anthropomorphize, risking the enmity of fastidious scientists, when it suits his purpose. A redwing blackbird will chase off a large hawk or crow, he writes, and then "go back about his business without spending the whole day admiring himself or bragging about what a great hero he is." He observes that the National Park Service views individual parks as "the equivalent of Lesson Plans" in a course he calls "Natural Uplift."

Gilbert tackles history with the same fearless abandon, and in the best of these 14 pieces he sketches enchanting portraits of two notable 19th-century misfits, the naturalist Thomas Nuttall and the wealthy bravo William Drummond Stewart. Nuttall, an obsessive plant collector and a marvelously inept outdoorsman, was on one occasion prepared to shoulder a musket to help repel hostile Indians, but when the danger was past it was discovered that the barrel of his gun was stuffed with packets of seeds. Stewart, a Scotsman, liked to hunt and carouse with mountain men and once managed to outfit the trapper-guide Jim Bridger in a suit of medieval armor. In another historical ramble Gilbert makes a plausible case that a Pawnee Indian ran the first four-minute mile in 1877.

His essaylike articles are linked by a respect for nature that always stops short of preaching, though his creed may be discerned in these lines he writes about birds of prey: "The raptors belong to the large class of natural things which we can break and destroy but which we cannot coerce into being useful or enjoyable. We must

accept and adjust to their alien essence rather than trying to change them into anything else." He identifies our best possibilities. "Insufficiently used," he writes, "ethical reflexes go soft and flabby like muscles and then can't be depended upon in real crises."

Gilbert's ethical reflexes are still as taut and sinewy as his prose, and he can be counted on in a crunch. It's good to have Just Plain Bil around.

Donald Dale Jackson
Critic and writer about nature

American Jewish Landmarks: a travel guide and history, Vol. 4, *The West*
Bernard Postal and Lionel Koppman
Fleet Press, $22.50 cloth/paper $11.95

Perhaps the most telling item in this state-by-state, locality-by-locality compendium of American Jewish history is a tender little fact cited in several places of the old frontier: a Jew is remembered as the first white child born in a settlement.

Readers of the previous three volumes of this guide will not be surprised by what is revealed in this fourth and final one, dealing with the West: from the very beginning of the great Westward movement, Jews were among the pioneers as merchants and soldiers, farmers and miners; as prospectors, trappers and investors; as wagon drivers, saloon keepers and guides.

But Jews as a group were different from the rest of the white population in one important respect: whether a Jewish man was attracted to the gold rush of California or to the boom in pelts in Montana, or whether he hailed from South Carolina or Russian Poland, he came with a wife or soon acquired one. Few of the other adventurers were eager to be encumbered with a family. They wanted to make their fortune and spend it the way they pleased; they wanted to be able to move quickly, and having a wife and children would have been a hindrance.

In one rough frontier town after another, local historians record that the Jewish settlers were sober, family oriented and tended to align themselves with law-abiding citizens. Many of today's bankers and department-store owners trace their origins to peddlers who began by selling ropes and pickaxes, dry goods and primitive crockery. They worked their way up in the way they knew best: by figuring out the right items to buy from faraway suppliers and then turning a modest but steady profit by traveling from place to place selling the merchandise.

Nevertheless, many of the Jews were colorful rather than industrious, fitting in with the freewheeling ways of the Old West. Some of them ran rowdy taverns and houses of ill repute. They also took their chances. Moses Baruh invested a lot of money in the first brass soda fountain in Pendleton, Oregon. Among the people who went to admire it were some Umatilla Indians. Baruh made friends with them, learned their language and became their advisor and interpreter in court.

Veteran historians Bernard Postal and Lionel Koppman found few instances of anti-Semitism in the annals of the West. Instead, they recorded hundreds of examples of Jews elected to public office. For instance, Washington had the only Jewish territorial governor in American history. He was Gen. Edward Salomon, a German-born hero of the Civil War and an early supporter of Abraham Lincoln. Idaho, on the other hand, was the first state in the Union with a professing Jew as a governor: Moses Alexander, born in a Bavarian vil-

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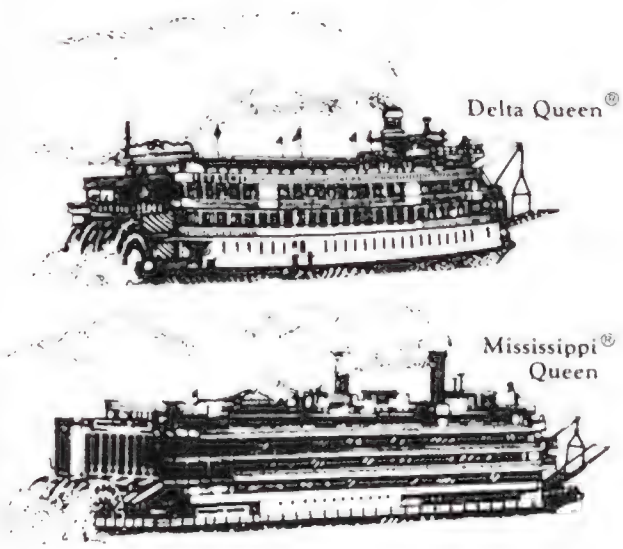

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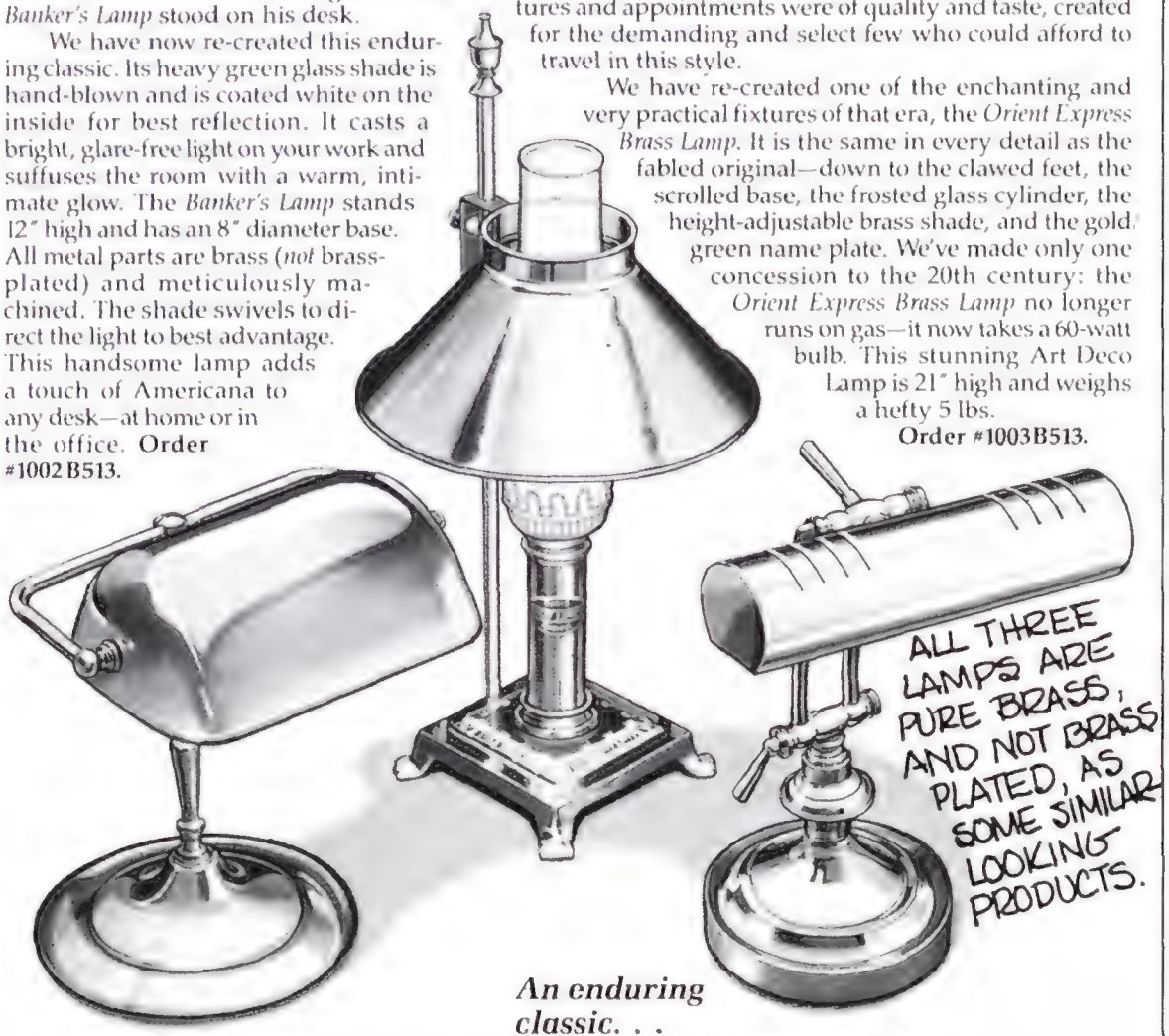

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Michael Goldwater, the Senator's grandfather, was president of California synagogue.

lage in 1853 and elected governor of Idaho in 1914. Two years later, in Utah, another German-born Jew, Simon Bamberger, made history by becoming the state's first non-Mormon governor. (Political analysts of the time suggested that the Mormon elders felt closer to Jews than to their fellow Christians; their prophets believed that American Indians were descendants of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. They may not have wanted to campaign against a Jew.)

The number of Jews in the West has never been high, and Wyoming is listed as having the smallest Jewish population of the 50 states: 310 souls. Montana is second, with 500. The one exception is California, which has been estimated to have up to 700,000 Jewish residents (including such recent arrivals as perhaps 50,000 Israelis and 30,000 Iranian Jews). In California is the country's second largest Jewish community, after New York.

Nevertheless, it is not surprising to read in this book that though Oregon had no more than 250 Jewish inhabitants in 1861, and that today the number is only a little more than 10,000, five Jews have been mayors of Portland, and the state has had two Jews as senators and one as governor.

Among the melancholy facts cited by *American Jewish Landmarks* is that North Dakota was the only state in the Union where the majority of early Jewish settlers went to till the soil, yet their villages are no more. Between 1882 and 1906, 18 Jewish agricultural colonies were established in North Dakota, but despite financial aid from Jews elsewhere, they all disappeared by the late 1920s. The prairie synagogues have crumbled and weeds took over the

cemeteries long ago. It seems that though the land was free to homesteaders, equipment was expensive and there were too many natural disasters and crop failures.

Readers who want to immerse themselves in the American Jewish saga will find this book a comprehensive and useful guide. As for those whose inclination when traveling is to look up synagogues and cemeteries, *American Jewish Landmarks* is an invaluable resource.

Charles Fenyvesi
Washington writer and editor

Who Goes Out in the Midday Sun?
Benedict Allen
Viking, $18.95

A certain breed of earnest young Englishmen always seems to be going off in search of adventure. A few years ago, journalist Nicholas Coleridge duplicated Phileas Fogg's famous journey, just for the fun of it, and reported his trip in *Around the World in 78 Days*. More recently, young Benedict Allen, of no previous fame, undertook a journey through the jungles of Amazonia and now reports his trek in *Who Goes Out in the Midday Sun?*

Fascinated by the jungle ever since a teacher frightened him (at age ten) with its mystery and menace, Allen decided, at age 22, to see it for himself. His plan was to travel, alone and on foot, southward into Brazil, then eastward to the mouth of the Amazon. His method, based in both curiosity and necessity, would be to befriend local residents and native Indians and to learn from them the appropriate methods of survival in the primitive forest. For the most part he succeeded. That is, he survived and escaped—with most of his youthful bumptiousness turned to sober maturity.

Sheer enthusiasm carries him forward at the beginning of his trip. He is nervy and makes friends easily, getting advice even when it is only reluctantly given. Old hands in the forest provide tips and training. One of them, a solitary soul named Fritz, gives him a grinding course in survival, which ends in a final and deadly test of his knowledge. He gains further help from a drunken, knife-wielding missionary, and even more from a coarse local thug. His first meeting with an Indian tribe teaches him, among other things, not to accept gifts from nubile maidens, and he begins to realize for the first time the massive *difference* of this world from his own.

Enthusiasm gradually changes to determination as he presses farther into the forest and is taken in by a small band of Wai-Wai Indians. Here the writing, like Allen's own character, grows more mature. Living among these decent people, learning their fears and problems, acquiring survival skills from them, explaining that *his* chief really *is* a woman named Lizbet who lives in a huge hut called Buckingham, and resisting the dignified chief's wistful invitation to him to stay, Allen grows constantly more observant, more thoughtful, more reflective.

From there, his journey only grows in peril with dangers from both nature, when his canoe capsizes with most of his gear, and from Man, when he has to flee gold miners who plan to murder him. Indeed, the true menace of the jungle comes clear here when, weak and fevered, he stumbles alone for a month, his fragile skills lost, and longing only for home. The terse pages at the end only emphasize the narrowness of his escape.

Overall, the book requires some caution on the part of the reader. Allen's writing is

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frequently clumsy; he has a serious (and sometimes confusing) problem with relative pronouns; one is inclined to distrust his treatment of Indian languages; and the endpaper maps are inadequate. Also, the book's jacket says it is "riotously funny, a madcap tale." It is not—unless one is given to laughing at the people Allen encounters.

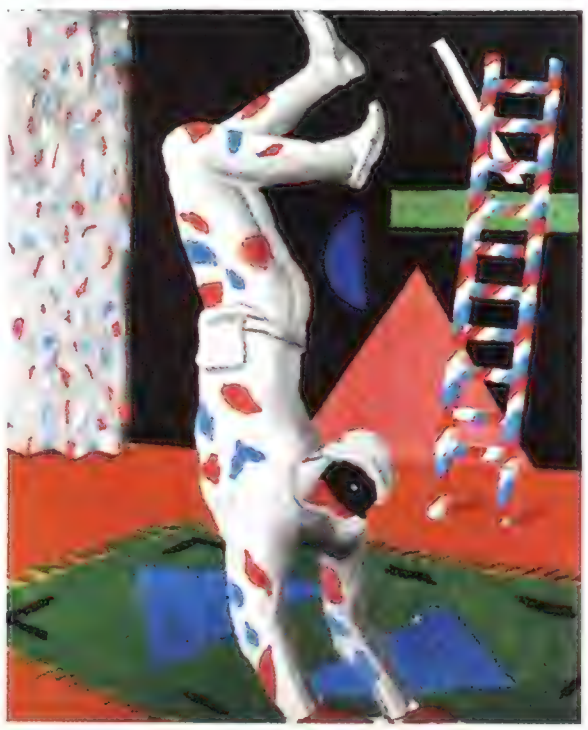
But the book certainly provides a lively adventure in the company of a young Englishman who is both inquisitive and brave (or foolhardy, depending on one's point of view). Stories such as his are always fascinating and will only become more so as the people and places he describes vanish forever from the Earth.

Alan Ryan
New York novelist and journalist

The Triumph of Pierrot: The Commedia dell'Arte and the Modern Imagination
Martin Green and John Swan
Macmillan, $25

E.B. White observed that the world generally "decorates its serious artists with laurel, and its wags with Brussels sprouts. It feels that if a thing is funny it can be presumed to be something less than great, because if it were truly great it would be wholly serious."

But from roughly 1890 to 1930, European and American experimental artists deliberately associated their work with the farcical, heterodox imagery and spirit of commedia dell'arte, the waggish troupes of popular entertainers that had flourished in Italy and elsewhere, especially from the 16th to 19th centuries. For many of young Picasso's generation, French symbolism and



David Hockney's *Harlequin* (detail) recalls Picasso and the 17th-century *Pulcinella.*

Richard Wagner's towering, quasireligious art had become outmoded. If the modern world was a stumbling giant of tattered empires and value systems, then grandiose high culture required its own good kick in the pants. Accordingly, Martin Green and John Swan argue in *The Triumph of Pierrot*, the new modernists preferred "the incomplete, the shifting, the crazily composite—a vaudeville program, not a cathedral service."

The commedia's three principal stock characters or "masks"—the trickster Harlequin, his inamorata Columbine, and Pierrot, the luckless, sometimes malevolent dreamer—appeared in countless of their paintings, dramas, ballets, poems, novels and films. The authors, in discussing works by Diaghilev, Stravinsky, Picasso, Rilke, Dinesen, Millay and others, amply demonstrate that the commedia was among the modernist's characteristic preoccupations—as much a wellspring to them as to poet-wags like Buster Keaton and Chaplin.

Modernist commedia took an astonishing variety of forms. The Russian theater director Vsevolod Meyerhold's version was political; Picasso's was as fiercely apolitical. At times, commedia attitudes spilled over from art to become the basis of unconventional social role models and ideals. The German libertine-intellectual Franziska zu Reventlow was in life, the authors say, as compelling an exemplar of the "commedia mood, in its gaily sad but profound rebelliousness" as was the invented heroine of Frank Wedekind's *Lulu* plays.

A one-volume treatment of this unexpectedly sprawling theme was bound to be selective. It nonetheless seems regrettable that the authors have overlooked Henri Rousseau, whose resolutely "naive" canvases were for the modernists among the pure expressions of commedia in their time. Green and Swan recall the relatively minor (for their purposes) painter Gino Severini but neglect Joan Miró, who turned to commedia imagery (in *Harlequin's Carnival*, 1924-25) precisely as he struggled toward a more experimental vision. Miró was not the only major figure to embrace the commedia in crisis. Cézanne had done so at a low point of artistic self-assurance. Stravinsky conjured the puppet-clown Petrushka while at work on *Rite of Spring*. For many artists, as the authors aptly remark, commedia irony and parody served not as escapist stratagems but, on the contrary, as "modes of engagement" with exceptionally difficult issues and concerns.

Ambitious as they otherwise are, the authors make no reference to photography. Edward Steichen, for one, in his portraits of Greta Garbo and others, showed that photography could be an art of mythic mask making. Could the practitioners of such an art have lacked their contemporaries' fascination with commedia imagery and masks? Green and Swan don't say.

In documenting a recent resurgence of commedia influence on the arts, the authors rightly point to David Hockney's theater work and Russell Hoban's novel *Riddley Walker*. (But in omitting mention of the Italian playwright-performer Dario Fo, they have perhaps missed the commedia's most provocative living exponent.) Commedia-inspired art, Green and Swan say, suits an age that "has conceived of grotesque absurdities [nuclear weapons and others] . . . that have outstripped the imaginations of any possible surrealist avant-garde." Politicians and the media babble on, the authors suggest, but the commedia's dumbshow speaks more pointedly to us.

Leonard S. Marcus
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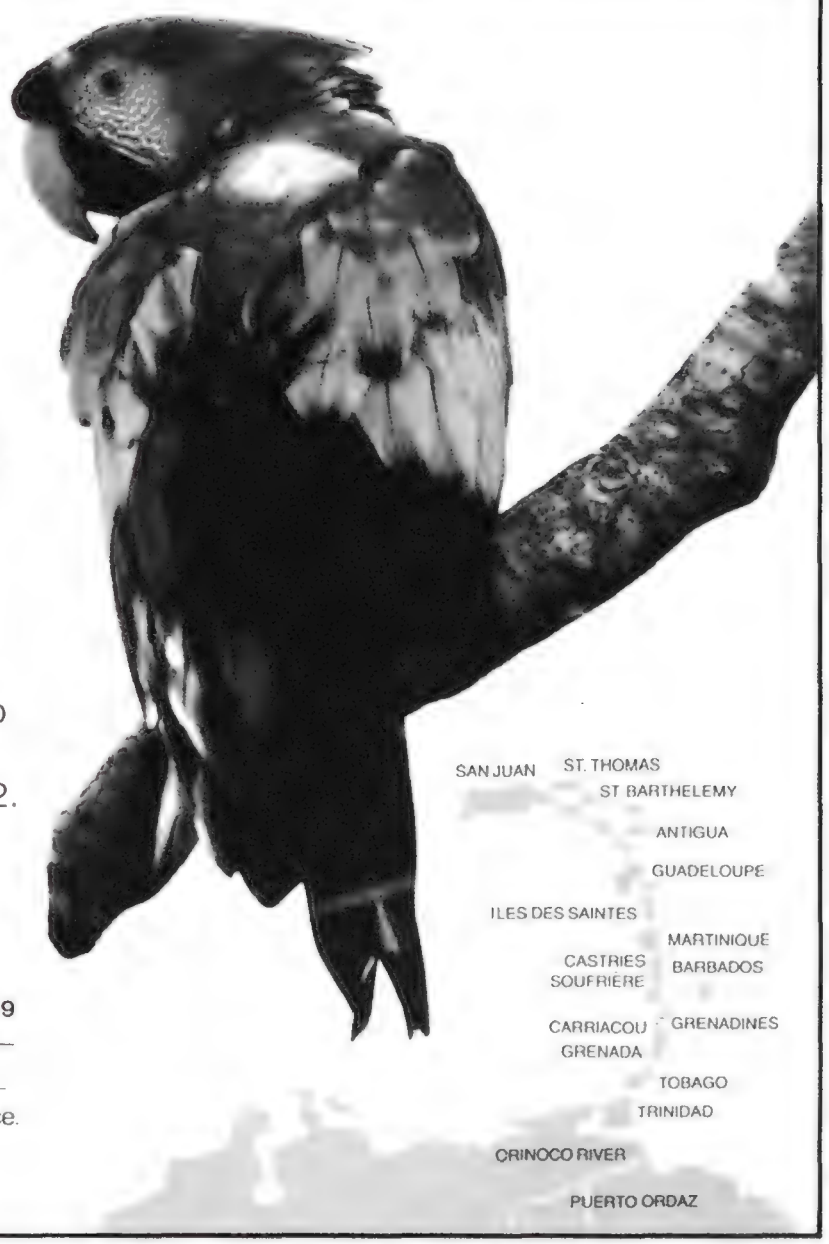

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Points of origin

Though shouting "dibs" will often get you that newly discovered treasure, your claim may be preempted by "kings"

"Dibs." It's coming back. A grade school word, I used to hear it a lot back in the 1950s. Since then, dibs seems to have fallen into misuse. And that's bad, because the word is a marvel of meaning and etymological compression, born of centuries of observation and living.

Today, dibs is rarely used by adults. When it is, it's a single-word expression signifying "That belongs to me!" People who use the word are usually trying to infuse their speech with a bit of informality. So a newscaster will point out that a politician has dibs on a certain block of votes. Or a sportswriter will note that a team has its dibs on players in the professional draft. I recently heard some Maine fishermen say they had dibs on certain places for dropping lobster pots.

Although adults will often expand dibs to the full "I've got dibs on that," children seldom do. Why? Because they realize time is of the essence. It takes longer to say the complete sentence; if you wait too long, you lose.

In a very real way, dibs is the social contract in little. When two children see something valuable or desirable, they know that whoever says dibs first gets the object in question—precisely like the two predatory beasts in the Gary Larson cartoon (right).

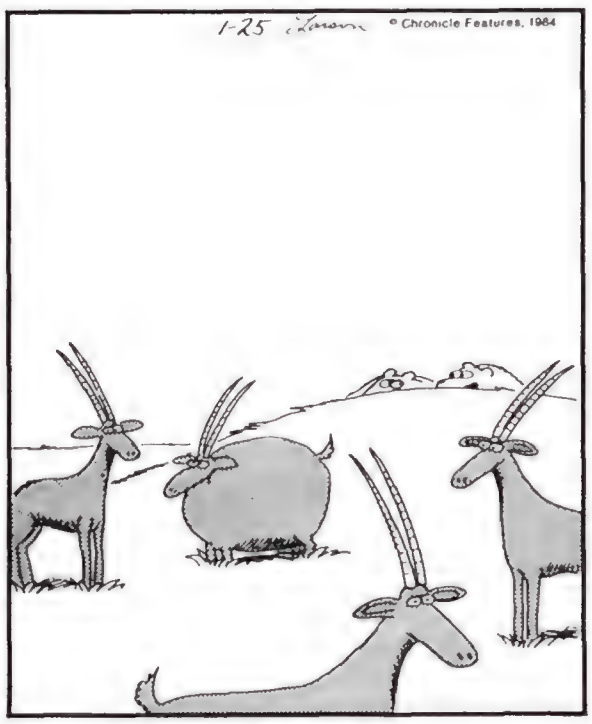
In fact, when we hear an expression like dibs, we're listening in on the origins of our species—a message in a bottle from a time when there were no lawyers or paper to sanctify ownership. If I say dibs first, it's mine. And there's an end to it. That is also why it's significant that almost the only place you're likely to hear the word regularly is in the company of children. Despite the computer age and television, children are still among the most conservative of societies, and among the first to preserve old ways and distrust the new.

Fundamentally, the verb "to dib" has to do with lightly poking, tapping or dabbing something, or with looking down, bending down or delving into water. In 1869, in *Lorna Doone*, R.D. Blackmore fixed in aspic for all time a squad of ducks: "It is a fine sight to behold them walk, poddling one after another, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling . . . they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something. . . ."

One early association of the verb with water comes from the corruption of "dip," a transformation recorded in 1325 and continued in 1570: "Dib the shirt in the water, and so hang it upon a hedge all that night." The word was thus an obvious choice for the jargon of fishing, meaning to jiggle the bait lightly on the water's surface. "Put one on the point of a Dub-fly Hook," advised *The Angler's Vade-Mecum* in 1689, "and dib with it, or dib with the Ash-fly."

But if *to* dibble was to fish on the surface, *a* dibble or dibber is another matter altogether. For centuries farmers have used this pointed stick to punch holes in the plowed earth, especially for a crop like potatoes, where large eyes and not seeds have to be planted.

A foot-dibble may have been used in cultivation before the plow was invented. In his lyrical *Endymion*, poet John Keats speaks of the importance to him of planting seeds by the light of the fertile moon. Said he: "In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take, / Or drop a seed til thou [the moon] wast wide awake." Nowadays,



"Dibs."

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the dibber has been replaced by a great whopping machine that not only drills holes in the ground but also parcels out a solitary seed into each hole, all at the same time.

These, then, are several components of "dibs." Among other things, a dib is a small hollow in the earth. In Scotland, it is a puddle that fills that hollow after a rain. The term also can refer to a chip or other money substitute used in card or other games—thus implying a portion or share—and in some quarters has meant hard cash. Perhaps most important in the origins of the sense that dibs takes today are dibstones: sheep knuckles or small pebbles used for playing an ancient game of the same name that, in one of its variations, evolved to become the game of jacks that children play today.

In many places in Great Britain, children signal the start of their counting-out rhymes with the word "dip." Counting-out rhymes are metrical ways of deciding unpopular roles in games. "Eeny, meeny, miney, moe" may be the most familiar to us, but one that started with "Dip! Ickery, ahry, oary, ah," written down in Cornwall in 1897, was of special interest to folklorists. They suspected that children somehow intuitively felt that if the first word was directed to the ground—pointing to or touching the earth and saying "dip"—then the rest of the rhyme would be fair, free from control by the speaker. "Dip" appeared at the beginning of numerous rhymes and in time children simply started using the term "dipping" for what we now refer to as counting out.

And then there's the expression "king's dibs." Two British scholars of the folklore of childhood, Iona and Peter Opie, authors of *The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren* and *Children's Games in Street and Playground*, might classify this as being derived from a "truce term." Such terms are part of the "code of oral legislation" in children's games, according to the Opies, and include not only phrases but actions as well, such as crossing your fingers to signal all bets are off or making a "T" with your palms to signify "time out." They can crop up in any game, although are obviously most useful in games that have few time or space limits, like tag or prisoner's base or capture the flag.

There are a multitude of these magic phrases or words and, the Opies found, though the meanings are similar the spe-

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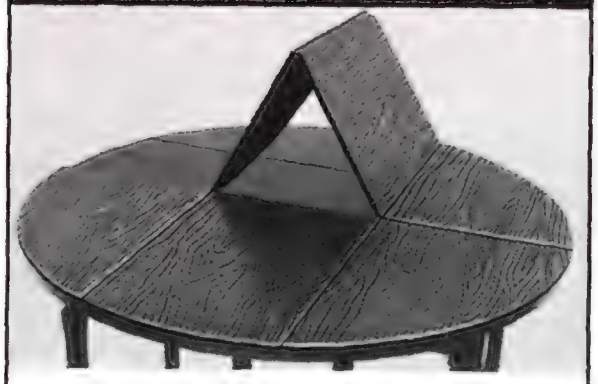

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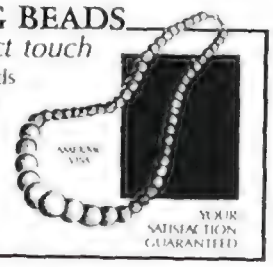

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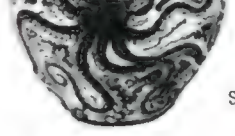

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cific words used differ greatly from region to region. Some of them carry a precise meaning derived from ordinary daily use. So, for example, "quits"—used by children in many parts of Britain—means that the game should cease for a time. In certain areas of Scotland "parley" (probably from the French *parler*, to talk) is used with the same intent.

Then there's a class of seemingly incomprehensible terms as well. Scottish kids who exclaim "barley" are probably using a corruption of parley. Those who shout "locks" or "I'm in my eggshell" are claiming they are in a sequestered condition, out of the game for a time. Other children may say "nix" or "free" to remove themselves.

A number of these regional terms may describe the action of crossing fingers or legs. These include saying "crosses," "exes," "cruces" or even "twigs," a reference to the act of holding up two bits of wood forming a cross. Youngsters who received some training in Latin quickly learned to say "pax," for peace.

In Britain, one fairly common term for claiming precedence is "kings." A 12-year-old English girl told the Opies: "If one gets a stitch while playing chase, one crosses one's fingers and says 'kings' and the person who is 'he' does not chase one until one is ready." Versions of this truce recorded in the 19th century include "kings to rest," "kings out" and "kings up." In Canada, children said "kings ex" when they wanted an immediate, if temporary, truce.

Kings are regal characters; their word thus supersedes all others. In the United States, although adults have spurned the idea of royalty, our children haven't. In their "code of oral legislation" they top an ordinary "dibs" with a kinged version. Had I known all this back in 1953, I would have got to keep that lost pack of gum I spied one day on the grass behind Rock Creek Forest Elementary. As soon as I recognized it as an unopened pack of Juicy Fruit, I shouted "Dibs!" But an older, wiser head prevailed. Well after I'd spoken, he flatly intoned "Kings dibs" and seized the golden prize.

It was no use protesting; I'd never heard such a thing. An English folklorist, writing in 1864, once noted that whenever "kings" are invoked, "unusual confidence and honesty are shown by both sides." Also, the other kid was much, much bigger.

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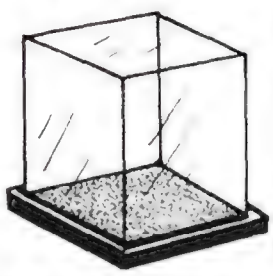

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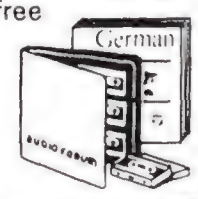

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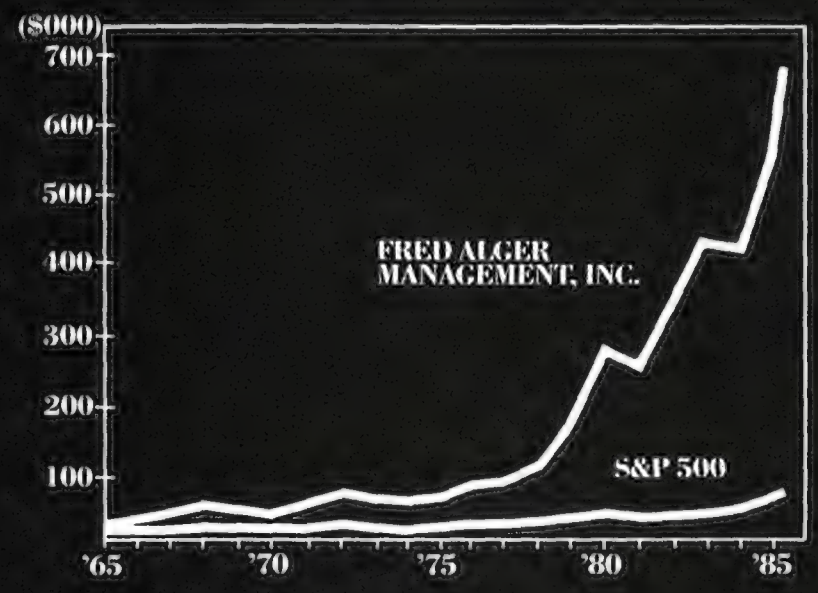

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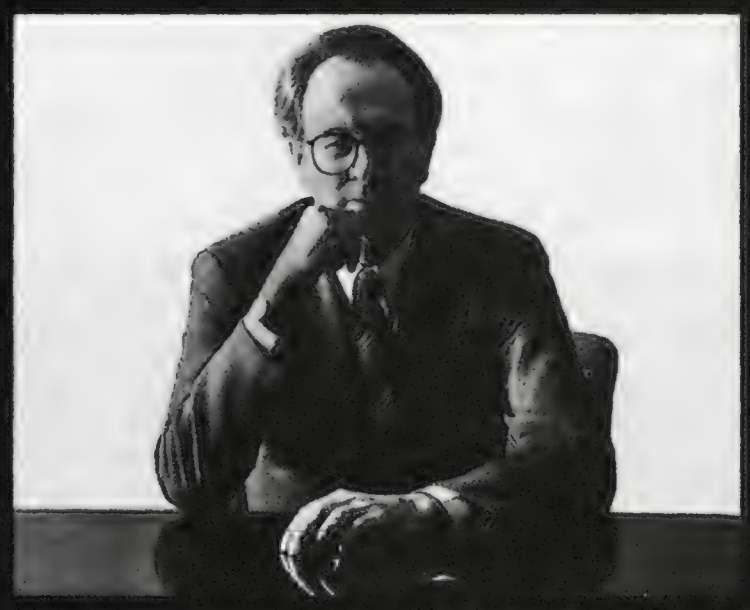

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Unknown Territory: Photographs by Ray K. Metzker (September 12-November 23) See *Highlights continued.*
Still Lifes by Henry Lee McFee (September 5-December 7) First show of this artist's works since 1950.
Miniatures from the Collection (through February 17, 1987) Survey of the history of the American miniature portrait.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
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National Museum of Natural History
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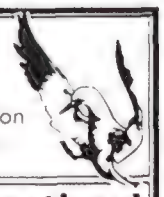

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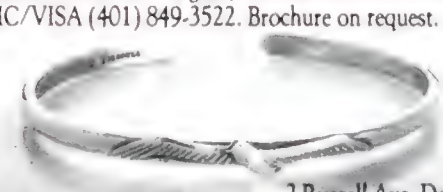

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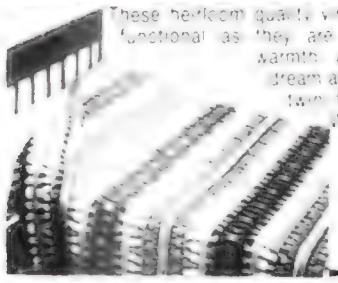

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Newcomb Pottery: An Enterprise for Southern Women (through October 19).

National Air and Space Museum

Voyager: Around the World Without a Pit Stop (Opens September 11) New exhibit features plane that is scheduled to fly around the world during September.

Ecker Flying Boat (Opens September 12) New exhibit in Early Flight gallery on successful 1912 flight in a home-built plane.

A Trip Across the Sun (September 6; 9:30 A.M.) Monthly sky lecture by Jan K. Herman.

Acrobatic Satellites (September 11; 8 A.M.-4:30 P.M.) Free symposium.

Freer Gallery of Art

From Concept to Context: Approaches to Asian and Islamic Calligraphy (through November 16) Exhibition drawn from the Freer's collection of Chinese, Japanese and Near Eastern calligraphy.

National Portrait Gallery

Through Light and Shadow: Photographs by Clara Sipprell (through November 30).

National Museum of American History

New and Different: Home Interiors in 18th-Century America (through July 1987) Some 60 objects including furniture, silver, ceramics, textiles, wallpaper and other examples of decorative arts.

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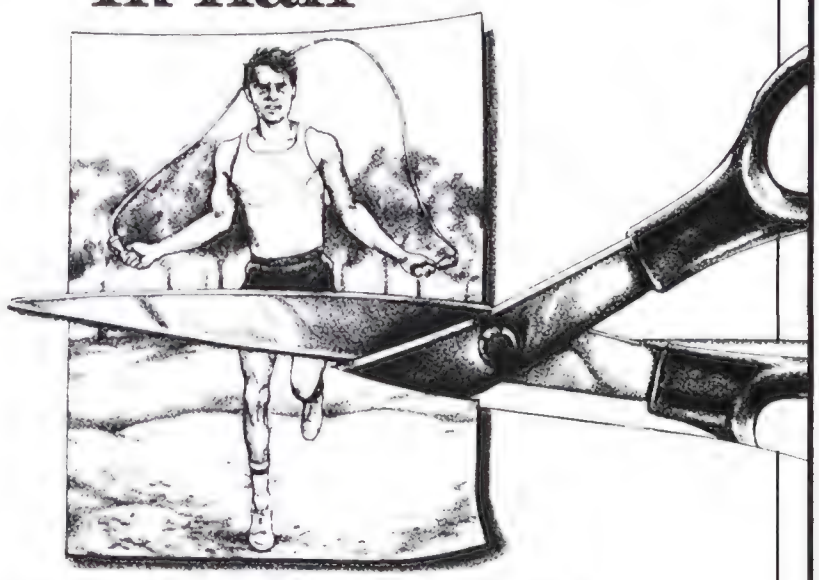

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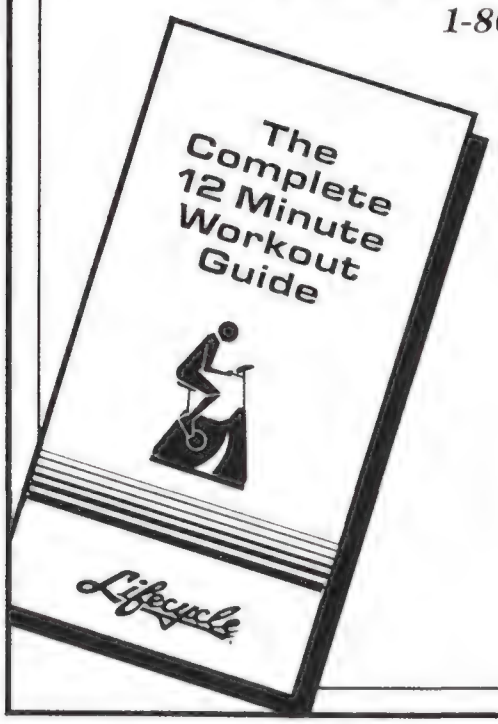

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Other September events

Smithsonian on the air

Radio Smithsonian: Features on this weekly half-hour series include highlights from the Hispanic Heritage Week, a look at the role of grasses in human civilization and the history of rhinoplasty or nose jobs.
Smithsonian Galaxy: Short radio features explore history, science, art.
Here at the Smithsonian . . .: Three-minute features include a look at the art of printmaking and a trip to the National Zoo to see some exotic newborn animals.

To find out what stations in your area carry these radio and TV programs, write: Office of Telecommunications, MAH Room BB40, Washington, D.C. 20560.

The 1987 Washington Craft Show: a call for applications

Crafts artists nationwide are invited to apply for inclusion in the Smithsonian's fifth annual juried Craft Show, sponsored by the Women's Committee of the Smithsonian Associates. It will be held April 24-26, 1987, in the Departmental Auditorium in Washington, D.C. One hundred craftsmen will be selected on the basis of originality, quality of workmanship and artistic conception; applications are open to artists working in basketry, ceramics, fiber, glass, jewelry, leather, metal, paper, wood or mixed media.

Application forms, which must be postmarked by October 10, 1986, may be obtained by writing to: Women's Committee, A&I 1278, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560, or by calling (202) 357-4000. Applications must include five color slides and a nonrefundable fee of $20.

Exhibition catalogs

Catalogs available at this time include:
After the Revolution (cloth, $24.95)
Magnificent Voyagers, The U.S. Exploring Expedition 1838-1842 (cloth, $39.95; paper, $19.95)
The Art of Turned Wood Bowls: A Gallery of Contemporary Masters & More (cloth, $29.95; paper, $16.95)
Davy Crockett: Gentleman from the Cane (paper, $4.50)
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Resident Associate events

To become a Resident Associate, or to find out about the many other activities presented monthly, or for fee and ticket information, call 357-3030. Here are some September events:

The Ulysses Syndrome (September 9; 6 P.M.) Slide-illustrated lecture by Ian Vorres on the most significant contributions of Greek artists over three millennia.

Massive Cosmic Object? (September 11; 8 P.M.) Princeton astrophysicist Edwin Turner discusses the twin quasar phenomenon observed by him earlier this year.

Emerging Argentine Cinema (Four Monday evenings beginning September 15; 7:30 P.M.) New Argentine film series.

My Life With Joe (September 17; 8 P.M.) Olga Hirshhorn describes her life with Joseph Hirshhorn, who donated and bequeathed 12,000 works of art to the museum that bears his name.

The New Act: An Evening With Jo Sullivan (September 20; 8 P.M.) Cabaret songs.

An Evening with 1986 Pulitzer Prize Poet Henry Taylor (September 22; 8 P.M.) Readings from *The Flying Change.*

A Thousand Cranes (September 25; 6 P.M.) American premiere of film depicting the dramatic story of U.S. and Soviet ornithologists cooperating to save the endangered species of Siberian cranes.

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES circulates exhibitions to hundreds of cities outside Washington. To sponsor a show in your community, write: SITES, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some September exhibits:

Atlanta (September 13-October 19) *Contemporary Print Images: Works by Afro-American Artists from the Brandywine Workshop*, High Museum of Art at Georgia Pacific Center.

Brea, California (September 13-October 12) *Beauties of the Coral Reef*, Brea Civic Cultural Center.

Defiance, Ohio (September 13-October 12) *Mexico As Seen By Her Children*, Defiance Public Library.

Grand Junction, Colorado (September 13-November 9) *Music and Dance in Papua New Guinea*, Mesa College.

Kankakee, Illinois (September 12-October 11) *Perfect In Her Place: Women at Work in Industrial America*, Kankakee County Historical Society.

Little Rock, Arkansas (September 13-October 26) *Material Evidence: New Color Techniques in Handmade Furniture*, Arkansas Arts Center.

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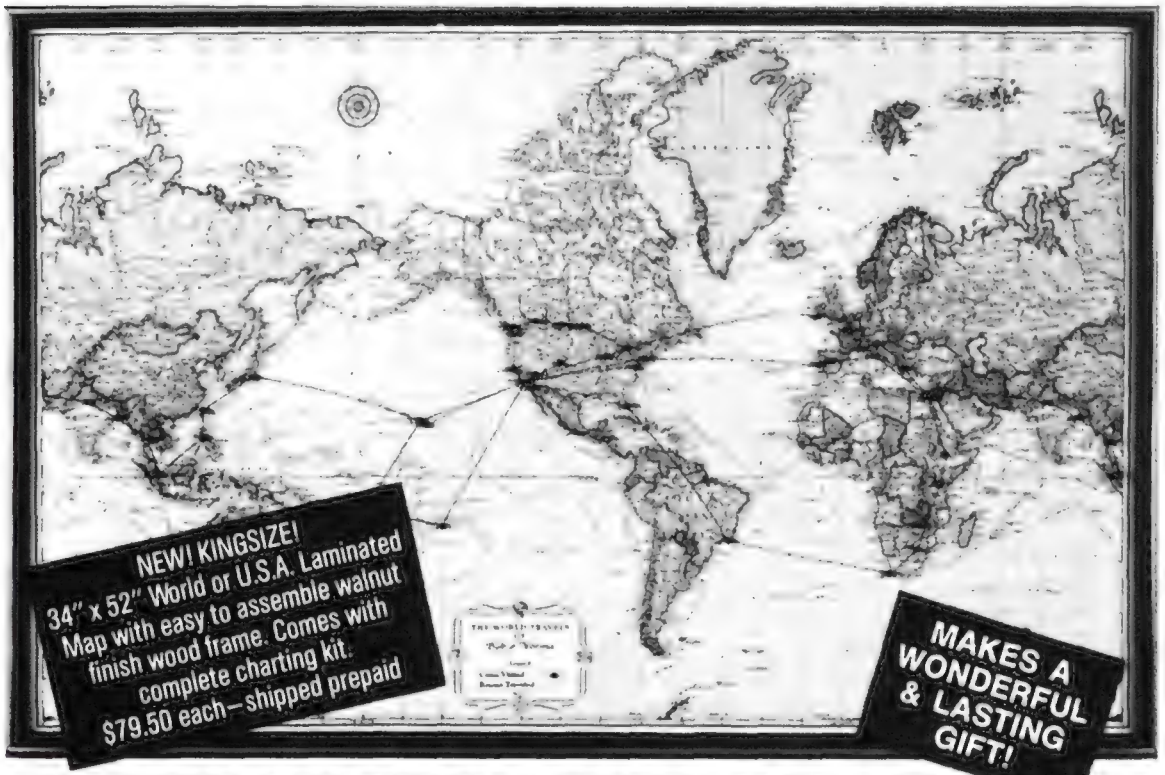
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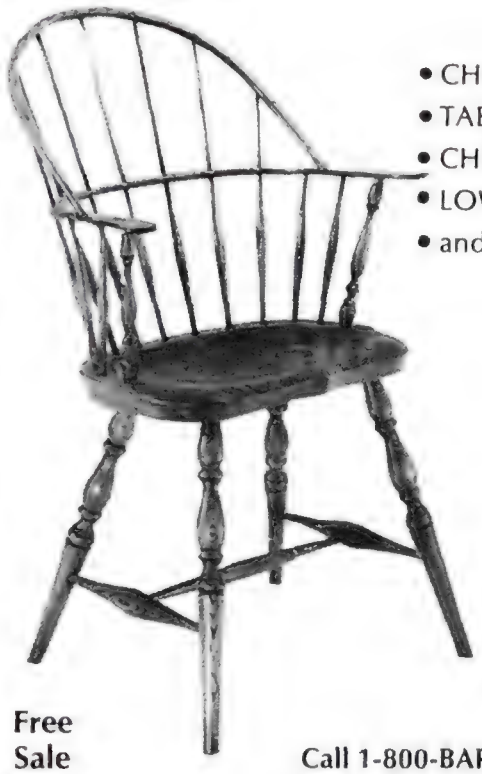

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When photographing street activity, as he did in his *Chicago* and *Philadelphia* series, Metzker looked for what he calls "events." "I would see those relationships developing," he says, "and I would feel something fall into place. . . . It was the sense of the tension, of knowing that these things were moving, and also that they had come into a position where the tensions were right and that was it." Whether in these street pictures or in his technical experiments, where he might combine two negatives to make a single print, or in his abstract landscape studies, in which the leaves of a palmetto tree assume sinister overtones, this sense of tension offers a new perspective on the things we look at every day.

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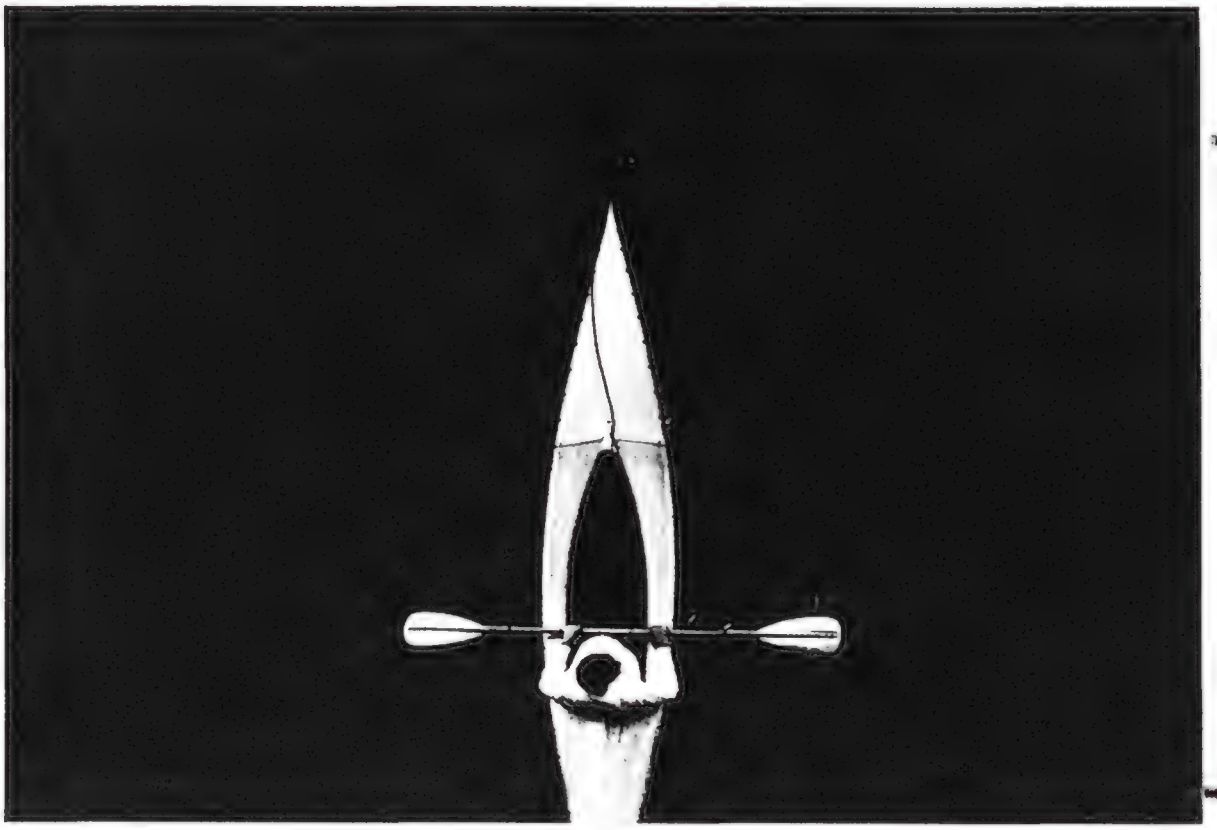

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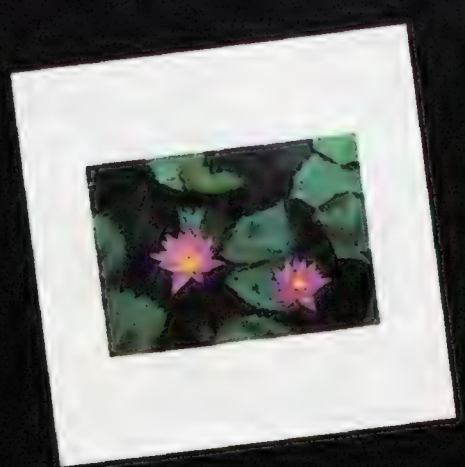

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Christmas at the Smithsonian December 5-7: Welcome the holidays with tours, music and festive dining at selected museums.

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Russia—Performing Arts January 30-February 14: Presenting the best of Russian theater, opera, dance and music in Moscow and Leningrad.

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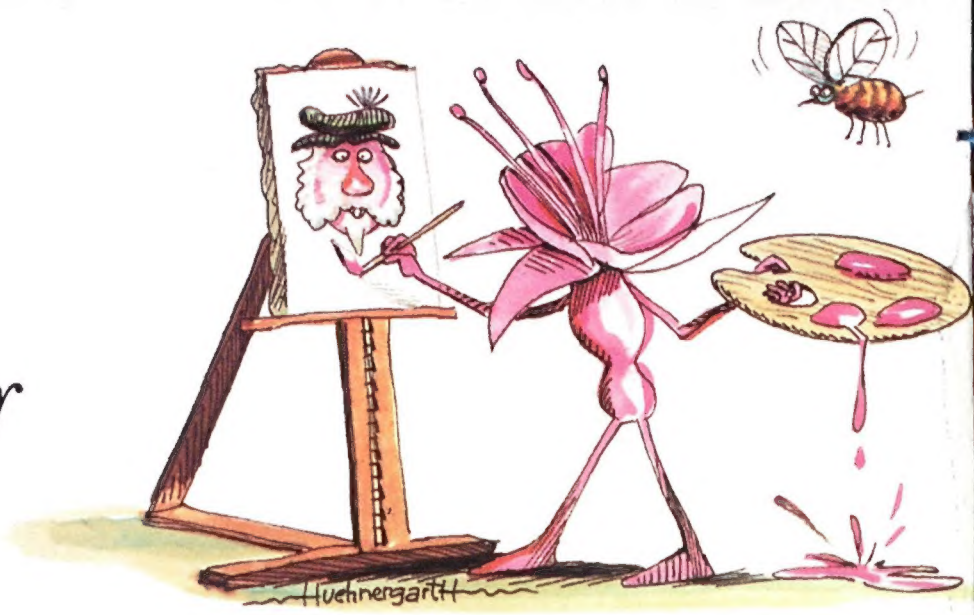
CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

By Paul Dickson

Smile, Dr. Fuchs, your fuchsia is bright



The odds against your name becoming a household word, or any word at all, must be positively mind-boggling. About as likely as your living to be 115 years old.

Nevertheless, some men might have preferred that the honor pass them by. Britain's great Prime Minister William Ewart Gladstone, for instance, is better remembered for the baggage he carried than for his statesmanship. By contrast, the Earl of Cardigan probably did better than he should have, for the choleric commander who ordered the ill-fated Charge of the Light Brigade is remembered, if at all, in the name of the woolen jacket (a button-up sweater to us) that his troops wore in the Crimea.

Then there are those whose names get attached to unpleasant things. Think of Dr. Joseph-Ignace Guillotin, a man who went to his grave protesting the fact that *they* had put his name on that machine which he did *not* invent. All the poor doctor had done was to give a speech advocating that this more "merciful" means of execution replace the noose and ax in use at the time. And thanks to Thomas A. Edison, who was then trying to discredit alternating current, his archrival George Westinghouse only narrowly missed having electrocution referred to as Westinghousing.

According to word expert Robert Hendrickson, author of *Human Words*, there are about 3,000 eponymous words in general use. Despite the possible pitfalls, for most of us becoming a noun or verb is as near immortality as we can ever hope to get. And the best helpful hint for anyone who wishes to acquire this ultimate accolade: your odds improve if you hang around people who name, breed or discover plants. Consider: Michel Bégon (begonia), Maj. John Bibb (Bibb lettuce), Anders Dahl (dahlia), Dr. Alexander Garden (gardenia), Timothy Hanson (timothy grass), Pierre Magnol (magnolia) and, in a slightly different connection, Leonhard Fuchs, the German botanist who became both a flower and the color fuchsia.

Eponymous words like these obviously can refer to people, or even, very occasionally, to places. Some of the more famous examples: Louis Braille, Rudolf Diesel, Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit and Vidkun Quisling, not to mention Amelia Jenks Bloomer, the abolitionist, temperance crusader and women's rights advocate who did not invent but wore bloomers and spoke in favor of them as an alternative to hoopskirts.

Another item of feminine apparel has an even more tenuous connection to the source of its eponymous moniker. The skimpy, two-piece, bare-midriff bikini got its name because it was introduced at a Paris fashion show soon after the atomic explosion that took place on Bikini Atoll in the Pacific on July 1, 1946. That was one of the oddest and quirkiest jumps in the history of eponyms. But no odder than its sequel, for when the topless bathing suit was invented, the French, with that quickness of wit for which they are infamous, instantly dubbed it the monokini.

French, in fact, seems to lend itself to eponymy. There is Johnny Crapaud, a nickname of one Bernard Marigny, a New Orleans gambler who, so it is said, brought the first pair of dice to that city, thus making possible the first craps game. (Crapaud means "toad"—an epithet that 19th-century Americans often applied to the French.) Jean Martinet, a colonel in the service of Louis XIV, who insisted that military discipline be maintained by making soldiers march till they practically dropped. And Jules Léotard, the Gallic trapeze artist who urged a "more natural garb that does not hide your best features." Somewhere along the line, though, the name for that revealing garb became pluralized. Superman, for example, wears leotards, not a leotard.

These men at least had words formed from names they regularly used. But Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia is unwittingly remembered for a name he had shed when he became Emperor, Ras Tafari. This designation has been incorporated into the word Rastafarian because the Jamaican cult venerates Selassie's memory and advocates a return to Africa. Whereas Britain's crusty old Adm. Edward Vernon fell victim to a double pun. He got *his* nickname, Old Grog, for his cloak made of grogram, a coarse mix of silk and wool. But he is memorable, eponymously speaking, only because he ordered his sailors to dilute their ration of rum with water, which became known as grog.

New eponymous words are constantly being suggested in hopes they will somehow stick in the language. Edsel is showing strength as a noun meaning a commercial disaster. The noun Armstrong has gained some credence as a word for a high and sustained trumpet note. And Sam Goldwyn (Goldwynism), George Orwell (Orwellian) and the Reverend Moon (Moonie) are well in the running.

Others' names have been nominated with, it must be admitted, only mixed results. Wilfred Espy, word gamesman par excellence, offers Cronkite to denote a heavy-duty anchor, immobile in the fiercest storms. Kurt Vonnegut has proposed the word Stowe, from abolitionist Harriet Beecher Stowe, to designate units of socially useful activity.

And just imagine what it would be like if eponymous people had been switched in their cradles. In that case a guillotine might be a sweater and a cardigan a big blade. Which leads to the Liberty Cabbage vs. Sauerkraut (or would-a-rose-by-any-other-name-smell-as-sweet) debate. What if the French countryside near the town of Roquefort abounded in grapes instead of ewes' milk, and the Champagne region was long on sheep and short on vineyards? Wine experts might praise its "nose," but would a bubbly glass of Roquefort taste as good as a bubbly glass of Champagne?

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